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THE WORKS OF
TOBIAS SMOLLETT
IN TWELVE VOLUMES

LIMITED EDITION

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THE WORKS OF TOBIAS SMOLLETT

VOLUME FOUR

THE ADVENTURES

OF

PEREGRINE PICKLE

COMPLETE IN FOUR PARTS

PART I.

WITH THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE, AND AN INTRODUCTION BY

G. H. MAYNADIER, PH.D.

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH, HARVARD UNIVERSITY

NEW YORK

GEORGE D. SPROUL

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INTRODUCTION

IT is a matter of literary history that the *Peregrine Pickle* which the world knows is not that of the first edition, but of the second, published in 1751, the same year as the first, out of deference to the just attacks of various critics. According to Smollett's own preface, it differs from the earlier edition chiefly as follows: "Divers uninteresting scenes are wholly suppressed. Some humourous scenes he [the author] has endeavoured to heighten, and he flatters himself that he has expunged every adventure, phrase, and insinuation, that could be construed by the most delicate reader into a trespass upon the rules of decorum.

"He owns, with contrition, that, in one or two instances, he gave way too much to the suggestions of personal resentment, and represented characters . . . through the exaggerating medium of prejudice. But he has in this impression endeavoured to make atonement for these extravagancies. Howsoever he may have erred in point of judgment or discretion, he defies the whole world to prove that he was ever guilty of one act of malice, ingratitude, or dishonour."

In spite of Smollett's statement, and of the fact that certain indecencies of the first edition have dis-

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appeared from the second, there still remains — at least according to twentieth-century standards — not a little that a reader of only tolerable delicacy might construe into a trespass upon the rules of decorum. Nor has the author by any means suppressed all uninteresting scenes. Still, the omissions which he has made are for the better, and none more so than that of his abuse of Fielding and Lyttelton. It is a long story, the hostility of Smollett to these men and to their friend, Garrick. Suffice it to say that the trouble began when Lyttelton and Garrick frowned on that unfortunate youthful tragedy, *The Regicide*, which they viewed without Smollett's extraordinary paternal prejudice. Fielding's offence is harder to discover; perhaps it was as much his ability as a novelist as his friendship with two individuals who had incurred Smollett's enmity. At any rate, it was enough to bring forth a scurrilous sentence[1] in the first edition of *Peregrine Pickle*, which Fielding could not forbear noticing in a number of *The Covent-Garden Journal*, the periodical in imitation of the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*, which he

[1] Inasmuch as commentators differ in quoting this sentence, it seems worth while to give the whole of it as found in the first Irish edition of *Peregrine Pickle* (which was taken from the first English edition), Dublin, 1751, III, ch. CII, p. 234: — "I advise Mr. Spondy [i. e. Fielding] to give him [Gosling Scrag, Esq., who stands for Lyttelton] the refusal of this same pastoral: who knows but he may have the good fortune of being listed in the number of his beef-eaters; in which case he may, in process of time, be provided for in the customs or church; when he is inclined to marry his own cook-wench, his gracious patron may condescend to give the bride away; and finally settle him in his old age, as a trading Westminster justice."

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edited in the year 1752. In an account of the forces of Grub Street arrayed against the army of literature, Fielding tells us that "one Peeragrin Puckle" tried to put up something of a fight, "but his hopes were soon found to be in Vain."[1] Of "Rodorick Random," another officer on the Grub Street side, it is said that "in a former skirmish with the people called critics," he "had owed some slight success more to the weakness of the critics, than to any merit of his own." Whatever the injustice of this latter stricture, the mention of "Peeragrin Puckle," with the punning allusion to Viscountess Vane, the famous Lady of Quality, is perfectly legitimate ridicule. Smollett, however, did not think so. One of the saddest facts to record of him is that forgetting alike his recently avowed contrition and his decency (which latter he forgot far too often), he published (in 1752) his vile attack on the greatest novelist of the century, entitled *A Faithful Narrative . . . of Habbakkuk Hilding*. There is nothing which admirers of Smollett would rather forget; and yet any one who would know the man thoroughly must understand the baser side of his nature. Fortunately there is so much of the better side, that for the sake of the whole we are willing to take what is bad. Perhaps no work of his gives one a better comprehension of Smollett's contrasts, than the first edition of *The Adventures of Peregrine Pickle*. It shows him both at his worst and at his best.

[1] I quote from the extract from *The Covent-Garden Journal*, given by Mr. W. E. Henley, in *The Works of Tobias Smollett*, London, 1899–1901, XII, p. 168.

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Peregrine Pickle, like *Roderick Random*, contains much personal reminiscence. In 1750, the author made a trip to France, many of the incidents of which are reproduced in his second novel, though naturally more or less coloured for artistic effect. According to the testimony of Dr. John Moore, Pallet, the English painter, and his companion, the pedantic doctor, who so divert Peregrine, are based on acquaintances that Smollett made in Paris. In fact, the doctor is said to have been drawn from no less a person than Akenside, the author of *The Pleasures of the Imagination*. The Jacobite exiles, too, whom Peregrine met at Boulogne, had been part of Smollett's own experience. Almost every critic remarks on the writer's unusual tenderness as he describes these luckless gentlemen, the adherents of "an unfortunate and ruined cause," who "were gone to the seaside, according to their daily practice, in order to indulge their longing eyes with a prospect of the white cliffs of Albion, which they must never more approach." The picture recalls one given to us by another British writer, the Norman-Welsh historian, Giraldus Cambrensis, as far back as the twelfth century — a picture of the exiled Irish king, Dermot mac Murrough, through whose wars with his countrymen, the English first got a foothold in Ireland. This Dermot, after receiving promise of aid from Henry II, went to South Wales, waiting for the occasion to pass over into his kingdom; and there, like the English exiles of six hundred years later, he walked by the hour on the shore, "sniffing . . . the air . . . wafted on the western breezes" —

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the air of his native country — and sometimes "feasting his eyes with the sight of his own land," although at such a distance that it was hard to tell what was cliff and what cloud.

But there is little of such feeling in *Peregrine Pickle*. Though Mrs. Smollett, according to one biographer, accompanied her husband on the journey which suggested so many of its incidents, there is no touch of womanly tenderness in the book. It does not contain so much actual brutality as *Roderick Random*, but in tone it is every whit as ferocious. Here again is a story of boisterous incident after boisterous incident, of rough, clever, blaspheming energy, of vigourous vitality, which, if only joined with a proper amount of spirituality, would excite our highest admiration.

Peregrine himself, the embodiment of the spirit of the book, is only a little more sympathetic than Roderick. Like any other splendid animal, he is always good to look at; he is handsome and he is incredibly healthy. Wine and women and sleepless nights, caused by all sorts of childish passion, seem not to impair his strength; it is only his confinement in the Fleet, when lack of exercise is added to discouragement, that seriously tells upon him. His very lawlessness is of the kind that frequently compels admiration. He is audacious in a much more dazzling way than Random, if for no other reason, because he has a higher position in society. Outrageous as it is, you cannot but admire the trick by which he and Crabtree, as fortune-tellers, divert themselves with the frailties of Bath society. Moreover,

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besides the frequently winsome daring in his recklessness, there is at times a shrewd knowledge of human nature, as when he palms off the "Nymph of the Road" for a fine lady. (Her conversation with Pipes, by the way, is such deliciously amusing Billingsgate that "the most delicate reader" can't but wish it longer.) Yes, Pickle is a more brilliant rascal than Smollett's earlier hero, but once he sinks to a depth which Random never reaches. The latter, at his greatest degradation, yields to weak despair and gives up all hope of marrying Narcissa, for he feels that he can never be worthy of her. Peregrine Pickle, on the other hand, gives up all idea of marrying his lady-love, Emilia, for a different reason — because he thinks her too humble for him; but still loving her, he tries to make her his mistress. Yet in spite of this unspeakable baseness, Peregrine's is a somewhat finer nature than Roderick's. In his relations with his uncle and with his devoted Pipes, and in his repentance for his conduct towards Emilia, he shows that he has a bit of a conscience. Peregrine, in short, has enough attraction to make us readily understand how Godfrey Gauntlet, or any other pleasing young man, would fall into a sudden friendship with him. A steady, satisfying friendship with Peregrine, however, is not so easily imagined.

Not only is there a strong family likeness between Smollett's two earliest heroes; as I have said, there is a strong resemblance between the two books in which they figure. *Peregrine Pickle* is again a picaresque novel, though this time the story is not told as an autobiography, and a greater number of the

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adventures take place in so-called "good society." Like most of its kind, the book has but little structure. Any number of additional incidents might have been included between the hero's first escapade and his marriage, or a score of adventures might have been cut out; the result would have been the same. In one way, *Peregrine Pickle* even surpasses its predecessor in structural weakness. After the fashion of its picaresque kind, it contains two digressions, which are in the form of histories of certain characters, one of which, the celebrated *Memoirs of a Lady of Quality*, is not only longer than such irrelevant histories are apt to be, but is less closely connected with the main story.

The Lady of Quality in question was Lady Vane, wife of the second Viscount Vane, a great-grandson of that Puritan Sir Henry Vane who was once governor of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay. Before marriage, she was a Miss Frances Hawes, noted for her beauty, which, in spite of the fact that her father had little money, brought her Lord William Hamilton for a husband — the second son of the distinguished Duke of Hamilton, who was killed in a duel, by my Lord Mohun, on the eve of his marriage to Beatrix Esmond.[1] Lady William was left a widow when she was scarcely twenty-one, and ten months later, she was forced into a marriage with Lord Vane. This second husband was always so odious to her

[1] It is well known that Thackeray tampered with historical facts when he represented Hamilton as engaged to be married. He could not be, for the reason that his second wife — mother of the Lord William Hamilton above-mentioned — was then alive.

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that, to escape his jealousy and meanness, Lady Vane fled first to one gentleman and then to another. Such were her charms, if we may judge from her own story and from Smollett's gallant reports, that she had but to intimate her complacency, and every young gentleman in the three kingdoms was willing to place himself and his fortune (her complacency was intimated to the wealthy only) at her disposal. So she kept on into middle age, a Venus with apparently eternal youth, till sickness came upon her, and for the last twenty years of her life she was bed-ridden. She died at the age of seventy-five, still Viscountess Vane, for in spite of her notorious loves, her husband would never get a divorce.

Roughly speaking, the *Memoirs* take up one sixth of *Peregrine Pickle*. According to the best testimony, Smollett was well paid for their insertion. Had he not been, it would perhaps have been still worth his while to publish them for the advertisement which they gave his work. Imagine the sensation that would be caused in England or America to-day by the inclusion, in a novel, of the full and authentic story of some lady of the highest social distinction, about whom various scandalous rumours had been circulating, but concerning whom nothing was known definitely — the whole account well supplied with but slightly disguised names. No wonder that "society" was interested; no wonder that *Peregrine Pickle* met with success. But the insertion of the *Memoirs* was more than a shrewd advertising dodge for Smollett; though not exactly a sign of her delicate taste, it was yet a clever step for her ladyship.

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She represents herself, naturally, in the best possible light; and so most of us, whose only knowledge of her is derived from *Peregrine Pickle*, cannot but feel that she was more sinned against than sinning, that her chief fault was lack of all sense of responsibility. She wanted the manly devotion which her first husband gave her, but which (according to her own story) poor, cowardly, little Lord Vane could not give. Her favourite demand upon her lovers, expressed in her own French, was truly womanly: "Voyez-moi plus souvent, et ne me donnez rien." A fine woman gone a little wrong through an unfortunate marriage, is the verdict which she and Smollett would have from the world. Perhaps it is the right verdict. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu wrote to her daughter: — "I think Lady Vane's memoirs contain more truth and less malice than any I ever read in my life." Still, it might be interesting, and also instructive, if we had *The Memoirs of the Husband of a Lady of Quality*.

Of course the *Memoirs*, being all about real and contemporary people, caused a scandal, the fame of which has lasted for a century and a half, so that even to-day there are readers who expect to find them the raciest part of *Peregrine Pickle*. Such will be disappointed. Though apparently candid, as Lady Mary says, the *Memoirs* are not very specific; spicy details are almost wholly lacking; they are quite without Smollett's vivacious humour. Yet the very fact that they want the exuberant life of the rest of *Peregrine Pickle* makes them a pleasant change for some readers, who, after the author's everlasting

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horse-play, like a bit of feeling, even if it is no deeper than her ladyship's.

The other notable digression in *Peregrine Pickle* is the history of Mr. M——, one Daniel Mackercher, and his efforts to restore James Annesley, the claimant of the earldom of Anglesea, to his title and estates. Why Smollett entered on this encomium upon Mr. Mackercher — for such his story is — is difficult to understand, unless it was out of sheer admiration. The history has no more to do with the novel than that of the Lady of Quality, but for contemporary society it had the same sort of interest; from critics, it calls forth the same sort of condemnation. In giving the account of actual occurrences, it went beyond the proper realm of fiction; for events of the day, if used in fiction, should be to a certain extent disguised: it is the place of journalism to treat them without disguise. Fielding had some right on his side, when, in that number of *The Covent-Garden Journal* already quoted, he put *Peregrine Pickle* among the Grub Street publications.

From what we have seen so far, if there is any difference between Smollett's second novel and his first in regard to artistic excellence, the advantage lies with the earlier. To be sure, that, too, has digressions, but they are neither so long nor so irrelevant as those in *Peregrine Pickle*. In one respect, however, the latter marks an artistic advance. Remote as it is from all semblance of a plot, it shows that the author is beginning to understand the value of incidents not only for their own interest, but also

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for developing character. There is more reason for Peregrine's settling down at last than for Roderick Random's. When we first know him, the full-blooded boy, governed mostly by passion, and yet not without some appreciation of the better things of life, is one who may or may not go wholly to the bad. As time goes on, it looks as if nothing would check his downward course. Popularity turns his head. He returns from Paris a conceited, cynical villain, whose pet diversion is ridiculing his fellow men, and whose passion makes him attempt the rape of the lady to whom he had formerly proposed marriage. His only redeeming traits are generosity, and an affection for some of his friends and relatives, whom, it should be said, he too often visits with outrageously selfish treatment. Then comes what perhaps Smollett meant for a chastening, but it is a chastening which the reader is by no means sure is permanent. The wilful young man loses his fortune and is thrown into the Fleet. He shows now that he has developed some slight strength of character by refusing to marry Emilia, who, having come into a little money, proposes marriage herself, by way of showing that she has at last forgiven Peregrine for his attempt upon her person. And so after all we may say that "Perry's" nature has grown a little; and that is more than we can say of Random's.

In another respect, *Peregrine Pickle* shows some improvement over *Roderick Random*. A good novel of adventure is one of the good things of this life, but still better is a good novel of adventure which at the same time is a novel of character. This

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Roderick Random can scarcely be said to be, for we have little chance to get acquainted with its personages. Though plenty of them are alive, albeit highly fantastic, one is scarcely presented to us before he is whisked away again; the author is in too much of a hurry to have us laughing at the oddities of some one else. In *Peregrine Pickle*, however, at least in the first part, such is not the case; we have time to make several acquaintances which are more satisfactory, and we really come to feel at home in one house — the garrison, where Commodore Trunnion lives as if in an enemy's country, with ditch and drawbridge and patereroes, and servants watching all night, and never a woman in the place except female servants by day, nor any bed, but only hammocks, till Mrs. Grizzle, having drawn the old salt into "the noose of wedlock," proceeds to reform his housekeeping. We learn to know the inmates of this remarkable house, too: we know Mrs. Trunnion, who gets so many favours from her husband, thanks to the babe which after all never appears; we know the practical joker, Jack Hatchway, with his wooden leg; we know the silent, faithful old boatswain, Tom Pipes; and we know well the woman-hating, and then very much-married, Trunnion himself. At first he is only amusing. There are few things in fiction funnier than the account of his wedding — his beating up against the wind along the narrow road to the church, followed by his whole retinue, for the old tars are so seldom on horseback that they think horses, like ships, must tack. Then when the party had "almost weathered the parson's house that stood

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to windward of the church," along came that unlucky hunt, and Trunnion's horse and Hatchway's, being trained hunters, bolted to join the chase. The wedding had to be postponed, for Trunnion was first in at the death, a dozen miles away. It is a story which makes you laugh aloud as you read it, and that, by the way, is true of much of Smollett's fun. It is far less likely than Fielding's to induce only a quiet smile.

But as we come to know Trunnion better, we find him more than amusing. In spite of his rough eccentricities, the commodore shows himself really lovable through his honesty and kindness and his hearty devotion to Peregrine, who is none too worthy of it. And when the old man has given his deathbed directions, which show such affectionate regard for all who have been near to him, we are ready to say with Pipes:—"Well fare thy soul! old Hawser Trunnion, . . . sure a truer heart never broke biscuit."

It is a pity that Smollett does not keep us yet longer with these good people of the garrison. Eccentric, coarse, and rough as they are, they live in an atmosphere still fresh with wholesome fun. For more of it, we would gladly dispense with many of Peregrine's deviltries in France or Flanders or London or at Bath. It is not to be denied that there are too many of these; *Peregrine Pickle* is too long. But then, to change it would be to make it something else than the lively novel of incident which Smollett designed, and which, in this case, as in his earlier work, he has produced, on the whole, with con-

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spicuous success. And so we are fain to keep along with the hero in his unflagging energy; though, as I said, the pace at last becomes a little fatiguing, and it is rather a pleasant rest to sit still for a time, listening to the far from vivid narrative of the Lady of Quality. Then we begin our rounds with the unexhausted hero again, admiring his vitality, often genuinely amused by his pranks, but wishing that his energy were put to better use. Those who like a moral in everything can find one in *Peregrine Pickle*: — namely, that the "strenuous life," to use an overworked phrase of the day, without high purpose is but futile.

G. H. MAYNADIER.

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ADVERTISEMENT

At length Peregrine Pickle makes his appearance in a new edition, in spite of all the art and industry that were used to stifle him in the birth, by certain booksellers and others, who were at uncommon pains to misrepresent the work and calumniate the author.

The performance was decried as an immoral piece, and a scurrilous libel; the author was charged with having defamed the characters of particular persons, to whom he lay under considerable obligation; and some formidable critics declared, that the book was void of humour, character, and sentiment.

These charges, had they been supported by proof, would have certainly damned the writer and all his works; and even, unsupported as they were, had an unfavourable effect with the public. But, luckily for him, his real character was not unknown; and some readers were determined to judge for themselves, rather than trust implicitly to the allegations of his enemies. The book was found not altogether unworthy of their recommendation; a very large impression has been sold in England; another was bought up in a neighbouring kingdom; the work has been translated into the French language; and the demand for the original lately increased in England. It was the author's duty, therefore, as well as his interest, to oblige the public with this edition, which he has endeavoured to render less

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unworthy of their acceptance, by retrenching the superfluities of the first, reforming its manners, and correcting its expression. Divers uninteresting incidents are wholly suppressed. Some humorous scenes he has endeavoured to heighten, and he flatters himself that he has expunged every adventure, phrase, and insinuation, that could be construed by the most delicate reader into a trespass upon the rules of decorum.

He owns, with contrition, that, in one or two instances, he gave way too much to the suggestions of personal resentment, and represented characters as they appeared to him at that time, through the exaggerating medium of prejudice. But he has in this impression endeavoured to make atonement for these extravagancies. Howsoever he may have erred in point of judgment or discretion, he defies the whole world to prove that he was ever guilty of one act of malice, ingratitude, or dishonour. This declaration he may be permitted to make, without incurring the imputation of vanity or presumption, considering the numerous shafts of envy, rancour, and revenge, that have lately, both in private and in public, been levelled at his reputation.

NOTE. — The two Letters relating to the Memoirs of a Lady of Quality, inserted after Chap. LXXX., were sent to the Editor by a person of honour.

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THE ADVENTURES *of* PEREGRINE PICKLE

CHAPTER ONE

AN ACCOUNT OF MR. GAMALIEL PICKLE — THE DISPOSITION OF HIS SISTER DESCRIBED — HE YIELDS TO HER SOLICITATIONS, AND RETIRES TO THE COUNTRY.

IN a certain county of England, bounded on one side by the sea, and at the distance of one hundred miles from the metropolis, lived Gamaliel Pickle, Esq., the father of that hero whose adventures we purpose to record. He was the son of a merchant in London, who, like Rome, from small beginnings, had raised himself to the highest honours of the city, and acquired a plentiful fortune, though, to his infinite regret, he died before it amounted to a plum, conjuring his son, as he respected the last injunction of a parent, to imitate his industry, and adhere to his maxims, until he should have made up the deficiency, which was a sum considerably less than fifteen thousand pounds.

This pathetic remonstrance had the desired effect upon his representative, who spared no pains to fulfil the request of the deceased, but exerted all the capacity with which nature had endowed him, in a

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series of efforts, which, however, did not succeed; for, by the time he had been fifteen years in trade, he found himself five thousand pounds worse than he was when he first took possession of his father's effects; a circumstance that affected him so nearly, as to detach his inclinations from business, and induce him to retire from the world, to some place where he might at leisure deplore his misfortunes, and, by frugality, secure himself from want, and the apprehensions of a jail, with which his imagination was incessantly haunted. He was often heard to express his fears of coming upon the parish, and to bless God, that, on account of his having been so long a housekeeper, he was entitled to that provision. In short, his talents were not naturally active, and there was a sort of inconsistency in his character; for, with all the desire of amassing which any citizen could possibly entertain, he was encumbered by a certain indolence and sluggishness that prevailed over every interested consideration, and even hindered him from profiting by the singleness of apprehension, and moderation of appetites, which have so frequently conduced to the acquisition of immense fortunes, qualities which he possessed in a very remarkable degree. Nature, in all probability, had mixed little or nothing inflammable in his composition; or whatever seeds of excess she might have sown within him, were effectually stifled and destroyed by the austerity of his education.

The sallies of his youth, far from being inordinate or criminal, never exceeded the bounds of that decent jollity, which an extraordinary pot, on extraordinary

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occasions, may be supposed to have produced in a club of sedate book-keepers, whose imaginations were neither very warm nor luxuriant. Little subject to refined sensations, he was scarce ever disturbed with violent emotions of any kind. The passion of love never interrupted his tranquillity; and if, as Mr. Creech says after Horace,

> Not to admire is all the art I know,
> To make men happy, and to keep them so,

Mr. Pickle was undoubtedly possessed of that invaluable secret; at least he was never known to betray the faintest symptom of transport, except one evening at the club, where he observed, with some demonstrations of vivacity, that he had dined upon a delicate loin of veal.

Notwithstanding this appearance of phlegm, he could not help feeling his disappointments in trade; and, upon the failure of a certain underwriter, by which he lost five hundred pounds, declared his design of relinquishing business, and retiring to the country. In this resolution he was comforted and encouraged by his only sister Mrs. Grizzle, who had managed his family since the death of his father, and was now in the thirtieth year of her maidenhood, with a fortune of five thousand pounds, and a large stock of economy and devotion.

These qualifications, one would think, might have been the means of abridging the term of her celibacy, as she never expressed any aversion to wedlock; but it seems she was too delicate in her choice to find a mate to her inclination in the city; for I cannot sup-

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pose that she remained so long unsolicited, though the charms of her person were not altogether enchanting, nor her manner over and above agreeable. Exclusive of a very wan (not to call it sallow) complexion, which perhaps was the effects of her virginity and mortification, she had a cast in her eyes that was not at all engaging, and such an extent of mouth, as no art or affectation could contract into any proportionable dimension. Then her piety was rather peevish than resigned, and did not in the least diminish a certain stateliness in her demeanour and conversation, that delighted in communicating the importance and honour of her family, which, by the bye, was not to be traced two generations back, by all the power of heraldry or tradition.

She seemed to have renounced all the ideas she had acquired before her father served the office of sheriff; and the era which regulated the dates of all her observations, was the mayoralty of her papa. Nay, so solicitous was this good lady for the support and propagation of the family name, that, suppressing every selfish motive, she actually prevailed upon her brother to combat with his own disposition, and even surmount it so far, as to declare a passion for the person whom he afterwards wedded, as we shall see in the sequel. Indeed she was the spur that instigated him in all his extraordinary undertakings; and I question whether or not he would have been able to disengage himself from that course of life in which he had so long mechanically moved, unless he had been roused and actuated by her incessant exhortations. London, she observed, was a receptacle of iniquity, where an

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honest unsuspecting man was every day in danger of falling a sacrifice to craft; where innocence was exposed to continual temptations, and virtue eternally persecuted by malice and slander; where everything was ruled by caprice and corruption, and merit utterly discouraged and despised. This last imputation she pronounced with such emphasis and chagrin, as plainly denoted how far she considered herself as an example of what she advanced; and really the charge was justified by the constructions that were put upon her retreat by her female friends, who, far from imputing it to the laudable motives that induced her, insinuated, in sarcastic commendations, that she had good reason to be dissatisfied with a place where she had been so long overlooked; and that it was certainly her wisest course to make her last effort in the country, where, in all probability, her talents would be less eclipsed, and her fortune more attractive.

Be this as it will, her admonitions, though they were powerful enough to convince, would have been insufficient to overcome the languor and *vis inertiæ* of her brother, had she not reinforced her arguments by calling in question the credit of two or three merchants, with whom he was embarked in trade.

Alarmed at these hints of intelligence, he exerted himself effectually; he withdrew his money from trade, and laying it out in bank stock and India bonds, removed to a house in the country, which his father had built near the seaside, for the convenience of carrying on a certain branch of traffic in which he had been deeply concerned.

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Here, then, Mr. Pickle fixed his habitation for life, in the six-and-thirtieth year of his age; and, though the pangs he felt at parting with his intimate companions, and quitting all his former connexions, were not quite so keen as to produce any dangerous disorder in his constitution, he did not fail to be extremely disconcerted at his first entrance into a scene of life to which he was totally a stranger. Not but that he met with abundance of people in the country, who, in consideration of his fortune, courted his acquaintance, and breathed nothing but friendship and hospitality. Yet even the trouble of receiving and returning these civilities, was an intolerable fatigue to a man of his habits and disposition. He therefore left the care of the ceremonial to his sister, who indulged herself in all the pride of formality, while he himself, having made a discovery of a public-house in the neighbourhood, went thither every evening, and enjoyed his pipe and can; being very well satisfied with the behaviour of the landlord, whose communicative temper was a great comfort to his own taciturnity; for he shunned all superfluity of speech, as much as he avoided any other unnecessary expense.

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CHAPTER TWO

HE IS MADE ACQUAINTED WITH THE CHARACTERS OF COMMODORE TRUNNION AND HIS ADHERENTS; MEETS WITH THEM BY ACCIDENT, AND CONTRACTS AN INTIMACY WITH THAT COMMANDER.

THIS loquacious publican soon gave him sketches of all the characters in the county, and, among others, described that of his next neighbour, Commodore Trunnion, which was altogether singular and odd. "The commodore and your worship," said he, "will in a short time be hand and glove; he has a power of money, and spends it like a prince — that is, in his own way — for, to be sure, he is a little humoursome, as the saying is, and swears woundily, though I'll be sworn he means no more harm than a sucking babe. Lord help us! it will do your honour's heart good to hear him tell a story, as how he lay alongside of the French, yard-arm and yard-arm, board and board, and of heaving grapplings, and stinkpots, and grapes, and round and double-headed partridges, crows and carters — Laud have mercy upon us! he has been a great warrior in his time, and lost an eye and a heel in the service. Then, he does not live like any other Christian land-man; but keeps garrison in his house, as if he were in the midst of his

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enemies, and makes his servants turn out in the night, watch and watch, as he calls it, all the year round. His habitation is defended by a ditch, over which he has laid a draw-bridge, and planted his court-yard with patereroes continually loaded with shot, under the direction of one Mr. Hatchway, who had one of his legs shot away, while he acted as lieutenant on board the commodore's ship; and now, being on half-pay, lives with him as his companion. The lieutenant is a very brave man, a great joker, and, as the saying is, hath got the length of his commander's foot; though he has another favourite in the house, called Tom Pipes, that was his boatswain's mate, and now keeps the servants in order. Tom is a man of few words, but an excellent hand at a song concerning the boatswain's whistle, hussle-cap, and chuck-farthing — there is not such another pipe in the county.

"So that the commodore lives very happy in his own manner; thof he be sometimes thrown into perilous passions and quandaries, by the application of his poor kinsmen, whom he can't abide, because as how some of them were the first occasion of his going to sea. Then he sweats with agony at the sight of an attorney; just, for all the world, as some people have an antipathy to a cat; for it seems he was once at law for striking one of his officers, and cast in a swingeing sum. He is, moreover, exceedingly afflicted with goblins that disturb his rest, and keep such a racket in his house, that you would think, God bless us! all the devils in hell had broke loose upon him. It was no longer ago than last year about this time,

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that he was tormented the livelong night by two mischievous spirits that got into his chamber, and played a thousand pranks about his hammock (for there is not one bed within his walls). Well, sir, he rung his bell, called up all his servants, got lights, and made a thorough search; but the devil a goblin was to be found. He had no sooner turned in again, and the rest of the family gone to sleep, than the foul fiends began their game anew. The commodore got up in the dark, drew his cutlass, and attacked them both so manfully, that, at five minutes, everything in the apartment went to pieces. The lieutenant, hearing the noise, came to his assistance. Tom Pipes, being told what was the matter, lighted his match, and, going down to the yard, fired all the patereroes as signals of distress. Well, to be sure, the whole parish was in a pucker; some thought the French had landed; others imagined the commodore's house was beset by thieves; for my own part, I called up two dragoons that are quartered upon me; and they swore with deadly oaths, it was a gang of smugglers engaged with a party of their regiment, that lies in the next village; and, mounting their horses like lusty fellows, rode up into the country as fast as their beasts could carry them.

"Ah, master! these are hard times, when an industrious body cannot earn his bread without fear of the gallows. Your worship's father, God rest his soul! was a good gentleman, and as well respected in this parish as e'er a he that walks upon neat's leather. And if your honour should want a small parcel of fine tea, or a few ankers of right Nants, I'll

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be bound you shall be furnished to your heart's content. But, as I was saying, the hubbub continued till morning, when the parson being sent for, conjured the spirits into the Red Sea; and the house has been pretty quiet ever since. True it is, Mr. Hatchway makes a mock of the whole affair; and told his commander in this very blessed spot, that the two goblins were no other than a couple of jackdaws which had fallen down the chimney, and made a flapping with their wings up and down the apartment. But the commodore, who is very choleric, and does not like to be jeered, fell into a main high passion, and stormed like a perfect hurricane, swearing that he knew a devil from a jackdaw as well as e'er a man in the three kingdoms. He owned, indeed, that the birds were found, but denied that they were the occasion of the uproar. For my own part, master, I believe much may be said on both sides of the question, thof, to be sure, the devil is always going about, as the saying is."

This circumstantial account, extraordinary as it was, never altered one feature in the countenance of Mr. Pickle, who, having heard it to an end, took the pipe from his mouth, saying, with a look of infinite sagacity and deliberation, "I do suppose he is of the Cornish Trunnions. What sort of a woman is his spouse?" "Spouse!" cried the other, "odds heart! I don't think he would marry the Queen of Sheba. Lack-a-day! sir, he won't suffer his own maids to lie in the garrison, but turns them into an outhouse every night before the watch is set. Bless your honour's soul, he is, as it were, a very oddish kind of

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a gentleman. Your worship would have seen him before now; for when he is well, he and my good master Hatchway come hither every evening, and drink a couple of cans of rumbo a-piece; but he has been confined to his house this fortnight by a plaguy fit of the gout, which, I'll assure your worship, is a good penny out of my pocket."

At that instant, Mr. Pickle's ears were saluted with such a strange noise, as even discomposed the muscles of his face, which gave immediate indications of alarm. This composition of notes at first resembled the crying of quails and croaking of bull-frogs; but, as it approached nearer, he could distinguish articulate sounds pronounced with great violence, in such a cadence as one would expect to hear from a human creature scolding through the organs of an ass. It was neither speaking nor braying, but a surprising mixture of both, employed in the utterance of terms absolutely unintelligible to our wondering merchant, who had just opened his mouth to express his curiosity, when the landlord, starting up at the well-known sound, cried, "Odds niggers! there is the commodore with his company, as sure as I live;" and with his apron began to wipe the dust off an elbow-chair placed at one side of the fire, and kept sacred for the ease and convenience of this infirm commander. While he was thus occupied, a voice still more uncouth than the former, bawled aloud, "Ho! the house, ahoy!" Upon which the publican, clapping a hand to each side of his head, with his thumbs fixed to his ears, rebellowed in the same tone, which he had learned to imitate, "Hilloah." The voice

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again exclaimed, "Have you got any attorneys aboard?" and when the landlord replied, "No, no;" this man of strange expectation came in, supported by his two dependents, and displayed a figure every way answerable to the oddity of his character.

He was in stature at least six feet high, though he had contracted an habit of stooping, by living so long on board; his complexion was tawny, and his aspect rendered hideous by a large scar across his nose, and a patch that covered the place of one eye. Being seated in his chair with great formality, the landlord complimented him upon his being able to come abroad again; and, having in a whisper communicated the name of his fellow-guest, whom the commodore already knew by report, went to prepare, with all imaginable despatch, the first allowance of his favourite liquor, in three separate cans, for each was accommodated with his own portion apart, while the lieutenant sat down on the blind side of his commander; and Tom Pipes, knowing his distance, with great modesty, took his station in the rear. After a pause of some minutes, the conversation was begun by this ferocious chief, who, fixing his eye upon the lieutenant with a sternness of countenance not to be described, addressed him in these words: "D—n my eyes! Hatchway, I always took you to be a better seaman than to overset our chaise in such fair weather. Blood! didn't I tell you we were running bump ashore, and bid you set in the lee-brace, and haul upon a wind?" "Yes," replied the other, with an arch sneer, "I do confess as how you did give such orders, after you had run us foul of a post, so as that

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the carriage lay along, and could not right herself." "I run you foul of a post!" cried the commander; "d—n my heart! you're a pretty dog, an't you, to tell me so aboveboard to my face? Did I take charge of the chaise? Did I stand at the helm?" "No," answered Hatchway; "I must confess you did not steer; but howsomever, you cunned all the way, and so, as you could not see how the land lay, being blind of your larboard eye, we were fast ashore, before you knew anything of the matter. Pipes, who stood abaft, can testify the truth of what I say." "D—n my limbs!" resumed the commodore, "I don't value what you or Pipes say a rope yarn. You're a couple of mutinous — I'll say no more; but you shan't run your rig upon me, d—n ye. I am the man that learnt you, Jack Hatchway, to splice a rope, and raise a perpendicular."

The lieutenant, who was perfectly well acquainted with the trim of his captain, did not choose to carry on the altercation any farther; but, taking up his can, drank to the health of the stranger, who very courteously returned the compliment, without, however, presuming to join in the conversation, which suffered a considerable pause. During this interruption, Mr. Hatchway's wit displayed itself in several practical jokes upon the commodore, with whom, he knew, it was dangerous to tamper in any other way. Being without the sphere of his vision, he securely pilfered his tobacco, drank his rumbo, made wry faces, and, to use the vulgar phrase, cocked his eye at him, to the no small entertainment of the spectators, Mr. Pickle himself not excepted, who gave evident tokens

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of uncommon satisfaction at the dexterity of this marine pantomime.

Meanwhile, the captain's choler gradually subsided, and he was pleased to desire Hatchway, by the familiar and friendly diminutive of Jack, to read a newspaper that lay on the table before him. This task was accordingly undertaken by the lame lieutenant, who, among other paragraphs, read that which follows, with an elevation of voice that seemed to prognosticate something extraordinary: "We are informed, that Admiral Bower will very soon be created a British peer, for his eminent services during the war, particularly in his late engagement with the French fleet." Trunnion was thunderstruck at this piece of intelligence. The mug dropped from his hand, and shivered into a thousand pieces; his eye glistened like that of a rattlesnake, and some minutes elapsed before he could pronounce, "Avast! overhaul that article again." It was no sooner read the second time, than, smiting the table with his fist, he started up, and, with the most violent emphasis of rage and indignation, exclaimed, "D—n my heart and liver! 't is a land lie, d'ye see; and I will maintain it to be a lie, from the spritsail-yard to the mizen-topsail-haul-yards! Blood and thunder! Will Bower a peer of this realm! a fellow of yesterday, that scarce knows a mast from a manger; a snotty-nose boy, whom I myself have ordered to the gun, for stealing eggs out of the hencoops! and I, Hawser Trunnion, who commanded a ship before he could keep a reckoning, am laid aside, d'ye see, and forgotten! If so be as this be the case, there is a rotten plank in our constitu-

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THE NEWS OF ADMIRAL BOWER MAKES THE CAPTAIN ANGRY

Smiting the table with his fist, he started up, with the most violent emphasis of rage and indignation

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of uncommon satisfaction at the dexterity of this [illegible]

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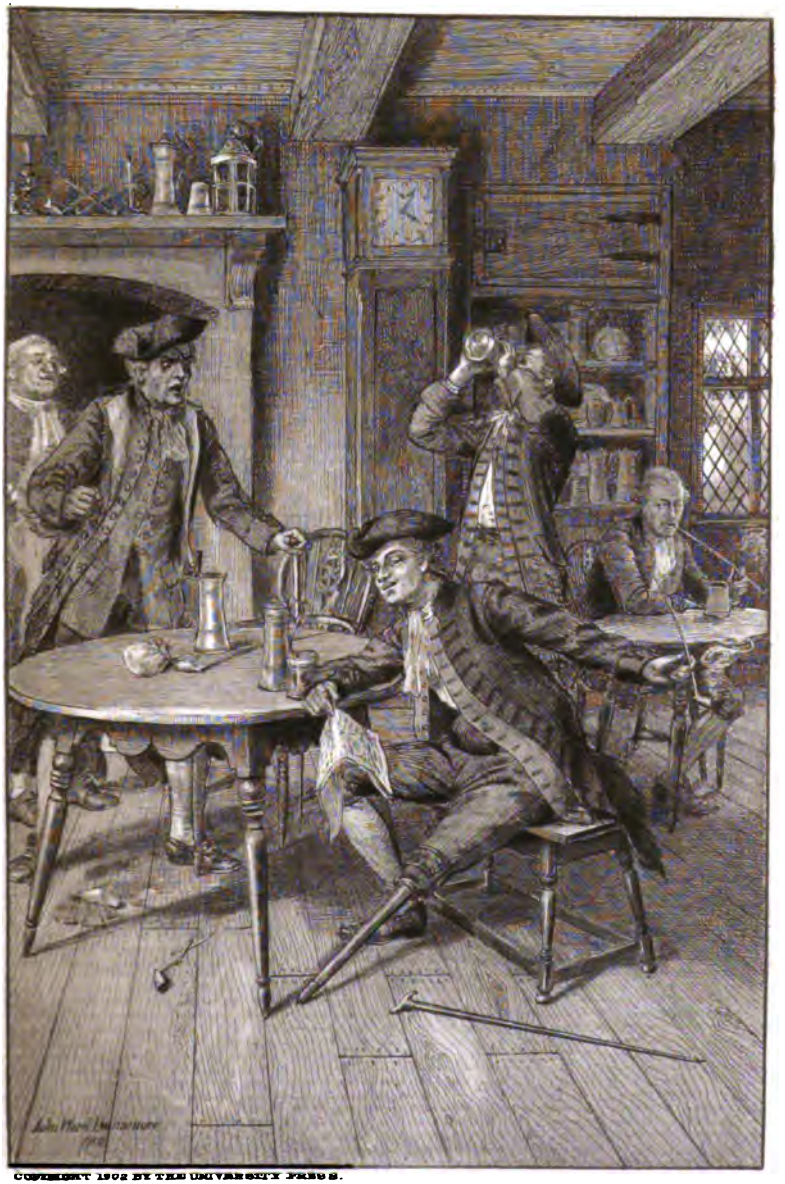
THE NEWS OF ADMIRAL BOWER MAKES THE CAPTAIN ANGRY

Smiting the table with his fist, he started up with the most violent emphasis of rage and indignation



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tion, which ought to be hove down and repaired, d—n my eyes! For my own part, d' ye see, I was none of your guinea pigs; I did not rise in the service by parliamenteering interest, or a handsome b—h of a wife. I was not hoisted over the bellies of better men, nor strutted athwart the quarter-deck in a laced doublet, and thingumbobs at the wrists. D—n my limbs! I have been a hard-working man, and served all offices on board from cook's shifter to the command of a vessel. Here, you Tunley, there 's the hand of a seaman, you dog."

So saying, he laid hold on the landlord's fist, and honoured him with such a squeeze, as compelled him to roar with great vociferation, to the infinite satisfaction of the commodore, whose features were a little unbended, by this acknowledgment of his vigour; and he thus proceeded in a less outrageous strain: "They make a d—ned noise about this engagement with the French; but, egad! it was no more than a bumboat battle, in comparison with some that I have seen. There was old Rook and Jennings, and another whom I 'll be d—ned before I name, that knew what fighting was. As for my own share, d' ye see, I am none of those that halloo in their own commendation; but if so be that I were minded to stand my own trumpeter, some of those little fellows that hold their heads so high would be taken all aback, as the saying is; they would be ashamed to show their colours, d—n my eyes! I once lay eight glasses alongside of the *Flour de Louse*, a French man-of-war, though her metal was heavier, and her complement larger by an hun-

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dred hands than mine. You, Jack Hatchway, d—n ye, what d' ye grin at? D' ye think I tell a story, because you never heard it before?"

"Why, look ye, sir," answered the lieutenant, "I am glad to find you can stand your own trumpeter on occasion; thof I wish you would change the tune; for that is the same you have been piping every watch for these ten months past. Tunley himself will tell you, he has heard it five hundred times." "God forgive you, Mr. Hatchway," said the landlord, interrupting him; "as I 'm an honest man and a housekeeper, I never heard a syllab of the matter."

This declaration, though not strictly true, was extremely agreeable to Mr. Trunnion, who, with an air of triumph, observed, "Aha! Jack, I thought I should bring you up, with your jibes and your jokes; but suppose you had heard it before, is that any reason why it should n't be told to another person? There 's the stranger, belike he has heard it five hundred times too; han't you, brother?" addressing himself to Mr. Pickle; who replied, with a look expressing curiosity, "No, never;" he thus went on: "Well, you seem to be an honest quiet sort of a man; and therefore you must know, as I said before, I fell in with a French man-of-war, Cape Finisterre bearing about six leagues on the weather bow, and the chase three leagues to leeward, going before the wind; whereupon I set my studding-sails, and, coming up with her, hoisted my jack and ensign, and poured in a whole broadside, before you could count three rattlins, in the mizen shrouds; for I always keep a good look-out, and love to have the first fire."

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"That I 'll be sworn," said Hatchway; "for the day we made the *Triumph*, you ordered the men to fire when she was hull-to, by the same token we below pointed the guns at a flight of gulls; and I won a can of punch from the gunner, by killing the first bird." Exasperated at this sarcasm, he replied with great vehemence, "You lie, lubber! d—n your bones! what business have you to come always athwart my hawse in this manner? You, Pipes, was upon deck, and can bear witness, whether or not I fired too soon. Speak, you blood of a —, and that upon the word of a seaman; how did the chase bear of us, when I gave orders to fire?"

Pipes, who had hitherto sat silent, being thus called upon to give his evidence, after divers strange gesticulations, opened his mouth like a gasping cod, and, with a cadence like that of the east wind singing through a cranny, pronounced, "Half a quarter of a league right upon our lee-beam." "Nearer, you porpuss-fac'd swab!" cried the commodore, "nearer by twelve fathom; but, howsomever, that 's enough to prove the falsehood of Hatchway's jaw — and so, brother, d' ye see," turning to Mr. Pickle, "I lay alongside of the *Flour de Louse*, yard-arm and yard-arm, plying our great guns and small arms, and heaving in stinkpots, powder-bottles, and hand-grenades, till our shot was all expended, double-headed, partridge, and grape; then we loaded with iron crows, marlinspikes, and old nails; but, finding the Frenchman took a great deal of drubbing, and that he had shot away all our rigging, and killed and wounded a great number of our men, d' ye see, I

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resolved to run him on board upon his quarter, and so ordered our grapplings to be got ready; but Monsieur, perceiving what we were about, filled his topsails and sheered off, leaving us like a log upon the water, and our scuppers running with blood."

Mr. Pickle and the landlord paid such extraordinary attention to the rehearsal of this exploit, that Trunnion was encouraged to entertain them with more stories of the same nature; after which he observed, by way of encomium on the government, that all he had gained in the service was a lame foot and the loss of an eye. The lieutenant, who could not find in his heart to lose any opportunity of being witty at the expense of his commander, gave a loose to his satirical talent once more, saying, "I have heard as how you came by your lame foot, by having your upper decks overstowed with liquor, whereby you became crank, and rolled, d'ye see, in such a manner, that, by a pitch of the ship, your starboard heel was jammed in one of the scuppers; and as for the matter of your eye, that was knocked out by your own crew when the *Lightning* was paid off. There's poor Pipes, who was beaten into all the colours of the rainbow for taking your part, and giving you time to sheer off; and I don't find as how you have rewarded him according as he deserves." As the commodore could not deny the truth of these anecdotes, however unseasonably they were introduced, he affected to receive them with good-humour, as jokes of the lieutenant's own inventing; and replied, "Ay, ay, Jack, everybody knows your tongue is no slander; but, howsomever, I'll work you to an oil

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for this, you dog." So saying, he lifted up one of his crutches, intending to lay it gently across Mr. Hatchway's pate; but Jack, with great agility, tilted up his wooden leg, with which he warded off the blow, to the no small admiration of Mr. Pickle, and utter astonishment of the landlord, who, by the bye, had expressed the same amazement, at the same feat, at the same hour, every night for three months before.

Trunnion then directing his eye to the boatswain's mate, "You, Pipes," said he, "do you go about and tell people that I did not reward you for standing by me, when I was hussled by these rebellious rapscallions? d—n you, han't you been rated on the books ever since?" Tom, who indeed had no words to spare, sat smoking his pipe with great indifference, and never dreamed of paying any regard to these interrogations; which being repeated and reinforced with many oaths, that, however, produced no effect, the commodore pulled out his purse, saying, "Here, you bitch's baby, here's something better than a smart ticket!" and threw it at his silent deliverer, who received and pocketed his bounty, without the least demonstration of surprise or satisfaction; while the donor turning to Mr. Pickle, "You see, brother," said he, "I make good the old saying, 'We sailors get money like horses, and spend it like asses;' come, Pipes, let's have the boatswain's whistle, and be jovial." This musician accordingly applied to his mouth the silver instrument that hung at a button-hole of his jacket, by a chain of the same metal, and, though not quite so ravishing as the pipe of Hermes, produced a sound so loud and shrill, that the stranger

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(as it were instinctively) stopped his ears, to preserve his organs of hearing from such a dangerous invasion. The prelude being thus executed, Pipes fixed his eyes upon the egg of an ostrich that depended from the ceiling, and, without once moving them from that object, performed the whole cantata in a tone of voice that seemed to be the joint issue of an Irish bagpipe and a sow-gelder's horn; the commodore, the lieutenant, and landlord joined in the chorus, repeating this elegant stanza,

Bustle, bustle, brave boys,
Let us sing, let us toil,
And drink all the while,
Since labour 's the price of our joys.

The third line was no sooner pronounced, than the can was lifted to every man's mouth with admirable uniformity; and the next word taken up at the end of their draught with a twang equally expressive and harmonious. In short, the company began to understand one another; Mr. Pickle seemed to relish the entertainment, and a correspondence immediately commenced between him and Trunnion, who shook him by the hand, drank to further acquaintance, and even invited him to a mess of pork and peas in the garrison. The compliment was returned, good fellowship prevailed, and the night was pretty far advanced when the merchant's man arrived with a lanthorn to light his master home; upon which the new friends parted, after a mutual promise of meeting next evening in the same place.

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CHAPTER THREE

MRS. GRIZZLE EXERTS HERSELF IN FINDING A PROPER MATCH FOR HER BROTHER; WHO IS ACCORDINGLY INTRODUCED TO THE YOUNG LADY, WHOM HE MARRIES IN DUE SEASON.

I HAVE been the more circumstantial in opening the character of Trunnion, because he bears a considerable share in the course of these memoirs; but now it is high time to resume the consideration of Mrs. Grizzle, who, since her arrival in the country, had been engrossed by a double care, namely, that of finding a suitable match for her brother, and a comfortable yoke-fellow for herself.

Neither was this aim the result of any sinister or frail suggestion, but the pure dictates of that laudable ambition, which prompted her to the preservation of the family name. Nay, so disinterested was she in this pursuit, that, postponing her nearest concern, or at least leaving her own fate to the silent operation of her charms, she laboured with such indefatigable zeal in behalf of her brother, that, before they had been three months settled in the country, the general topic of conversation in the neighbourhood, was an intended match between the rich Mr. Pickle and the fair Miss Appleby, daughter of a

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gentleman who lived in the next parish, and who, though he had but little fortune to bestow upon his children, had (to use his own phrase) replenished their veins with some of the best blood in the country.

This young lady, whose character and disposition Mrs. Grizzle had investigated to her own satisfaction, was destined for the spouse of Mr. Pickle, and an overture accordingly made to her father, who being overjoyed at the proposal, gave his consent without hesitation, and even recommended the immediate execution of the project with such eagerness, as seemed to indicate either a suspicion of Mr. Pickle's constancy, or a diffidence of his own daughter's complexion, which perhaps he thought too sanguine to keep much longer cool. The previous point being thus settled, our merchant, at the instigation of Mrs. Grizzle, went to visit his future father-in-law, and was introduced to the daughter, with whom he had, that same afternoon, an opportunity of being alone. What passed in that interview, I never could learn, though, from the character of the suitor, the reader may justly conclude, that she was not much teased with the impertinence of his addresses. He was not, I believe, the less welcome for that reason; certain it is, she made no objection to his taciturnity, and when her father communicated his resolution, acquiesced with the most pious resignation. But Mrs. Grizzle, in order to give the lady a more favourable idea of his intellects than what his conversation could possibly inspire, was resolved to dictate a letter, which her brother should transcribe and transmit to his mistress, as the produce of his own under-

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standing, and had actually composed a very tender billet for this purpose; yet her intention was entirely frustrated by the misapprehension of the lover himself, who, in consequence of his sister's repeated admonitions, anticipated her scheme, by writing for himself, and despatching the letter one afternoon, while Mrs. Grizzle was visiting at the parson's.

Neither was this step the effect of his vanity or precipitation; but, having been often assured by his sister, that it was absolutely necessary for him to make a declaration of his love in writing, he took this opportunity of acting in conformity with her advice, when his imagination was unengaged or undisturbed by any other suggestion, without suspecting the least that she intended to save him the trouble of exercising his own genius. Left, therefore, as he imagined, to his own inventions, he sat down and produced the following morceau, which was transmitted to Miss Appleby, before his sister and counsellor had the least intimation of the affair: —

"Miss Sally Appleby

"Madam, — Understanding you have a parcel of heart, warranted sound, to be disposed of, shall be willing to treat for said commodity, on reasonable terms; doubt not shall agree for same; shall wait on you for further information, when and where you shall appoint. This the needful from

"Yours, etc., Gam. Pickle."

This laconic epistle, simple and unadorned as it was, met with as cordial a reception from the

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person to whom it was addressed, as if it had been couched in the most elegant terms that delicacy of passion and cultivated genius could supply; nay, I believe, was the more welcome, on account of its mercantile plainness: because, when an advantageous match is in view, a sensible woman often considers the flowery professions and rapturous exclamations of love as ensnaring ambiguities, or at best impertinent preliminaries, that retard the treaty they are designed to promote; whereas Mr. Pickle removed all disagreeable uncertainty, by descending at once to the most interesting particular.

She had no sooner, as a dutiful child, communicated this billet-doux to her father, than he, as a careful parent, visited Mr. Pickle, and, in presence of Mrs. Grizzle, demanded a formal explanation of his sentiments with regard to his daughter Sally. Mr. Gamaliel, without any ceremony, assured him he had a respect for the young woman, and, with his good leave, would take her for better for worse. Mr. Appleby, after having expressed his satisfaction that he had fixed his affections in his family, comforted the lover with the assurance of his being agreeable to the young lady, and they forthwith proceeded to the articles of the marriage-settlement, which being discussed and determined, a lawyer was ordered to engross them; the wedding-clothes were bought, and, in short, a day was appointed for the celebration of their nuptials, to which everybody of any fashion in the neighbourhood was invited. Among these Commodore Trunnion and Mr. Hatchway were not forgotten, being the sole companions of

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the bridegroom, with whom, by this time, they had contracted a sort of intimacy at their nocturnal rendezvous.

They had received a previous intimation of what was on the anvil from the landlord, before Mr. Pickle thought proper to declare himself; in consequence of which, the topic of the one-eyed commander's discourse at their meeting, for several evenings before, had been the folly and plague of matrimony, on which he held forth with great vehemence of abuse, levelled at the fair sex, whom he represented as devils incarnate, sent from hell to torment mankind; and, in particular, inveighed against old maids, for whom he seemed to entertain a singular aversion; while his friend Jack confirmed the truth of all his allegations, and gratified his own malignant vein at the same time, by clenching every sentence with a sly joke upon the married state, built upon some allusion to a ship or seafaring life. He compared a woman to a great gun loaded with fire, brimstone, and noise, which, being violently heated, will bounce and fly, and play the devil, if you don't take special care of her breechings. He said she was like a hurricane, that never blows from one quarter, but veers about to all points of the compass. He likened her to a painted galley curiously rigged, with a leak in her hold, which her husband would never be able to stop. He observed that her inclinations were like the Bay of Biscay; for why? because you may heave your deep sea lead long enough without ever reaching the bottom. That he who comes to anchor on a wife, may find himself moored in d—d foul ground,

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and, after all, can't for his blood slip his cable; and that, for his own part, thof he might make short trips for pastime, he would never embark in woman on the voyage of life, because he was afraid of foundering in the first foul weather.

In all probability, these insinuations made some impression on the mind of Mr. Pickle, who was not very much inclined to run great risks of any kind; but the injunctions and importunities of his sister, who was bent upon the match, overbalanced the opinion of his sea friends, who, finding him determined to marry, notwithstanding all the hints of caution they had thrown out, resolved to accept his invitation, and honoured his nuptials with their presence accordingly.

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CHAPTER FOUR

THE BEHAVIOUR OF MRS. GRIZZLE AT THE WEDDING, WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE GUESTS.

I HOPE it will not be thought uncharitable, if I advance, by way of conjecture, that Mrs. Grizzle, on this grand occasion, summoned her whole exertion, to play off the artillery of her charms upon the single gentlemen who were invited to the entertainment. Sure I am, she displayed to the best advantage all the engaging qualities she possessed. Her affability at dinner was altogether uncommon; her attention to the guests was superfluously hospitable; her tongue was sheathed with the most agreeable and infantine lisp; her address was perfectly obliging; and though, conscious of the extraordinary capacity of her mouth, she would not venture to hazard a laugh, she modelled her lips into an enchanting simper, which played upon her countenance all day long; nay, she even profited by that defect in her vision we have already observed, and securely contemplated those features which were most to her liking, while the rest of the company believed her regards were disposed in a quite contrary direction. With what humility of complaisance did she receive the compliments of those who could not help praising the elegance of the banquet! and how

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piously did she seize that opportunity of commemorating the honours of her sire, by observing that it was no merit in her to understand something of entertainments, as she had occasion to preside at so many, during the mayoralty of her papa! Far from discovering the least symptom of pride and exultation, when the opulence of her family became the subject of conversation, she assumed a severity of countenance; and, after having moralised on the vanity of riches, declared, that those who looked upon her as a fortune were very much mistaken; for her father had left her no more than poor five thousand pounds, which, with what little she had saved of the interest since his death, was all she had to depend upon. Indeed, if she had placed her chief felicity in wealth, she should not have been so forward in destroying her own expectations, by advising and promoting the event at which they were now so happily assembled; but she hoped she should always have virtue enough to postpone any interested consideration, when it should happen to clash with the happiness of her friends. Finally, such was her modesty and self-denial, that she industriously informed those whom it might concern, that she was no less than three years older than the bride; though had she added ten to the reckoning, she would have committed no mistake in point of computation.

To contribute as much as lay in her power to the satisfaction of all present, she, in the afternoon, regaled them with a tune on the harpischord, accompanied with her voice, which, though not the most melodious in the world, I dare say, would have been

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equally at their service, could she have vied with Philomel in song; and as the last effort of her complaisance, when dancing was proposed, she was prevailed upon, at the request of her new sister, to open the ball in person.

In a word, Mrs. Grizzle was the principal figure in this festival, and almost eclipsed the bride, who, far from seeming to dispute the pre-eminence, very wisely allowed her to make the best of her talents, contenting herself with the lot to which fortune had already called her, and which she imagined would not be the less desirable, if her sister-in-law were detached from the family.

I believe I need scarce advertise the reader, that, during this whole entertainment, the commodore and his lieutenant were quite out of their element; and this, indeed, was the case with the bridegroom himself, who, being utterly unacquainted with any sort of polite commerce, found himself under a very disagreeable restraint during the whole scene.

Trunnion, who had scarce ever been on shore till he was paid off, and never once in his whole life in the company of any females above the rank of those who herd upon the Point at Portsmouth, was more embarrassed about his behaviour, than if he had been surrounded at sea by the whole French navy. He had never pronounced the word madam since he was born; so that, far from entering into conversation with the ladies, he would not even return the compliment, or give the least nod of civility when they drank to his health; and, I verily believe, would rather have suffered suffocation, than allowed the simple

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phrase, *your servant*, to proceed from his mouth. He was altogether as inflexible with respect to the attitudes of his body; for, either through obstinacy or bashfulness, he sat upright without motion, insomuch that he provoked the mirth of a certain wag, who, addressing himself to the lieutenant, asked whether that was the commodore himself, or the wooden lion that used to stand at his gate? An image to which, it must be owned, Mr. Trunnion's person bore no faint resemblance.

Mr. Hatchway, who was not quite so unpolished as the commodore, and had certain notions that seemed to approach the ideas of common life, made a less uncouth appearance; but then he was a wit, and though of a very peculiar genius, partook largely of that disposition which is common to all wits, who never enjoy themselves, except when their talents meet with those marks of distinction and veneration which, in their own opinion, they deserve.

These circumstances being premised, it is not to be wondered at if this triumvirate made no objections to the proposal, when some of the grave personages of the company made a motion for adjourning into another apartment, where they might enjoy their pipes and bottles, while the young folks indulged themselves in the continuance of their own favourite diversion. Thus rescued, as it were, from a state of annihilation, the first use the two lads of the castle made of their existence, was to ply the bridegroom so hard with bumpers, that, in less than an hour, he made divers efforts to sing, and soon after was carried to bed, deprived of all manner of sensation,

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to the utter disappointment of the bridemen and maids, who, by this accident, were prevented from throwing the stocking, and performing certain other ceremonies practised on such occasions. As for the bride, she bore this misfortune with great good-humour; and indeed, on all occasions, behaved like a discreet woman, perfectly well acquainted with the nature of her own situation.

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CHAPTER FIVE

MRS. PICKLE ASSUMES THE REINS OF GOVERNMENT IN HER OWN FAMILY; HER SISTER-IN-LAW UNDERTAKES AN ENTERPRISE OF GREAT MOMENT; BUT IS FOR SOME TIME DIVERTED FROM HER PURPOSE BY A VERY INTERESTING CONSIDERATION.

WHATEVER deference, not to say submission, she had paid to Mrs. Grizzle before she was so nearly allied to her family, she no sooner became Mrs. Pickle, than she thought it incumbent upon her to act up to the dignity of the character; and, the very day after the marriage, ventured to dispute with her sister-in-law on the subject of her own pedigree, which she affirmed to be more honourable in all respects than that of her husband; observing that several younger brothers of her house had arrived at the station of Lord Mayor of London, which was the highest pitch of greatness that any of Mr. Pickle's predecessors had ever attained.

This presumption was like a thunderbolt to Mrs. Grizzle, who began to perceive that she had not succeeded quite so well as she imagined, in selecting for her brother a gentle and obedient yoke-fellow, who would always treat her with that profound respect which she thought due to her superior genius, and be

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entirely regulated by her advice and direction. However, she still continued to manage the reins of government in the house, reprehending the servants as usual; an office she performed with great capacity, and in which she seemed to take singular delight, until Mrs. Pickle, on pretence of consulting her ease, told her one day she would take that trouble upon herself, and for the future assume the management of her own family. Nothing could be more mortifying to Mrs. Grizzle than such a declaration, to which, after a considerable pause, and strange distortion of look, she replied, "I shall never refuse or repine at any trouble that may conduce to my brother's advantage." "Dear madam," answered the sister, "I am infinitely obliged to your kind concern for Mr. Pickle's interest, which I consider as my own, but I cannot bear to see you a sufferer by your friendship; and, therefore, insist upon exempting you from the fatigue you have borne so long."

In vain did the other protest that she took pleasure in the task; Mrs. Pickle ascribed the assurance to her excess of complaisance, and expressed such tenderness of zeal for her dear sister's health and tranquillity, that the reluctant maiden found herself obliged to resign her authority, without enjoying the least pretext for complaining of her being deposed.

This disgrace was attended by a fit of peevish devotion that lasted three or four weeks; during which period, she had the additional chagrin of seeing the young lady gain an ascendency over the mind of her brother, who was persuaded to set up a gay equipage, and improve his housekeeping, by an augmenta-

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tion in his expense, to the amount of a thousand a year at least; though his alteration in the economy of his household effected no change in his own disposition, or manner of life; for, as soon as the painful ceremony of receiving and returning visits was performed, he had recourse again to the company of his sea friends, with whom he spent the best part of his time. But if he was satisfied with his condition, the case was otherwise with Mrs. Grizzle, who, finding her importance in the family greatly diminished, her attractions neglected by all the male sex in the neighbourhood, and the withering hand of time hang threatening over her head, began to feel the horror of eternal virginity, and, in a sort of desperation, resolved at any rate to rescue herself from that uncomfortable situation.

Thus determined, she formed a plan, the execution of which, to a spirit less enterprising and sufficient than hers, would have appeared altogether impracticable; this was no other than to make a conquest of the commodore's heart, which the reader will easily believe was not very susceptible of tender impressions; but, on the contrary, fortified with insensibility and prejudice against the charms of the whole sex, and particularly prepossessed to the prejudice of that class distinguished by the appellation of old maids, in which Mrs. Grizzle was by this time unhappily ranked. She, nevertheless, took the field, and, having invested this seemingly impregnable fortress, began to break ground one day, when Trunnion dined at her brother's, by springing certain ensnaring commendations on the honesty and sincerity of sea-

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faring people, paying a particular attention to his plate, and affecting a simper of approbation at everything he said, which by any means she could construe into a joke, or with modesty be supposed to hear; nay, even when he left decency on the left hand, which was often the case, she ventured to reprimand his freedom of speech with a gracious grin, saying, "Sure you gentlemen belonging to the sea have such an odd way with you." But all this complacency was so ineffectual, that, far from suspecting the true cause of it, the commodore, that very evening, at the club, in presence of her brother, with whom by this time he could take any manner of freedom, did not scruple to d—n her for a squinting, block-faced, chattering p—s-kitchen; and immediately after drank despair to all old maids.

The toast Mr. Pickle pledged without the least hesitation, and next day intimated to his sister, who bore the indignity with surprising resignation, and did not therefore desist from her scheme, unpromising as it seemed to be, until her attention was called off, and engaged in another care, which, for some time, interrupted the progress of this design. Her sister had not been married many months, when she exhibited evident symptoms of pregnancy, to the general satisfaction of all concerned, and the inexpressible joy of Mrs. Grizzle, who, as we have already hinted, was more interested in the preservation of the family name, than in any other consideration whatever. She, therefore, no sooner discovered appearances to justify and confirm her hopes, than, postponing her own purpose, and laying aside that pique

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and resentment she had conceived from the behaviour of Mrs. Pickle, when she superseded her authority, or perhaps considering her in no other light than that of the vehicle which contained and was destined to convey her brother's heir to light, she determined to exert her uttermost in nursing, tending, and cherishing her, during the term of her important charge. With this view she purchased Culpepper's *Midwifery*, which, with that sagacious performance dignified with Aristotle's name, she studied with indefatigable care, and diligently perused *The Complete Housewife*, together with Quincy's *Dispensatory*, culling every jelly, marmalade, and conserve which these authors recommend as either salutary or toothsome, for the benefit and comfort of her sister-in-law, during her gestation. She restricted her from eating roots, pot-herbs, fruit, and all sorts of vegetables; and one day, when Mrs. Pickle had plucked a peach with her own hand, and was in the very act of putting it between her teeth, Mrs. Grizzle perceived the rash attempt, and running up to her, fell upon her knees in the garden, entreating her, with tears in her eyes, to resist such a pernicious appetite. Her request was no sooner complied with, than, recollecting that, if her sister's longing was balked, the child might be affected with some disagreeable mark, or deplorable disease, she begged as earnestly that she would swallow the fruit, and, in the meantime, ran for some cordial water of her own composing, which she forced upon her sister, as an antidote to the poison she had received.

This excessive zeal and tenderness did not fail to

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be very troublesome to Mrs. Pickle, who, having revolved divers plans for the recovery of her own ease, at length determined to engage Mrs. Grizzle in such employment as would interrupt that close attendance which she found so teasing and disagreeable. Neither did she wait long for an opportunity of putting her resolution in practice. The very next day, a gentleman happening to dine with Mr. Pickle, unfortunately mentioned a pineapple, part of which he had eaten a week before at the house of a nobleman who lived in another part of the country, at the distance of an hundred miles at least.

The name of this fatal fruit was no sooner pronounced than Mrs. Grizzle, who incessantly watched her sister's looks, took the alarm, because she thought they gave certain indications of curiosity and desire; and, after having observed that she herself could never eat pineapples, which were altogether unnatural productions, extorted by the force of artificial fire out of filthy manure, asked with a faltering voice, if Mrs. Pickle was not of her way of thinking? This young lady, who wanted neither slyness nor penetration, at once divined her meaning, and replied with seeming unconcern, that, for her own part, she should never repine, if there was not a pineapple in the universe, provided she could indulge herself with the fruits of her own country.

This answer was calculated for the benefit of the stranger, who would certainly have suffered for his imprudence by the resentment of Mrs. Grizzle, had her sister expressed the least relish for the fruit in question. It had the desired effect, and re-estab-

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lished the peace of the company, which was not a little endangered by the gentleman's want of consideration. Next morning, however, after breakfast, the pregnant lady, in pursuance of her plan, yawned, as it were by accident, full in the face of her maiden sister, who, being infinitely disturbed by this convulsion, affirmed it was a symptom of longing, and insisted upon knowing the object in desire, when Mrs. Pickle, assuming an affected smile, told her she had eaten a most delicious pineapple in her sleep. This declaration was attended with an immediate scream, uttered by Mrs. Grizzle, who instantly, perceiving her sister surprised at the exclamation, clasped her in her arms, and assured her, with a sort of hysterical laugh, that she could not help screaming with joy, because she had it in her power to gratify her dear sister's wish; a lady in the neighbourhood having promised to send her, in a present, a couple of delicate pineapples, which she would that very day go in quest of.

Mrs. Pickle would by no means consent to this proposal, on pretence of sparing the other unnecessary fatigue; and assured her, that if she had any desire to eat a pineapple, it was so faint, that the disappointment could produce no bad consequence. But this assurance was conveyed in a manner (which she knew very well how to adopt) that, instead of dissuading, rather stimulated Mrs. Grizzle to set out immediately, not on a visit to that lady, whose promise she herself had feigned, with a view of consulting her sister's tranquillity, but on a random search through the whole country for this unlucky fruit,

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which was like to produce so much vexation and prejudice to her and her father's house.

During three whole days and nights did she, attended by a valet, ride from place to place without success, unmindful of her health, and careless of her reputation, that began to suffer from the nature of her inquiry, which was pursued with such peculiar eagerness and distraction, that everybody with whom she conversed looked upon her as an unhappy person, whose intellects were not a little disordered.

Baffled in all her researches within the county, she at length resolved to visit that very nobleman, at whose house the officious stranger had been, for her so unfortunately, regaled, and actually arrived in a post-chaise at the place of his habitation, where she introduced her business as an affair on which the happiness of a whole family depended. By virtue of a present to his lordship's gardener, she procured the Hesperian fruit, with which she returned in triumph.

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CHAPTER SIX

MRS. GRIZZLE IS INDEFATIGABLE IN GRATIFYING HER SISTER'S LONGINGS — PEREGRINE IS BORN, AND MANAGED CONTRARY TO THE DIRECTIONS AND REMONSTRANCES OF HIS AUNT, WHO IS DISGUSTED UPON THAT ACCOUNT, AND RESUMES THE PLAN WHICH SHE HAD BEFORE REJECTED.

THE success of this device would have encouraged Mrs. Pickle to practise more of the same sort upon her sister-in-law, had she not been deterred by a violent fever which seized her zealous ally, in consequence of the fatigue and uneasiness she had undergone; which, while it lasted, as effectually conduced to her repose, as any other stratagem she could invent. But Mrs. Grizzle's health was no sooner restored, than the other, being as much incommoded as ever, was obliged, in her own defence, to have recourse to some other contrivance; and managed her artifices in such a manner, as leaves it at this day a doubt whether she was really so whimsical and capricious in her appetites as she herself pretended to be; for her longings were not restricted to the demands of the palate and stomach, but also affected all the other organs of sense, and even invaded her imagination, which at this period seemed to be strangely diseased.

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One time she longed to pinch her husband's ear; and it was with infinite difficulty that his sister could prevail upon him to undergo the operation. Yet this task was easy, in comparison with another she undertook for the gratification of Mrs. Pickle's unaccountable desire: which was no other than to persuade the commodore to submit his chin to the mercy of the big-bellied lady, who ardently wished for an opportunity of plucking three black hairs from his beard. When this proposal was first communicated to Mr. Trunnion by the husband, his answer was nothing but a dreadful effusion of oaths, accompanied with such a stare, and delivered in such a tone of voice, as terrified the poor beseecher into immediate silence; so that Mrs. Grizzle was fain to take the whole enterprise upon herself, and next day went to the garrison accordingly, where, having obtained entrance by means of the lieutenant, who, while his commander was asleep, ordered her to be admitted for the joke's sake, she waited patiently till he turned out, and then accosted him in the yard, where he used to perform his morning walk. He was thunderstruck at the appearance of a woman in a place which he had hitherto kept sacred from the whole sex, and immediately began to utter an apostrophe to Tom Pipes, whose turn it was then to watch; when Mrs. Grizzle, falling on her knees before him, conjured him with many pathetic supplications, to hear and grant her request, which was no sooner signified, than he bellowed in such an outrageous manner, that the whole court re-echoed the opprobrious term *bitch*, and the word *d—tion*, which he repeated with surprising

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volubility, without any sort of propriety or connexion; and retreated into his penetralia, leaving the baffled devotee in the humble posture she had so unsuccessfully chosen to melt his obdurate heart.

Mortifying as this repulse must have been to a lady of her stately disposition, she did not relinquish her aim, but endeavoured to interest the commodore's counsellors and adherents in her cause. With this view, she solicited the interest of Mr. Hatchway, who, being highly pleased with a circumstance so productive of mirth and diversion, readily entered into her measures, and promised to employ his whole influence for her satisfaction; and, as for the boatswain's mate, he was rendered propitious by the present of a guinea, which she slipped into his hand. In short, Mrs. Grizzle was continually engaged in this negotiation for the space of ten days, during which the commodore was so incessantly pestered with her remonstrances, and the admonitions of his associates, that he swore his people had a design upon his life, which becoming a burden to him, he at last complied, and was conducted to the scene like a victim to the altar, or rather like a reluctant bear, when he is led to the stake amidst the shouts and cries of butchers and their dogs. After all, this victory was not quite so decisive as the conquerors imagined; for the patient being set, and the performer prepared with a pair of pincers, a small difficulty occurred. She could not for some time discern one black hair on the whole superficies of Mr. Trunnion's face; when Mrs. Grizzle, very much alarmed and disconcerted, had recourse to a magnifying glass that stood upon her toilet; and,

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after a most accurate examination, discovered a fibre of a dusky hue, to which the instrument being applied, Mrs. Pickle pulled it up by the roots, to the no small discomposure of the owner, who, feeling the smart much more severe than he had expected, started up, and swore he would not part with another hair to save them all from d—tion.

Mr. Hatchway exhorted him to patience and resignation; Mrs. Grizzle repeated her entreaties with great humility; but finding him deaf to all her prayers, and absolutely bent upon leaving the house, she clasped his knees, and begged for the love of God, that he would have compassion upon a distressed family, and endure a little more for the sake of the poor infant, who would otherwise be born with a grey beard upon its chin. Far from being melted, he was rather exasperated by this reflection; to which he replied with great indignation, "D—n you for a yaw-sighted b—h! he'll be hanged long enough before he has any beard at all." So saying, he disengaged himself from her embraces, flung out at the door, and halted homewards with such surprising speed, that the lieutenant could not overtake him until he had arrived at his own gate; and Mrs. Grizzle was so much affected with his escape, that her sister, in pure compassion, desired she would not afflict herself, protesting that her own wish was already gratified, for she had plucked three hairs at once, having from the beginning been dubious of the commodore's patience. But the labours of this assiduous kinswoman did not end with the achievement of this adventure; her eloquence or industry was

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employed without ceasing, in the performance of other tasks imposed by the ingenious craft of her sister-in-law, who, at another time, conceived an insuppressible affection for a fricassee of frogs, which should be the genuine natives of France; so that there was a necessity for despatching a messenger on purpose to that kingdom. But, as she could not depend upon the integrity of any common servant, Mrs. Grizzle undertook that province, and actually set sail in a cutter for Boulogne, from whence she returned in eight-and-forty hours with a tub full of these live animals, which, being dressed according to art, her sister would not taste them, on pretence that her fit of longing was past; but then her inclinations took a different turn, and fixed themselves upon a curious implement belonging to a lady of quality in the neighbourhood, which was reported to be a very great curiosity; this was no other than a porcelain chamber-pot of admirable workmanship, contrived by the honourable owner, who kept it for her own private use, and cherished it as an utensil of inestimable value.

Mrs. Grizzle shuddered at the first hint she received of her sister's desire to possess this piece of furniture, because she knew it was not to be purchased; and the lady's character, which was none of the most amiable in point of humanity and condescension, forbade all hopes of borrowing it for a season; she therefore attempted to reason down this capricious appetite, as an extravagance of imagination which ought to be combated and repressed; and Mrs. Pickle, to all appearance, was convinced and satisfied by her

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arguments and advice; but, nevertheless, could make use of no other convenience, and was threatened with a very dangerous suppression. Roused at the peril in which she supposed her to be, Mrs. Grizzle flew to the lady's house, and, having obtained a private audience, disclosed the melancholy situation of her sister, and implored the benevolence of her ladyship; who, contrary to expectation, received her very graciously, and consented to indulge Mrs. Pickle's longing. Mr. Pickle began to be out of humour at the expense to which he was exposed by the caprice of his wife, who was herself alarmed at this last accident, and, for the future, kept her fancy within bounds; insomuch, that, without being subject to any more extraordinary trouble, Mrs. Grizzle reaped the long-wished-for fruits of her dearest expectation in the birth of a fine boy, whom her sister in a few months brought into the world.

I shall omit the description of the rejoicings, which were infinite, on this important occasion, and only observe, that Mrs. Pickle's mother and aunt stood godmothers, and the commodore assisted at the ceremony as godfather to the child, who was christened by the name of Peregrine, in compliment to the memory of a deceased uncle. While the mother was confined to her bed, and incapable of maintaining her own authority, Mrs. Grizzle took charge of the infant by a double claim; and superintended with surprising vigilance the nurse and midwife in all the particulars of their respective offices, which were performed by her express direction. But no sooner was Mrs. Pickle in a condition to resume the manage-

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ment of her own affairs, than she thought proper to alter certain regulations concerning the child, which had obtained in consequence of her sister's orders, directing, among other innovations, that the bandages with which the infant had been so neatly rolled up, like an Egyptian mummy, should be loosened and laid aside, in order to rid nature of all restraint, and give the blood free scope to circulate; and, with her own hands, she plunged him headlong every morning in a tub full of cold water. This operation seemed so barbarous to the tender-hearted Mrs. Grizzle, that she not only opposed it with all her eloquence, shedding abundance of tears over the sacrifice when it was made, but took horse immediately, and departed for the habitation of an eminent country physician, whom she consulted in these words: "Pray, doctor, is it not both dangerous and cruel to be the means of letting a poor tender infant perish, by sousing it in water as cold as ice?" "Yes," replied the doctor, "downright murder, I affirm." "I see you are a person of great learning and sagacity," said the other; "and I must beg you will be so good as to signify your opinion in your own handwriting." The doctor immediately complied with her request, and expressed himself upon a slip of paper to this purpose —

"These are to certify whom it may concern, that I firmly believe, and it is my unalterable opinion, that whosoever letteth an infant perish, by sousing it in cold water, even though the said water should not be so cold as ice, is in effect guilty of the murder of the said infant — as witness my hand.

"COMFIT COLOCYNTH."

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Having obtained this certificate, for which the physician was immediately acknowledged, she returned exulting, and hoping, with such authority, to overthrow all opposition. Accordingly, next morning, when her nephew was about to undergo his diurnal baptism, she produced the commission, whereby she conceived herself empowered to overrule such inhuman proceedings. But she was disappointed in her expectation, confident as it was; not that Mrs. Pickle pretended to differ in opinion from Dr. Colocynth, "for whose character and sentiments," said she, "I have such veneration, that I shall carefully observe the caution implied in this very certificate, by which, far from condemning my method of practice, he only asserts that killing is murder; an asseveration, the truth of which, it is to be hoped, I never shall dispute."

Mrs. Grizzle, who, sooth to say, had rather too superficially considered the clause by which she thought herself authorised, perused the paper with more accuracy, and was confounded at her own want of penetration. Yet, though she was confuted, she was by no means convinced that her objections to the cold bath were unreasonable; on the contrary, after having bestowed sundry opprobrious epithets on the physician, for his want of knowledge and candour, she protested in the most earnest and solemn manner against the pernicious practice of dipping the child; a piece of cruelty which, with God's assistance, she should never suffer to be inflicted on her own issue; and, washing her hands of the melancholy consequence that would certainly ensue, shut herself

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up in her closet, to indulge her sorrow and vexation. She was deceived, however, in her prognostic. The boy, instead of declining in point of health, seemed to acquire fresh vigour from every plunge, as if he had been resolved to discredit the wisdom and foresight of his aunt, who, in all probability, could never forgive him for this want of reverence and respect. This conjecture is founded upon her behaviour to him in the sequel of his infancy, during which she was known to torture him more than once, when she had opportunities of thrusting pins into his flesh, without any danger of being detected. In a word, her affections were in a little time altogether alienated from this hope of her family, whom she abandoned to the conduct of his mother, whose province it undoubtedly was to manage the nurture of her own child; while she herself resumed her operations upon the commodore, whom she was resolved at any rate to captivate and enslave. And it must be owned that Mrs. Grizzle's knowledge of the human heart never shone so conspicuous, as in the methods she pursued for the accomplishment of this important aim.

Through the rough unpolished husk that cased the soul of Trunnion, she could easily distinguish a large share of that vanity and self-conceit that generally predominate even in the most savage breast; and to this she constantly appealed. In his presence she always exclaimed against the craft and dishonest dissimulation of the world, and never failed of uttering particular invectives against those arts of chicanery in which the lawyers are so conversant, to the prejudice and ruin of their fellow-creatures; observ-

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ing, that in a seafaring life, so far as she had opportunities of judging or being informed, there was nothing but friendship, sincerity, and a hearty contempt for everything that was mean or selfish.

This kind of conversation, with the assistance of certain particular civilities, insensibly made an impression on the mind of the commodore, and that the more effectually, as his former prepossessions were built upon very slender foundations. His antipathy to old maids, which he had conceived upon hearsay, began gradually to diminish, when he found they were not quite such infernal animals as they had been represented; and it was not long before he was heard to observe at the club, that Pickle's sister had not so much of the core of bitch in her as he had imagined. This negative compliment, by the medium of her brother, soon reached the ears of Mrs. Grizzle, who, thus encouraged, redoubled all her arts and attention; so that, in less than three months after, he in the same place distinguished her with the epithet of a d—ed sensible jade.

Hatchway taking the alarm at this declaration, which he feared foreboded something fatal to his interest, told his commander, with a sneer, that she had sense enough to bring him to under her stern; and he did not doubt but that such an old crazy vessel would be the better for being taken in tow. "But, howsomever," added this arch adviser, "I 'd have you take care of your upper works; for if once you are made fast to her poop, egad, she 'll spank it away, and make every beam in your body crack with straining." Our she-projector's whole plan had like

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to have been ruined by the effect which this malicious hint had upon Trunnion, whose rage and suspicion being wakened at once, his colour changed from tawney to a cadaverous pale, and then shifting to a deep and dusky red, such as we sometimes observe in the sky when it is replete with thunder, he, after his usual preamble of unmeaning oaths, answered in these words: "D—n ye, ye jury-legged dog, you would give all the stowage in your hold to be as sound as I am; and as for being taken in tow, d' ye see, I 'm not so disabled but that I can lie my course, and perform my voyage without any assistance; and, egad! no man shall ever see Hawser Trunnion lagging astern in the wake of e'er a b—h in Christendom."

Mrs. Grizzle, who every morning interrogated her brother with regard to the subject of his overnight's conversation with his friends, soon received the unwelcome news of the commodore's aversion to matrimony; and, justly imputing the greatest part of his disgust to the satirical insinuations of Mr. Hatchway, resolved to level this obstruction to her success, and actually found means to interest him in her scheme. She had indeed, on some occasions, a particular knack at making converts, being probably not unacquainted with that grand system of persuasion, which is adopted by the greatest personages of the age, as fraught with maxims much more effectual than all the eloquence of Tully or Demosthenes, even when supported by the demonstrations of truth. Besides, Mr. Hatchway's fidelity to his new ally was confirmed by his foreseeing in his captain's marriage an infinite fund of gratification for his own cynical

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disposition. Thus, therefore, converted and properly cautioned, he for the future suppressed all the virulence of his wit against the matrimonial state; and, as he knew not how to open his mouth in the positive praise of any person whatever, took all opportunities of excepting Mrs. Grizzle by name from the censures he liberally bestowed upon the rest of her sex. "She is not a drunkard, like Nan Castick of Deptford," he would say; "not a nincompoop, like Peg Simper of Woolwich; not a brimstone, like Kate Coddie of Chatham; nor a shrew, like Nell Griffin on the Point at Portsmouth (ladies to whom, at different times, they had both paid their addresses); but a tight, good-humoured, sensible wench, who knows very well how to box her compass; well trimmed aloft, and well sheathed alow, with a good cargo under her hatches." The commodore at first imagined this commendation was ironical, but hearing it repeated again and again, was filled with astonishment at this surprising change in the lieutenant's behaviour; and, after a long fit of musing, concluded that Hatchway himself harboured a matrimonial design on the person of Mrs. Grizzle.

Pleased with this conjecture, he rallied Jack in his turn, and one night toasted her health as a compliment to his passion; a circumstance which the lady learned next day by the usual canal of her intelligence, and, interpreting as the result of his own tenderness for her, she congratulated herself upon the victory she had obtained; and, thinking it unnecessary to continue the reserve she had hitherto industriously affected, resolved from that day to sweeten

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her behaviour towards him with such a dish of affection, as could not fail to persuade him that he had inspired her with a reciprocal flame. In consequence of this determination, he was invited to dinner, and, while he staid, treated with such cloying proofs of her regard, that not only the rest of the company, but even Trunnion himself, perceived her drift; and, taking the alarm accordingly, could not help exclaiming, "Oho! I see how the land lies, and if I don't weather the point, I 'll be d—ed." Having thus expressed himself to his afflicted inamorata, he made the best of his way to the garrison, in which he shut himself up for the space of ten days, and had no communication with his friends and domestics but by looks, which were most significantly picturesque.

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CHAPTER SEVEN

DIVERS STRATAGEMS ARE INVENTED AND PUT IN PRACTICE, IN ORDER TO OVERCOME THE OBSTINACY OF TRUNNION, WHO AT LENGTH IS TEASED AND TORTURED INTO THE NOOSE OF WEDLOCK.

THIS abrupt departure and unkind declaration affected Mrs. Grizzle so much, that she fell sick of sorrow and mortification; and, after having confined herself to her bed for three days, sent for her brother, told him she perceived her end drawing near, and desired that a lawyer might be brought, in order to write her last will. Mr. Pickle, surprised at her demand, began to act the part of a comforter, assuring her that her distemper was not at all dangerous; and that he would instantly send for a physician, who would convince her that she was in no manner of jeopardy; so that there was no occasion at present to employ an officious attorney in such a melancholy task. Indeed, this affectionate brother was of opinion, that a will was altogether superfluous at any rate, as he himself was heir at law to his sister's whole real and personal estate. But she insisted upon his compliance with such determined obstinacy, that he could no longer resist her importunities; and, a scrivener arriving, she dictated and executed her will, in which she

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bequeathed to Commodore Trunnion one thousand pounds, to purchase a mourning ring, which she hoped he would wear as a pledge of her friendship and affection. Her brother, though he did not much relish this testimony of her love, nevertheless that same evening gave an account of this particular to Mr. Hatchway, who was also, as Mr. Pickle assured him, generously remembered by the testatrix.

The lieutenant, fraught with this piece of intelligence, watched for an opportunity, and as soon as he perceived the commodore's features a little unbended from that ferocious contraction they had retained so long, ventured to inform him that Pickle's sister lay at the point of death, and that she had left him a thousand pounds in her will. This piece of news overwhelmed him with confusion, and Mr. Hatchway imputing his silence to remorse, resolved to take advantage of that favourable moment, and counselled him to go and visit the poor young woman, who was dying for love of him. But this admonition happened to be somewhat unseasonable; for Trunnion no sooner heard him mention the cause of her disorder, than, his morosity recurring, he burst out into a violent fit of cursing, and forthwith betook himself again to his hammock, where he lay uttering, in a low growling tone of voice, a repetition of oaths and imprecations, for the space of four-and-twenty hours, without ceasing. This was a delicious meal to the lieutenant, who, eager to enhance the pleasure of the entertainment, and at the same time conduce to the success of the cause he had espoused, invented a stratagem, the execution of which had all the effect

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he could desire. He prevailed upon Pipes, who was devoted to his service, to get upon the top of the chimney belonging to the commodore's chamber, at midnight, and to lower down by a rope a bunch of stinking whitings; which being performed, he put a speaking trumpet to his mouth, and hollowed down the vent, in a voice like thunder, "Trunnion! Trunnion! turn out and be spliced, or lie still and be d—ed." This dreadful note, the terror of which was increased by the silence and darkness of the night, as well as the echo of the passage through which it was conveyed, no sooner reached the ears of the astonished commodore, than turning his eye towards the place from whence this solemn address seemed to proceed, he beheld a glittering object that vanished in an instant. Just as his superstitious fear had improved the apparition into some supernatural messenger clothed in shining array, his opinion was confirmed by a sudden explosion, which he took for thunder, though it was no other than the noise of a pistol fired down the chimney by the boatswain's mate, according to the instructions he had received; and he had time enough to descend before he was in any danger of being detected by his commander, who could not for a whole hour recollect himself from the amazement and consternation which had overpowered his faculties.

At length, however, he got up, and rang his bell with great agitation. He repeated the summons more than once; but no regard being paid to this alarm, his dread returned with double terror; a cold sweat bedewed his limbs, his knees knocked

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together, his hair bristled up, and the remains of his teeth were shattered to pieces in the convulsive vibrations of his jaws.

In the midst of this agony, he made one desperate effort, and, bursting open the door of his apartment, bolted into Hatchway's chamber, which happened to be on the same floor. There he found the lieutenant in a counterfeit swoon, who pretended to wake from his trance in an ejaculation of "Lord have mercy upon us!" and, being questioned by the terrified commodore, with regard to what had happened, assured him he had heard the same voice and clap of thunder by which Trunnion himself had been discomposed.

Pipes, whose turn it was to watch, concurred in giving evidence to the same purpose; and the commodore not only owned that he had heard the voice, but likewise communicated his vision, with all the aggravation which his disturbed fancy suggested.

A consultation immediately ensued, in which Mr. Hatchway very gravely observed, that the finger of God was plainly perceivable in those signals; and that it would be both sinful and foolish to disregard his commands, especially as the match proposed was, in all respects, more advantageous than any that one of his years and infirmities could reasonably expect; declaring, that, for his own part, he would not endanger his soul and body, by living one day longer under the same roof with a man who despised the holy will of heaven; and Tom Pipes adhered to the same pious resolution.

Trunnion's perseverance could not resist the num-

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ber and diversity of considerations that assaulted it; he revolved in silence all the opposite motives that occurred to his reflection; and after having been, to all appearance, bewildered in the labyrinth of his own thoughts, he wiped the sweat from his forehead, and, heaving a piteous groan, yielded to their remonstrances, in these words: "Well, since it must be so, I think we must e'en grapple. But, d—n my eyes! 't is a d—ed hard case that a fellow of my years should be compelled, d' ye see, to beat up to windward all the rest of his life, against the current of his own inclination."

This important article being discussed, Mr. Hatchway set out in the morning to visit the despairing shepherdess, and was handsomely rewarded for the enlivening tidings with which he blessed her ears. Sick as she was, she could not help laughing heartily at the contrivance, in consequence of which her swain's assent had been obtained, and gave the lieutenant ten guineas for Tom Pipes, in consideration of the part he acted in the farce.

In the afternoon, the commodore suffered himself to be conveyed to her apartment, like a felon to execution, and was received by her in a languishing manner, and genteel dishabille, accompanied by her sister-in-law, who was, for very obvious reasons, extremely solicitous about her success. Though the lieutenant had tutored him, touching his behaviour at this interview, he made a thousand wry faces before he could pronounce the simple salutation of "How d' ye?" to his mistress; and, after his counsellor had urged him with twenty or thirty whispers,

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to each of which he had replied aloud, "D—n your eyes, I won't," he got up, and halting towards the couch on which Mrs. Grizzle reclined in a state of strange expectation, he seized her hand, and pressed it to his lips; but this piece of gallantry he performed in such a reluctant, uncouth, indignant manner, that the nymph had need of all her resolution to endure the compliment without shrinking; and he himself was so disconcerted at what he had done, that he instantly retired to the other end of the room, where he sat silent, broiling with shame and vexation. Mrs. Pickle, like a sensible matron, quitted the place, on pretence of going to the nursery; and Mr. Hatchway, taking the hint, recollected that he had left his tobacco pouch in the parlour, whither he immediately descended, leaving the two lovers to their mutual endearments.

Never had the commodore found himself in such a disagreeable dilemma before. He sat in an agony of suspense, as if he every moment dreaded the dissolution of nature; and the imploring sighs of his future bride added, if possible, to the pangs of his distress. Impatient of his situation, he rolled his eye around in quest of some relief, and unable to contain himself, exclaimed, "D—tion seize the fellow and his pouch too! I believe he has sheered off, and left me here in the stays." Mrs. Grizzle, who could not help taking some notice of this manifestation of chagrin, lamented her unhappy fate in being so disagreeable to him, that he could not put up with her company for a few moments without repining; and began in very tender terms to reproach him with his inhuman-

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ity and indifference. To this expostulation he replied, "Zounds! what would the woman have? Let the parson do his office when he wool; here I am ready to be reeved in the matrimonial block, d' ye see, and d—n all nonsensical palaver." So saying, he retreated, leaving his mistress not at all disobliged at his plain dealing. That same evening the treaty of marriage was brought upon the carpet, and, by means of Mr. Pickle and the lieutenant, settled to the satisfaction of all parties, without the intervention of lawyers, whom Mr. Trunnion expressly excluded from all share in the business; making that condition the indispensable preliminary of the whole agreement. Things being brought to this bearing, Mrs. Grizzle's heart dilated with joy; her health, which, by the bye, was never dangerously impaired, she recovered as if by enchantment; and a day being fixed for the nuptials, employed the short period of her celibacy in choosing ornaments for the celebration of her entrance into the married state.

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CHAPTER EIGHT

PREPARATIONS ARE MADE FOR THE COMMODORE'S WEDDING, WHICH IS DELAYED BY AN ACCIDENT THAT HURRIED HIM THE LORD KNOWS WHITHER.

THE fame of this extraordinary conjunction spread all over the county; and, on the day appointed for their spousals, the church was surrounded by an inconceivable multitude. The commodore, to give a specimen of his gallantry, by the advice of his friend Hatchway, resolved to appear on horseback on the grand occasion, at the head of all his male attendants, whom he had rigged with the white shirts and black caps formerly belonging to his barge's crew; and he bought a couple of hunters for the accommodation of himself and his lieutenant. With this equipage then he set out from the garrison for the church, after having despatched a messenger to apprise the bride that he and his company were mounted. She got immediately into the coach, accompanied by her brother and his wife, and drove directly to the place of assignation, where several pews were demolished, and divers persons almost pressed to death, by the eagerness of the crowd that broke in to see the ceremony performed. Thus arrived at the altar, and the priest in attendance, they waited a whole half

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hour for the commodore, at whose slowness they began to be under some apprehension, and accordingly dismissed a servant to quicken his pace. The valet, having rode something more than a mile, espied the whole troop disposed in a long field, crossing the road obliquely, and headed by the bridegroom and his friend Hatchway, who, finding himself hindered by a hedge from proceeding farther in the same direction, fired a pistol, and stood over to the other side, making an obtuse angle with the line of his former course; and the rest of the squadron followed his example, keeping always in the rear of each other like a flight of wild geese.

Surprised at this strange method of journeying, the messenger came up, and told the commodore that his lady and her company expected him in the church, where they had tarried a considerable time, and were beginning to be very uneasy at his delay; and therefore desired he would proceed with more expedition. To this message Mr. Trunnion replied, "Hark ye, brother, don't you see we make all possible speed? go back, and tell those who sent you, that the wind has shifted since we weighed anchor, and that we are obliged to make very short trips in tacking, by reason of the narrowness of the channel; and that, as we lie within six points of the wind, they must make some allowance for variation and leeway." "Lord, sir!" said the valet, "what occasion have you to go zig-zag in that manner? Do but clap spurs to your horses, and ride straight forward, and I'll engage you shall be at the church porch in less than a quarter of an hour." "What! right in the

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wind's eye?" answered the commander; "ahey! brother, where did you learn your navigation? Hawser Trunnion is not to be taught at this time of day how to lie his course, or keep his own reckoning. And as for you, brother, you best know the trim of your own frigate." The courier finding he had to do with people who would not be easily persuaded out of their own opinions, returned to the temple, and made a report of what he had seen and heard, to the no small consolation of the bride, who had begun to discover some signs of disquiet. Composed, however, by this piece of intelligence, she exerted her patience for the space of another half hour, during which period, seeing no bridegroom arrive, she was exceedingly alarmed, so that all the spectators could easily perceive her perturbation, which manifested itself in frequent palpitations, heart-heavings, and alterations of countenance, in spite of the assistance of a smelling bottle, which she incessantly applied to her nostrils.

Various were the conjectures of the company on this occasion. Some imagined he had mistaken the place of rendezvous, as he had never been at church since he first settled in that parish; others believed he had met with some accident, in consequence of which his attendants had carried him back to his own house; and a third set, in which the bride herself was thought to be comprehended, could not help suspecting that the commodore had changed his mind. But all these suppositions, ingenious as they were, happened to be wide of the true cause that detained him, which was no other than this:— The commodore and his crew had, by dint of turn-

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ing, almost weathered the parson's house that stood to windward of the church, when the notes of a pack of hounds unluckily reached the ears of the two hunters which Trunnion and the lieutenant bestrode. These fleet animals no sooner heard the enlivening sound, than, eager for the chase, they sprung away all of a sudden, and strained every nerve to partake of the sport, flew across the fields with incredible speed, overleaped hedges and ditches, and everything in their way, without the least regard to their unfortunate riders. The lieutenant, whose steed had got the heels of the other, finding it would be great folly and presumption in him to pretend to keep the saddle with his wooden leg, very wisely took the opportunity of throwing himself off in his passage through a field of rich clover, among which he lay at his ease; and seeing his captain advancing at full gallop, hailed him with the salutation of "What cheer? ho!" The commodore, who was in infinite distress, eyeing him askance, as he passed, replied with a faltering voice, "O d—n you! you are safe at an anchor; I wish to God I were as fast moored." Nevertheless, conscious of his disabled heel, he would not venture to try the experiment which had succeeded so well with Hatchway, but resolved to stick as close as possible to his horse's back, until Providence should interpose in his behalf.

With this view he dropped his whip, and with his right hand laid fast hold on the pummel, contracting every muscle in his body to secure himself in the seat, and grinning most formidably, in consequence of this exertion. In this attitude he was hurried on

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a considerable way, when all of a sudden his view was comforted by a five-bar gate that appeared before him, as he never doubted that there the career of his hunter must necessarily end. But, alas! he reckoned without his host. Far from halting at this obstruction, the horse sprung over it with amazing agility, to the utter confusion and disorder of his owner, who lost his hat and periwig in the leap, and now began to think in good earnest that he was actually mounted on the back of the devil. He recommended himself to God, his reflection forsook him, his eyesight and all his other senses failed, he quitted the reins, and, fastening by instinct on the mane, was in this condition conveyed into the midst of the sportsmen, who were astonished at the sight of such an apparition. Neither was their surprise to be wondered at, if we reflect on the figure that presented itself to their view. The commodore's person was at all times an object of admiration; much more so on this occasion, when every singularity was aggravated by the circumstances of his dress and disaster.

He had put on, in honour of his nuptials, his best coat of blue broad-cloth, cut by a tailor of Ramsgate, and trimmed with five dozen of brass buttons, large and small; his breeches were of the same piece, fastened at the knees with large bunches of tape; his waistcoat was of red plush, lapelled with green velvet, and garnished with vellum holes; his boots bore an infinite resemblance, both in colour and shape, to a pair of leather buckets; his shoulder was graced with a broad buff belt, from whence depended a huge

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hanger with a hilt like that of a backsword; and on each side of his pummel appeared a rusty pistol, rammed in a case covered with a bearskin. The loss of his tie periwig and laced hat, which were curiosities of the kind, did not at all contribute to the improvement of the picture, but, on the contrary, by exhibiting his bald pate, and the natural extension of his lanthorn jaws, added to the peculiarity and extravagance of the whole. Such a spectacle could not have failed of diverting the whole company from the chase, had his horse thought proper to pursue a different route, but the beast was too keen a sporter to choose any other way than that which the stag followed; and, therefore, without stopping to gratify the curiosity of the spectators, he, in a few minutes, outstripped every hunter in the field. There being a deep hollow way betwixt him and the hounds, rather than ride round about the length of a furlong to a path that crossed the lane, he transported himself, at one jump, to the unspeakable astonishment and terror of a waggoner who chanced to be underneath, and saw this phenomenon fly over his carriage. This was not the only adventure he achieved. The stag having taken a deep river that lay in his way, every man directed his course to a bridge in the neighbourhood; but our bridegroom's courser, despising all such conveniences, plunged into the stream without hesitation, and swam in a twinkling to the opposite shore. This sudden immersion into an element, of which Trunnion was properly a native, in all probability helped to recruit the exhausted spirits of his

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rider, who, at his landing on the other side, gave some tokens of sensation, by hallooing aloud for assistance, which he could not possibly receive, because his horse still maintained the advantage he had gained, and would not allow himself to be overtaken.

In short, after a long chase that lasted several hours, and extended to a dozen miles at least, he was the first in at the death of the deer, being seconded by the lieutenant's gelding, which, actuated by the same spirit, had, without a rider, followed his companion's example.

Our bridegroom finding himself at last brought up, or, in other words, at the end of his career, took the opportunity of the first pause, to desire the huntsmen would lend him a hand in dismounting; and was by their condescension safely placed on the grass, where he sat staring at the company as they came in, with such wildness of astonishment in his looks, as if he had been a creature of another species, dropped among them from the clouds.

Before they had fleshed the hounds, however, he recollected himself, and seeing one of the sportsmen take a small flask out of his pocket and apply it to his mouth, judged the cordial to be no other than neat Cognac, which it really was; and, expressing a desire of participation, was immediately accommodated with a moderate dose, which perfectly completed his recovery.

By this time he and his two horses had engrossed the attention of the whole crowd; while some admired the elegant proportion and uncommon spirit

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of the two animals, the rest contemplated the surprising appearance of their master, whom before they had only seen *en passant*; and at length one of the gentlemen accosting him very courteously, signified his wonder at seeing him in such an equipage, and asked him if he had not dropped his companion by the way. "Why, look ye, brother," replied the commodore, "mayhap you think me an odd sort of a fellow, seeing me in this trim, especially as I have lost part of my rigging; but this here is the case, d'ye see: I weighed anchor from my own house this morning at ten A.M., with fair weather and a favourable breeze at south-south-east, being bound to the next church on the voyage of matrimony; but, howsomever, we had not run down a quarter of a league, when the wind shifting, blowed directly in our teeth; so that we were forced to tack all the way, d'ye see, and had almost beat up within sight of the port, when these sons of bitches of horses, which I had bought but two days before (for my own part, I believe they are devils incarnate), luffed round in a trice, and then, refusing the helm, drove away like lightning with me and my lieutenant, who soon came to anchor in an exceeding good berth. As for my own part, I have been carried over rocks, and flats, and quicksands; among which I have pitched away a special good tie periwig and an iron-bound hat; and at last, thank God! am got into smooth water and safe riding; but if ever I venture my carcass upon such a hare'em-scare'em blood of a bitch again, my name is not Hawser Trunnion, d—n my eyes!"

One of the company, struck with his name, which

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he had often heard, immediately laid hold on his declaration at the close of this singular account; and observing that his horses were very vicious, asked how he intended to return? "As for that matter," replied Mr. Trunnion, "I am resolved to hire a sledge or waggon, or such a thing as a jackass; for I'll be d—d if ever I cross the back of a horse again." "And what do you propose to do with these creatures?" said the other, pointing to the hunters; "they seem to have some mettle; but then they are mere colts, and will take the devil and all of breaking. Methinks this hinder one is shoulder-slipped." "D—n them," cried the commodore, "I wish both their necks were broke, thof the two cost me forty good yellow-boys." "Forty guineas!" exclaimed the stranger, who was a squire and a jockey, as well as owner of the pack, "Lord! Lord! how a man may be imposed upon! Why, these cattle are clumsy enough to go to plough; mind what a flat counter; do but observe how sharp this here one is in the withers; then, he's fired in the further fetlock." In short, this connoisseur in horse-flesh, having discovered in them all the defects which can possibly be found in that species of animals, offered to give him ten guineas for the two, saying he would convert them into beasts of burden. — The owner, who, after what had happened, was very well disposed to listen to anything that was said to their prejudice, implicitly believed the truth of the stranger's asseverations, discharged a furious volley of oaths against the rascal who had taken him in, and forthwith struck a bargain with the squire, who paid him instantly for his

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purchase; in consequence of which he won the plate at the next Canterbury races.

This affair being transacted to the mutual satisfaction of both parties, as well as to the general entertainment of the company, who laughed in their sleeves at the dexterity of their friend, Trunnion was set upon the squire's own horse, and led by his servant in the midst of this cavalcade, which proceeded to a neighbouring village, where they had bespoke dinner, and where our bridegroom found means to provide himself with another hat and wig. With regard to his marriage, he bore his disappointment with the temper of a philosopher; and, the exercise he had undergone having quickened his appetite, sat down at table in the midst of his new acquaintance, making a very hearty meal, and moistening every morsel with a draught of the ale, which he found very much to his satisfaction.

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CHAPTER NINE

HE IS FOUND BY THE LIEUTENANT; RECONDUCTED TO HIS OWN HOUSE; MARRIED TO MRS. GRIZZLE, WHO MEETS WITH A SMALL MISFORTUNE IN THE NIGHT, AND ASSERTS HER PREROGATIVE NEXT MORNING; IN CONSEQUENCE OF WHICH, HER HUSBAND'S EYE IS ENDANGERED.

MEANWHILE Lieutenant Hatchway made shift to hobble to the church, where he informed the company of what had happened to the commodore; and the bride behaved with great decency on the occasion; for, as soon as she understood the danger to which her future husband was exposed, she fainted in the arms of her sister-in-law, to the surprise of all the spectators, who could not comprehend the cause of her disorder; and when she was recovered by the application of smelling bottles, earnestly begged that Mr. Hatchway and Tom Pipes would take her brother's coach, and go in quest of their commander.

This task they readily undertook, being escorted by all the rest of his adherents on horseback; while the bride and her friends were invited to the parson's house, and the ceremony deferred till another occasion.

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The lieutenant, steering his course as near the line of direction in which Trunnion went off, as the coach-road would permit, got intelligence of his track from one farm-house to another; for such an apparition could not fail of attracting particular notice; and one of the horsemen having picked up his hat and wig in a bye-path, the whole troop entered the village where he was lodged, about four o'clock in the afternoon. When they understood he was safely housed at the George, they rode up to the door in a body, and expressed their satisfaction in three cheers; which were returned by the company within, as soon as they were instructed in the nature of the salute by Trunnion, who by this time had entered into all the jollity of his new friends, and was indeed more than half seas over. The lieutenant was introduced to all present as his sworn brother, and had something tossed up for his dinner. Tom Pipes and the crew were regaled in another room; and, a fresh pair of horses being put to the coach, about six in the evening the commodore, with all his attendants, departed for the garrison, after having shook hands with every individual in the house.

Without any farther accident, he was conveyed in safety to his own gate, before nine, and committed to the care of Pipes, who carried him instantly to his hammock, while the lieutenant was driven away to the place where the bride and her friends remained in great anxiety, which vanished when he assured them that his commodore was safe, being succeeded by abundance of mirth and pleasantry at the account he gave of Trunnion's adventure.

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Another day was fixed for the nuptials; and, in order to balk the curiosity of idle people, which had given great offence, the parson was prevailed upon to perform the ceremony in the garrison, which all that day was adorned with flags and pendants displayed, and at night illuminated by the direction of Hatchway, who also ordered the patereroes to be fired as soon as the marriage knot was tied. Neither were the other parts of the entertainment neglected by this ingenious contriver, who produced undeniable proofs of his elegance and art in the wedding supper, which had been committed to his management and direction. This genial banquet was entirely composed of sea-dishes; a huge pillaw, consisting of a large piece of beef sliced, a couple of fowls, and half a peck of rice, smoked in the middle of the board; a dish of hard fish swimming in oil, appeared at each end, the sides being furnished with a mess of that savoury composition known by the name of lob's cou[r]se, and a plate of salmagundy. The second course displayed a goose of a monstrous magnitude, flanked with two guinea hens, a pig barbecued, an hock of salt pork in the midst of a pease pudding, a leg of mutton roasted, with potatoes, and another boiled with yams. The third service was made up with a loin of fresh pork with apple sauce, a kid smothered with onions, and a terrapin baked in the shell; and, last of all, a prodigious sea pie was presented, with an infinite volume of pancakes and fritters. That everything might be answerable to the magnificence of this delicate feast, he had provided vast quantities of strong beer, flip, rumbo, and

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burnt brandy, with plenty of Barbadoes water, for the ladies; and hired all the fiddles within six miles, who, with the addition of a drum, bagpipe, and Welch harp, regaled the guests with a most melodious concert.

The company, who were not at all exceptious, seemed extremely well pleased with every particular of the entertainment; and, the evening being spent in the most social manner, the bride was by her sister conducted to her apartment, where, however, a trifling circumstance had like to have destroyed the harmony which had been hitherto maintained.

I have already observed, that there was not one standing-bed within the walls; therefore the reader will not wonder that Mrs. Trunnion was out of humour, when she found herself under the necessity of being confined with her spouse in a hammock, which, though enlarged with a double portion of canvass, and dilated with a yoke for the occasion, was at best but a disagreeable, not to say dangerous, situation. She accordingly complained with some warmth of this inconvenience, which she imputed to disrespect, and at first absolutely refused to put up with the expedient; but Mrs. Pickle soon brought her to reason and compliance, by observing that one night would soon be elapsed, and next day she might regulate her own economy.

Thus persuaded, she ventured into the vehicle, and was visited by her husband in less than an hour, the company being departed to their own homes, and the garrison left to the command of his lieutenant and mate. But it seems the hooks that supported this

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swinging couch were not calculated for the addition of weight which they were now destined to bear; and therefore gave way in the middle of the night, to the no small terror of Mrs. Trunnion, who perceiving herself falling, screamed aloud, and by that exclamation brought Hatchway, with a light, into the chamber. Though she had received no injury by the fall, she was extremely discomposed and incensed at the accident, which she even openly ascribed to the obstinacy and whimsical oddity of the commodore, in such petulant terms as evidently declared that she thought her great aim accomplished, and her authority secured against all the shocks of fortune. Indeed, her bedfellow seemed to be of the same opinion, by his tacit resignation; for he made no reply to her insinuations, but with a most vinegar aspect, crawled out of his nest, and betook himself to rest in another apartment, while his irritated spouse dismissed the lieutenant, and from the wreck of the hammock made an occasional bed for herself on the floor, fully determined to provide better accommodation for the next night's lodging.

Having no inclination to sleep, her thoughts, during the remaining part of the night, were engrossed by a scheme of reformation she was resolved to execute in the family; and no sooner did the first lark bid salutation to the morn, than, starting from her humble couch, and huddling on her clothes, she sallied from her chamber, explored her way through paths before unknown, and, in the course of her researches, perceived a large bell, to which she made such effectual application, as alarmed every soul in the family. In

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a moment she was surrounded by Hatchway, Pipes, and all the rest of the servants, half-dressed; but, seeing none of the feminine gender appear, she began to storm at the sloth and laziness of the maids, who, she observed, ought to have been at work an hour at least before she called; and then, for the first time, understood that no woman was permitted to sleep within the walls.

She did not fail to exclaim against this regulation; and, being informed that the cook and chambermaid lodged in a small office-house, that stood without the gate, ordered the draw-bridge to be let down, and in person beat up their quarters, commanding them forthwith to set about scouring the rooms, which had not been hitherto kept in a very decent condition, while two men were immediately employed to transport the bed on which she used to lie, from her brother's house to her new habitation; so that, in less than two hours, the whole economy of the garrison was turned topsy-turvy, and everything involved in tumult and noise. — Trunnion being disturbed and distracted with the uproar, turned out in his shirt like a maniac, and, arming himself with a cudgel of crab-tree, made an irruption into his wife's apartment, where perceiving a couple of carpenters at work, in joining a bedstead, he, with many dreadful oaths and opprobrious invectives, ordered them to desist, swearing, he would suffer no bulk-heads nor hurricane houses to stand where he was master; but finding his remonstrances disregarded by these mechanics, who believed him to be some madman belonging to the family, who had broke from his

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confinement, he assaulted them both with great fury and indignation, and was handled so roughly in the encounter, that, in a very short time, he measured his length on the floor, in consequence of a blow that he received from a hammer, by which the sight of his remaining eye was grievously endangered.

Having thus reduced him to a state of subjection, they resolved to secure him with cords, and were actually busy in adjusting his fetters, when he was exempted from the disgrace, by the accidental entrance of his spouse, who rescued him from the hands of his adversaries, and, in the midst of her condolence, imputed his misfortune to the inconsiderate roughness of his own disposition.

He breathed nothing but revenge, and made some efforts to chastise the insolence of the workmen, who, as soon as they understood his quality, asked forgiveness for what they had done, with great humility, protesting that they did not know he was master of the house. But, far from being satisfied with this apology, he groped about for the bell (the inflammation of his eye having utterly deprived him of sight), and the rope being, by the precaution of the delinquents, conveyed out of his reach, began to storm with incredible vociferation, like a lion roaring in the toil, pouring forth innumerable oaths and execrations, and calling by name Hatchway and Pipes, who, being within hearing, obeyed the extraordinary summons, and were ordered to put the carpenters in irons, for having audaciously assaulted him in his own house.

His myrmidons, seeing he had been evil-entreated,

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were exasperated at the insult he had suffered, which they considered as an affront upon the dignity of the garrison: the more so, as the mutineers seemed to put themselves in a posture of defence, and set their authority at defiance. They therefore unsheathed their cutlasses, which they commonly wore as badges of their commission; and a desperate engagement, in all probability, would have ensued, had not the lady of the castle interposed, and prevented the effects of their animosity by assuring the lieutenant that the commodore had been the aggressor, and that the workmen, finding themselves attacked in such an extraordinary manner, by a person whom they did not know, were obliged to act in their own defence, by which he had received that unlucky contusion.

Mr. Hatchway no sooner learnt the sentiments of Mrs. Trunnion, than, sheathing his indignation, he told the commodore that he should always be ready to execute his lawful commands, but that he could not in conscience be concerned in oppressing poor people who had been guilty of no offence.

This unexpected declaration, together with the behaviour of his wife, who in his hearing desired the carpenters to resume their work, filled the breast of Trunnion with rage and mortification. He pulled off his woollen night-cap, pummell'd his bare pate, beat the floor alternately with his feet, swore his people had betrayed him, and cursed himself to the lowest pit of hell, for having admitted such a cockatrice into his family. But all these exclamations did not avail; they were among the last essays of his resistance to the will of his wife, whose influence

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among his adherents had already swallowed up his own, and who now peremptorily told him, that he must leave the management of everything within doors to her, who understood best what was for his honour and advantage. She then ordered a poultice to be prepared for his eye, which being applied, he was committed to the care of Pipes, by whom he was led about the house like a blind bear growling for prey, while his industrious yoke-fellow executed every circumstance of the plan she had projected; so that, when he recovered his vision, he was an utter stranger in his own house.

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CHAPTER TEN

THE COMMODORE BEING IN SOME CASES RESTIVE, HIS LADY HAS RECOURSE TO ARTIFICE IN THE ESTABLISHMENT OF HER THRONE — SHE EXHIBITS SYMPTOMS OF PREGNANCY, TO THE UNSPEAKABLE JOY OF TRUNNION, WHO NEVERTHELESS IS BALKED IN HIS EXPECTATION.

THESE innovations were not effected without many loud objections on his part; and divers curious dialogues passed between him and his yoke-fellow, who always came off victorious from the dispute; insomuch that his countenance gradually fell; he began to suppress, and at length entirely devoured his chagrin; the terrors of superior authority were plainly perceivable in his features, and in less than three months he became a thorough-paced husband. Not that his obstinacy was extinguished, though overcome; in some things he was as inflexible and mulish as ever; but then he durst not kick so openly, and was reduced to the necessity of being passive in his resentments. Mrs. Trunnion, for example, proposed that a coach and six should be purchased, as she could not ride on horseback, and the chaise was a scandalous carriage for a person of her condition; the commodore, conscious of his own inferior capacity in point of reasoning, did not think proper to dispute the

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proposal, but lent a deaf ear to her remonstrances, though they were enforced with every argument which she thought could soothe, terrify, shame, or decoy him into compliance. In vain did she urge the excess of affection she had for him, as meriting some return of tenderness and condescension; he was even proof against certain menacing hints she gave, touching the resentment of a slighted woman; and he stood out against all the considerations of dignity or disgrace, like a bulwark of brass. Neither was he moved to any indecent or unkind expressions of contradiction, even when she upbraided him with his sordid disposition, and put him in mind of the fortune and honour he had acquired by his marriage, but seemed to retire within himself, like a tortoise when attacked, that shrinks within its shell, and silently endured the scourge of her reproaches, without seeming sensible of the smart.

This, however, was the only point in which she had been baffled since her nuptials; and as she could by no means digest the miscarriage, she tortured her invention for some new plan, by which she might augment her influence and authority. What her genius refused was supplied by accident; for she had not lived four months in the garrison, when she was seized with frequent qualms and retchings, her breasts began to harden, and her stomach to be remarkably prominent; in a word, she congratulated herself on the symptoms of her own fertility, and the commodore was transported with joy at the prospect of an heir of his own begetting.

She knew this was the proper season for vindicating

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her own sovereignty, and accordingly employed the means which nature had put in her power. There was not a rare piece of furniture and apparel for which she did not long; and one day as she went to church, seeing Lady Stately's equipage arrive, she suddenly fainted away. Her husband, whose vanity had never been so perfectly gratified as with this promised harvest of his own sowing, took the alarm immediately, and in order to prevent relapses of that kind, which might be attended with fatal consequences to his hope, gave her leave to bespeak a coach, horses, and liveries, to her own liking. Thus authorised, she in a very little time exhibited such a specimen of her own taste and magnificence, as afforded speculation to the whole country, and made Trunnion's heart quake within him, because he foresaw no limits to her extravagance, which also manifested itself in the most expensive preparations for her lying-in.

Her pride, which had hitherto regarded the representative of her father's house, seemed now to lose all that hereditary respect, and prompt her to outshine and undervalue the elder branch of her family. She behaved to Mrs. Pickle with a sort of civil reserve that implied a conscious superiority, and an emulation in point of grandeur immediately commenced between the two sisters. She every day communicated her importance to the whole parish, under pretence of taking the air in her coach, and endeavoured to extend her acquaintance among people of fashion. Nor was this an undertaking attended with great difficulty; for all persons whatever, capable of maintaining a certain appearance, will always find admis-

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sion into what is called the best company, and be rated in point of character according to their own valuation, without subjecting their pretensions to the smallest doubt or examination. In all her visits and parties, she seized every opportunity of declaring her present condition, observing that she was forbid by her physicians to taste such a pickle, and that such a dish was poison to a woman in her way; nay, where she was on a footing of familiarity, she affected to make wry faces, and complained that the young rogue began to be very unruly, writhing herself into divers contortions, as if she had been grievously incommoded by the metal of this future Trunnion. The husband himself did not behave with all the moderation that might have been expected. At the club he frequently mentioned this circumstance of his own vigour as a pretty successful feat to be performed by an old fellow of fifty-five, and confirmed the opinion of his strength by redoubled squeezes of the landlord's hand, which never failed of extorting a satisfactory certificate of his might. When his companions drank to the *Hans en kelder*, or, Jack in the low cellar, he could not help displaying an extraordinary complacence of countenance, and signified his intention of sending the young dog to sea, as soon as he should be able to carry a cartridge, in hopes of seeing him an officer before his own death.

This hope helped to console him under the extraordinary expense to which he was exposed by the profusion of his wife, especially when he considered that his compliance with her prodigality would be

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limited to the expiration of the nine months, of which the best part was by this time elapsed. Yet, in spite of all this philosophical resignation, her fancy sometimes soared to such a ridiculous and intolerable pitch of insolence and absurdity, that his temper forsook him, and he could not help wishing in secret, that her pride might be confounded in the dissipation of her most flattering hopes, even though he himself should be a principal sufferer by the disappointment. These, however, were no other than the suggestions of temporary disgusts, that commonly subsided as suddenly as they arose, and never gave the least disturbance to the person who inspired them, because he took care to conceal them carefully from her knowledge.

Meanwhile she happily advanced in her reckoning, with the promise of a favourable issue; the term of her computation expired, and in the middle of the night she was visited by certain warnings that seemed to bespeak the approach of the critical moment. The commodore got up with great alacrity, and called the midwife, who had been several days in the house; the gossips were immediately summoned, and the most interesting expectations prevailed; but the symptoms of labour gradually vanished, and, as the matrons sagely observed, this was no more than a false alarm.

Two nights after they received a second intimation; and as she was sensibly diminished in the waist, everything was supposed to be in a fair way. Yet this visitation was not more conclusive than the former; her pains wore off in spite of all her en-

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deavours to encourage them, and the good women betook themselves to their respective homes, in expectation of finding the third attack decisive, alluding to the well-known maxim, that *number three is always fortunate.* For once, however, this apothegm failed; the next call was altogether as ineffectual as the former; and moreover attended with a phenomenon which to them was equally strange and inexplicable. This was no other than such a reduction in the size of Mrs. Trunnion as might have been expected after the birth of a full-grown child. Startled at such an unaccountable event, they sat in close divan; and, concluding that the case was in all respects unnatural and prodigious, desired that a messenger might be immediately despatched for some male practitioner in the art of midwifery.

The commodore, without guessing the cause of their perplexity, ordered Pipes immediately on this piece of duty; and in less than two hours they were assisted by the advice of a surgeon of the neighbourhood, who boldly affirmed that the patient had never been with child. This asseveration was like a clap of thunder to Mr. Trunnion, who had been, during eight whole days and nights, in continual expectation of being hailed with the appellation of father.

After some recollection, he swore the surgeon was an ignorant fellow, and that he would not take his word for what he advanced, being comforted and confirmed in his want of faith by the insinuations of the midwife, who still persisted to feed Mrs. Trunnion with hopes of a speedy and safe delivery; observing,

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that she had been concerned in many a case of the same nature, where a fine child was found, even after all signs of the mother's pregnancy had disappeared. Every twig of hope, how slender soever it may be, is eagerly caught hold on by people who find themselves in danger of being disappointed. To every question proposed by her to the lady with the preambles of "Ha'n't you?" or "Don't you?" an answer was made in the affirmative, whether agreeable to truth or not; because the respondent could not find in her heart to disown any symptom that might favour the notion she had so long indulged.

This experienced proficient in the obstetric art was therefore kept in close attendance for the space of three weeks, during which the patient had several returns of what she pleased herself with believing to be labour pains, till at length she and her husband became the standing joke of the parish; and this infatuated couple could scarce be prevailed upon to part with their hopes, even when she appeared as lank as a greyhound, and they were furnished with other unquestionable proofs of their having been deceived. But they could not for ever remain under the influence of this sweet delusion, which at last faded away, and was succeeded by a paroxysm of shame and confusion, that kept the husband within doors for the space of a whole fortnight, and confined his lady to her bed for a series of weeks, during which she suffered all the anguish of the most intense mortification; yet even this was subdued by the lenient hand of time.

The first respite from her chagrin was employed

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in the strict discharge of what are called the duties of religion, which she performed with the most rancorous severity, setting on foot a persecution in her own family, that made the house too hot for all the menial servants, even ruffled the almost invincible indifference of Tom Pipes, harassed the commodore himself out of all patience, and spared no individual but Lieutenant Hatchway, whom she never ventured to disoblige.

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CHAPTER ELEVEN

MRS. TRUNNION ERECTS A TYRANNY IN THE GARRISON, WHILE HER HUSBAND CONCEIVES AN AFFECTION FOR HIS NEPHEW PERRY, WHO MANIFESTS A PECULIARITY OF DISPOSITION EVEN IN HIS TENDER YEARS.

HAVING exercised herself three months in such pious amusements, she appeared again in the world; but her misfortune had made such an impression on her mind, that she could not bear the sight of a child, and trembled whenever the conversation happened to turn upon a christening. Her temper, which was naturally none of the sweetest, seemed to have imbibed a double proportion of souring from her disappointment; of consequence her company was not much coveted, and she found very few people disposed to treat her with those marks of consideration which she looked upon as her due. This neglect detached her from the society of an unmannerly world; she concentred the energy of her talents in the government of her own house, which groaned accordingly under her arbitrary sway; and in the brandy bottle found ample consolation for all the affliction she had undergone.

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As for the commodore, he in a little time weathered his disgrace, after having sustained many severe jokes from the lieutenant; and now his chief aim being to be absent from his own house as much as possible, he frequented the public-house more than ever; more assiduously cultivated the friendship of his brother-in-law Mr. Pickle; and, in the course of their intimacy, conceived an affection for his nephew Perry, which did not end but with his life. Indeed, it must be owned that Trunnion was not naturally deficient in the social passions of the soul, which, though they were strangely warped, disguised, and overborne, by the circumstance of his boisterous life and education, did not fail to manifest themselves occasionally through the whole course of his behaviour.

As all the hopes of propagating his own name had perished, and his relations lay under the interdiction of his hate, it is no wonder that, through the familiarity and friendly intercourse subsisting between him and Mr. Gamaliel, he contracted a liking for the boy, who by this time entered the third year of his age, and was indeed a very handsome, healthy, and promising child; and what seemed to ingratiate him still more with his uncle, was a certain oddity of disposition, for which he had been remarkable, even from his cradle. It is reported of him, that, before the first year of his infancy was elapsed, he used very often, immediately after being dressed, in the midst of the caresses which were bestowed upon him by his mother, while she indulged herself in the contemplation of her own happiness, all of a sudden, to alarm her with a fit of shrieks and cries, which continued

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with great violence till he was stripped to the skin with the utmost expedition, by order of his affrighted parent, who thought his tender body was tortured by the misapplication of some unlucky pin; and when he had given them all this disturbance and unnecessary trouble, he would lie sprawling and laughing in their faces, as if he ridiculed the impertinence of their concern. Nay, it is affirmed, that one day, when an old woman, who attended in the nursery, had by stealth conveyed a bottle of cordial waters to her mouth, he pulled his nurse by the sleeve, and, by a slight glance detecting the theft, tipt her the wink with a particular slyness of countenance, as if he had said with a sneer, "Ay, ay, that is what you must all come to." But these instances of reflection in a babe nine months old are so incredible, that I look upon them as *ex post facto* observations, founded upon imaginary recollection, when he was in a more advanced age, and his peculiarities of temper became much more remarkable — of a piece with the ingenious discoveries of those sagacious observers who can discern something evidently characteristic in the features of any noted personage, whose character they have previously heard explained; yet, without pretending to specify at what period of his childhood this singularity first appeared, I can with great truth declare, that, when he first attracted the notice and affection of his uncle, it was plainly perceivable.

One would imagine he had marked out the commodore as a proper object of ridicule, for almost all his little childish satire was levelled against him. I will not deny that he might have been influenced in

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this particular by the example and instruction of Mr. Hatchway, who delighted in superintending the first essays of his genius. As the gout had taken up its residence in Mr. Trunnion's great toe, from whence it never removed, no, not for a day, little Perry took great pleasure in treading by accident on this infirm member; and when his uncle, incensed by the pain, used to d—n him for a hell-begotten brat, he would appease him in a twinkling, by returning the curse with equal emphasis, and asking what was the matter with old Hannibal Tough? an appellation by which the lieutenant had taught him to distinguish this grim commander.

Neither was this the only experiment he tried upon the patience of the commodore, with whose nose he used to take indecent freedoms, even while he was fondled on his knee; in one month he put him to the expense of two guineas in seal-skin, by picking his pocket of divers tobacco pouches, all of which he in secret committed to the flames. Nor did the caprice of his disposition abstain from the favourite beverage of Trunnion, who more than once swallowed a whole draught, in which his brother's snuff-box had been emptied, before he perceived the disagreeable infusion: and one day, when the commodore had chastised him by a gentle tap with his cane, he fell flat on the floor, as if he had been deprived of all sense and motion, to the terror and amazement of the striker; and, after having filled the whole house with confusion and dismay, opened his eyes, and laughed heartily at the success of his own imposition.

It would be an endless, and perhaps no very agree-

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able task, to enumerate all the unlucky pranks he played upon his uncle and others, before he attained the fourth year of his age; about which time he was sent, with an attendant, to a day school in the neighbourhood, that, to use his good mother's own expression, he might be out of harm's way. Here, however, he made little progress, except in mischief, which he practised with impunity, because the schoolmistress would run no risk of disobliging a lady of fortune, by exercising unnecessary severities upon her only child. Nevertheless, Mrs. Pickle was not so blindly partial as to be pleased with such unseasonable indulgence. Perry was taken out of the hands of this courteous teacher, and committed to the instruction of a pedagogue, who was ordered to administer such correction as the boy should, in his opinion, deserve. This authority he did not neglect to use; his pupil was regularly flogged twice a day; and, after having been subjected to this course of discipline for the space of eighteen months, declared the most obstinate, dull, and untoward genius that ever had fallen under his cultivation; instead of being reformed, he seemed rather hardened and confirmed in his vicious inclinations, and was dead to all sense of fear as well as shame. His mother was extremely mortified at these symptoms of stupidity, which she considered as an inheritance derived from the spirit of his father, and consequently unsurmountable by all the efforts of human care. But the commodore rejoiced over the ruggedness of his nature, and was particularly pleased when, upon inquiry, he found that Perry had beaten all the boys in the school; a circumstance from which

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he prognosticated everything that was fair and fortunate in his future fate; observing that, at his age, he himself was just such another. The boy, who was now turned of six, having profited so little under the birch of his unsparing governor, Mrs. Pickle was counselled to send him to a boarding-school not far from London, which was kept by a certain person very eminent for his successful method of education. This advice she the more readily embraced, because at that time she found herself pretty far gone with another child, that she hoped would console her for the disappointment she had met with in the unpromising talents of Perry, or at any rate divide her concern, so as to enable her to endure the absence of either.

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CHAPTER TWELVE

PEREGRINE IS SENT TO A BOARDING-SCHOOL — BECOMES REMARKABLE FOR HIS GENIUS AND AMBITION.

THE commodore understanding her determination, to which her husband did not venture to make the least objection, interested himself so much in behalf of his favourite, as to fit him out at his own charge, and accompany him in person to the place of his destination; where he defrayed the expense of his entrance, and left him to the particular care and inspection of the usher, who, having been recommended to him as a person of parts and integrity, received per advance a handsome consideration for the task he undertook.

Nothing could be better judged than this piece of liberality; the assistant was actually a man of learning, probity, and good sense; and, though obliged by the scandalous administration of fortune to act in the character of an inferior teacher, had, by his sole capacity and application, brought the school to that degree of reputation, which it never could have obtained from the talents of his superior. He had established an economy, which, though regular, was not at all severe, by enacting a body of laws suited to the age and comprehension of every individual; and

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each transgressor was fairly tried by his peers, and punished according to the verdict of the jury. No boy was scourged for want of apprehension, but a spirit of emulation was raised by well-timed praise and artful comparison, and maintained by a distribution of small prizes, which were adjudged to those who signalised themselves either by their industry, sobriety, or genius. This tutor, whose name was Jennings, began with Perry, according to his constant maxim, by examining the soil; that is, studying his temper, in order to consult the bias of his disposition, which was strangely perverted by the absurd discipline he had undergone. He found him in a state of sullen insensibility, which the child had gradually contracted in a long course of stupefying correction; and at first he was not in the least actuated by that commendation which animated the rest of his school-fellows; nor was it in the power of reproach to excite his ambition, which had been buried, as it were, in the grave of disgrace; the usher therefore had recourse to contemptuous neglect, with which he affected to treat this stubborn spirit; foreseeing that, if he retained any seeds of sentiment, this weather would infallibly raise them into vegetation: his judgment was justified by the event; the boy in a little time began to make observations; he perceived the marks of distinction with which virtue was rewarded, grew ashamed of the despicable figure he himself made among his companions, who, far from courting, rather shunned his conversation, and actually pined at his own want of importance.

Mr. Jennings saw and rejoiced at his mortification,

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which he suffered to proceed as far as possible, without endangering his health. The child lost all relish for diversion, loathed his food, grew pensive, solitary, and was frequently found weeping by himself. These symptoms plainly evinced the recovery of his feelings, to which his governor thought it now high time to make application; and therefore by little and little altered his behaviour from the indifference he had put on, to the appearance of more regard and attention. This produced a favourable change in the boy, whose eyes sparkled with satisfaction one day, when his master expressed himself with a show of surprise in these words: "So, Perry! I find you don't want genius, when you think proper to use it." Such encomiums kindled the spirit of emulation in his little breast; he exerted himself with surprising alacrity, by which he soon acquitted himself of the imputation of dulness, and obtained sundry honorary silver pennies, as acknowledgments of his application: his school-fellows now solicited his friendship as eagerly as they had avoided it before; and, in less than a twelvemonth after his arrival, this supposed dunce was remarkable for the brightness of his parts; having in that short period learnt to read English perfectly well, made great progress in writing, enabled himself to speak the French language without hesitation, and acquired some knowledge in the rudiments of the Latin tongue. The usher did not fail to transmit an account of his proficiency to the commodore, who received it with transport, and forthwith communicated the happy tidings to the parents.

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Mr. Gamaliel Pickle, who was never subject to violent emotions, heard them with a sort of phlegmatic satisfaction, that scarce manifested itself either in his countenance or expressions; nor did the child's mother break forth into that rapture and admiration which might have been expected, when she understood how much the talents of her first-born had exceeded the hope of her warmest imagination. Not but that she professed herself well pleased with Perry's reputation; though she observed that, in these commendations, the truth was always exaggerated by schoolmasters, for their own interest; and pretended to wonder that the usher had not mingled more probability with his praise. Trunnion was offended at her indifference and want of faith; and, believing that she refined too much in her discernment, swore that Jennings had declared the truth, and nothing but the truth; for he, himself, had prophesied from the beginning that the boy would turn out a credit to his family. But by this time Mrs. Pickle was blessed with a daughter, whom she had brought into the world about six months before the intelligence arrived; so that her care and affection being otherwise engrossed, the praise of Perry was the less greedily devoured. The abatement of her fondness was an advantage to his education, which would have been retarded, and perhaps ruined, by pernicious indulgence and preposterous interposition, had her love considered him as an only child; whereas, her concern being now diverted to another object, that shared, at least, one half of her affection, he was left to the management of his preceptor, who

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tutored him according to his own plan, without any let or interruption. Indeed, all his sagacity and circumspection were but barely sufficient to keep the young gentleman in order; for, now that he had won the palm of victory from his rivals in point of scholarship, his ambition dilated, and he was seized with the desire of subjecting the whole school by the valour of his arm. Before he could bring his project to bear, innumerable battles were fought with various success; every day a bloody nose and complaint were presented against him, and his own visage commonly bore some livid marks of obstinate contention. At length, however, he accomplished his aim; his adversaries were subdued, his prowess acknowledged, and he obtained the laurel in war as well as in wit. Thus triumphant, he was intoxicated with success. His pride rose in proportion to his power, and, in spite of all the endeavours of Jennings, who practised every method he could invent for curbing his licentious conduct, without depressing his spirit, he contracted a large proportion of insolence, which a series of misfortunes that happened to him in the sequel could scarce effectually tame. Nevertheless, there was a fund of good-nature and generosity in his composition, and, though he established a tyranny among his comrades, the tranquillity of his reign was maintained by the love rather than by the fear of his subjects.

In the midst of all this enjoyment of empire, he never once violated that respectful awe with which the usher had found means to inspire him; but he by no means preserved the same regard for the prin-

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cipal master, an old illiterate German quack, who had formerly practised corn-cutting among the quality, and sold cosmetic washes to the ladies, together with teeth powders, hair-dyeing liquors, prolific elixirs, and tinctures to sweeten the breath. These nostrums, recommended by the art of cringing, in which he was consummate, ingratiated him so much with people of fashion, that he was enabled to set up school with five-and-twenty boys of the best families, whom he boarded on his own terms, and undertook to instruct in the French and Latin languages, so as to qualify them for the colleges of Westminster and Eton. While this plan was in its infancy, he was so fortunate as to meet with Jennings, who, for the paltry consideration of thirty pounds a year, which his necessities compelled him to accept, took the whole trouble of educating the children upon himself, contrived an excellent system for that purpose, and, by his assiduity and knowledge, executed all the particulars to the entire satisfaction of those concerned, who, by the bye, never inquired into his qualifications, but suffered the other to enjoy the fruits of his labour and ingenuity.

Over and above a large stock of avarice, ignorance, and vanity, this superior had certain ridiculous peculiarities in his person, such as a hunch upon his back, and distorted limbs, that seemed to attract the satirical notice of Peregrine, who, young as he was, took offence at his want of reverence for his usher, over whom he sometimes chose opportunities of displaying his authority, that the boys might not displace their veneration. Mr. Keypstick, therefore,

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such as I have described him, incurred the contempt and displeasure of this enterprising pupil, who now, being in the tenth year of his age, had capacity enough to give him abundance of vexation. He underwent many mortifying jokes from the invention of Pickle and his confederates; so that he began to entertain suspicion of Mr. Jennings, who, he could not help thinking, had been at the bottom of them all, and spirited up principles of rebellion in the school, with a view of making himself independent. Possessed with this chimera, which was void of all foundation, the German descended so low as to tamper in private with the boys, from whom he hoped to draw some very important discovery; but he was disappointed in his expectation; and this mean practice reaching the ears of his usher, he voluntarily resigned his employment. Finding interest to obtain holy orders in a little time after, he left the kingdom, hoping to find a settlement in some of our American plantations.

The departure of Mr. Jennings produced a great revolution in the affairs of Keypstick, which declined from that moment, because he had neither authority to enforce obedience, nor prudence to maintain order among his scholars; so that the school degenerated into anarchy and confusion, and he himself dwindled in the opinion of his employers, who looked upon him as superannuated, and withdrew their children from his tuition.

Peregrine, seeing this dissolution of their society, and finding himself every day deprived of some companion, began to repine at his situation, and resolved,

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if possible, to procure his release from the jurisdiction of the person whom he both detested and despised. With this view he went to work, and composed the following billet, addressed to the commodore, which was the first specimen of his composition in the epistolary way:

"HONOURED AND LOVING UNCLE, — Hoping you are in good health, this serves to inform you, that Mr. Jennings is gone, and Mr. Keypstick will never meet with his fellow. The school is already almost broke up, and the rest daily going away; and I beg of you of all love to have me fetched away also, for I cannot bear to be any longer under one who is a perfect ignoramus, who scarce knows the declination of *musa*, and is more fit to be a scarecrow than a schoolmaster; hoping you will send for me soon, with my love to my aunt, and my duty to my honoured parents, craving their blessing and yours. And this is all at present, from, honoured uncle, your well-beloved and dutiful nephew and godson, and humble servant to command till death,

"PEREGRINE PICKLE."

Trunnion was overjoyed at the receipt of this letter, which he looked upon as one of the greatest efforts of human genius, and as such communicated the contents to his lady, whom he had disturbed for the purpose in the middle of her devotion, by sending a message to her closet, whither it was her custom very frequently to retire. She was out of humour at being interrupted, and therefore did not peruse this specimen of her nephew's understanding with all the relish that the commodore himself

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had enjoyed; on the contrary, after sundry paralytical endeavours to speak (for her tongue sometimes refused its office), she observed that the boy was a pert jackanapes, and deserved to be severely chastised for treating his betters with such disrespect. Her husband undertook his godson's defence, representing, with great warmth, that he knew Keypstick to be a good-for-nothing pimping old rascal, and that Perry showed a great deal of spirit and good sense in desiring to be taken from under his command; he therefore declared that the boy should not live a week longer with such a shambling son of a bitch, and sanctioned his declaration with abundance of oaths.

Mrs. Trunnion, composing her countenance into a look of religious demureness, rebuked him for his profane way of talking; and asked, in a magisterial tone, if he intended never to lay aside that brutal behaviour? Irritated at this reproach, he answered in terms of indignation, that he knew how to behave himself as well as e'er a woman that wore a head, bade her mind her own affairs, and, with another repetition of oaths, gave her to understand that he would be master in his own house.

This insinuation operated upon her spirits like friction upon a glass globe; her face gleamed with resentment, and every pore seemed to emit particles of flame. She replied with incredible fluency of the bitterest expressions. He retorted equal rage in broken hints and incoherent imprecations. She rejoined with redoubled fury, and in conclusion he was fain to betake himself to flight, ejaculating curses

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against her, and muttering something concerning the brandy-bottle, which, however, he took care should never reach her ears.

From his own house he went directly to visit Mrs. Pickle, to whom he imparted Peregrine's epistle, with many encomiums upon the boy's promising parts; and finding his commendations but coldly received, desired she would permit him to take his godson under his own care.

This lady, whose family was now increased by another son, who seemed to engross her care for the present, had not seen Perry during a course of four years, and, with regard to him, was perfectly weaned of that infirmity known by the name of maternal fondness; she therefore consented to the commodore's request with great condescension, and a polite compliment to him on the concern he had all along manifested for the welfare of the child.

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CHAPTER THIRTEEN

THE COMMODORE TAKES PEREGRINE UNDER HIS OWN CARE — THE BOY ARRIVES AT THE GARRISON — IS STRANGELY RECEIVED BY HIS OWN MOTHER — ENTERS INTO A CONFEDERACY WITH HATCHWAY AND PIPES, AND EXECUTES A COUPLE OF WAGGISH ENTERPRISES UPON HIS AUNT.

TRUNNION having obtained this permission, that very afternoon despatched the lieutenant in a post-chaise to Keypstick's house, from whence in two days he returned with our young hero; who being now in the eleventh year of his age, had outgrown the expectation of all his family, and was remarkable for the beauty and elegance of his person. His godfather was transported at his arrival, as if he had been actually the issue of his own loins. He shook him heartily by the hand, turned him round and round, surveyed him from top to bottom, bade Hatchway take notice how handsomely he was built; squeezed his hand again, saying, "D—n ye, you dog, I suppose you don't value such an old crazy son of a bitch as me a rope's end. You have forgot how I was wont to dandle you on my knee, when you was a little urchin no bigger than the davit, and played a thousand tricks upon me, burning my

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bacco-pouches, and poisoning my rumbo: O, d—n ye, you can grin fast enough, I see; I warrant you have learnt more things than writing and the Latin lingo." Even Tom Pipes expressed uncommon satisfaction on this joyful occasion; and coming up to Perry, thrust forth his fore paw, and accosted him with the salutation of "What cheer, my young master? I am glad to see thee with all my heart."

These compliments being passed, his uncle halted to the door of his wife's chamber, at which he stood hallooing, "Here's your kinsman Perry; belike you won't come and bid him welcome."—"Lord! Mr. Trunnion," said she, "why will you continually harass me in this manner with your impertinent intrusion?" "I harrow you!" replied the commodore; "'sblood, I believe your upper works are damaged; I only came to inform you that here was your cousin, whom you have not seen these four long years; and I'll be d—d if there is such another of his age within the king's dominions, d'ye see, either for make or mettle; he's a credit to the name, d'ye see; but d—n my eyes, I'll say no more of the matter; if you come, you may; if you won't, you may let it alone."—"Well, I won't come, then," answered his yoke-fellow, "for I am at present more agreeably employed."—"Oho! you are? I believe so too!" cried the commodore, making wry faces, and mimicking the action of dram-drinking. Then addressing himself to Hatchway, "Prithee, Jack," said he, "go and try thy skill on that stubborn hulk; if anybody can bring her about, I know you wool." The lieutenant accordingly tak-

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ing his station at the door, conveyed his persuasion in these words: "What, won't you turn out and hail little Perry? It will do your heart good to see such a handsome young dog; I'm sure he is the very moral of you, and as like as if he had been spit out of your own mouth, as the saying is; do show a little respect for your kinsman, can't you?" — To this remonstrance she replied in a mild tone of voice, "Dear Mr. Hatchway, you are always teasing one in such a manner; sure I am, nobody can tax me with unkindness, or want of natural affection;" so saying, she opened the door, and advancing to the hall where her nephew stood, received him very graciously, and observed that he was the very image of her papa.

In the afternoon, he was conducted by the commodore to the house of his parents; and, strange to tell, no sooner was he presented to his mother, than her countenance changed, she eyed him with tokens of affliction and surprise, and, bursting into tears, exclaimed her child was dead, and this was no other than an impostor whom they had brought to defraud her sorrow. Trunnion was confounded at this unaccountable passion, which had no other foundation than caprice and whim; and Gamaliel himself was so disconcerted and unsettled in his own belief, which began to waver, that he knew not how to behave towards the boy, whom his godfather immediately carried back to the garrison, swearing all the way that Perry should never cross their threshold again with his goodwill. Nay, so much was he incensed at this unnatural and absurd renunciation, that he refused to carry on any further correspondence with

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Pickle, until he was appeased by his solicitations and submission, and Peregrine owned as his son and heir. But this acknowledgment was made without the privity of his wife, whose vicious aversion he was obliged, in appearance, to adopt. Thus exiled from his father's house, the young gentleman was left entirely to the disposal of the commodore, whose affection for him daily increased, insomuch that he could scarce prevail upon himself to part with him, when his education absolutely required that he should be otherwise disposed of.

In all probability, this extraordinary attachment was, if not produced, at least riveted, by that peculiar turn in Peregrine's imagination, which we have already observed; and which, during his residence in the castle, appeared in sundry stratagems he practised upon his uncle and aunt, under the auspices of Mr. Hatchway, who assisted him in the contrivance and execution of all his schemes. Nor was Pipes exempted from a share in their undertakings; for, being a trusty fellow, not without dexterity in some cases, and altogether resigned to their will, they found him a serviceable instrument for their purpose, and used him accordingly.

The first sample of their art was exhibited upon Mrs. Trunnion. They terrified that good lady with strange noises when she retired to her devotion. Pipes was a natural genius in the composition of discords; he could imitate the sound produced by the winding of a jack, the filing of a saw, and the swinging of a malefactor hanging in chains; he could counterfeit the braying of an ass, the screeching of a

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night owl, the caterwauling of cats, the howling of a dog, the squeaking of a pig, the crowing of a cock; and he had learned the war whoop uttered by the Indians in North America. These talents were exerted successively at different times and places, to the terror of Mrs. Trunnion, the discomposure of the commodore himself, and the consternation of all the servants in the castle. Peregrine, with a sheet over his clothes, sometimes tumbled before his aunt in the twilight, when her organs of vision were a little impaired by the cordial she had swallowed; and the boatswain's mate taught him to shoe cats with walnut shells, so that they made a most dreadful clattering in their nocturnal excursions. The mind of Mrs. Trunnion was not a little disturbed by these alarms, which, in her opinion, portended the death of some principal person in the family; she redoubled her religious exercises, and fortified her spirits with fresh potations; nay, she began to take notice that Mr. Trunnion's constitution was very much broke, and seemed dissatisfied when people observed that they never saw him look better.

Her frequent visits to the closet, where all her consolation was deposited, inspired the confederates with a device which had like to have been attended with tragical consequences. They found an opportunity to infuse jalap in one of her case-bottles, and she took so largely of this medicine, that her constitution had well-nigh sunk under the violence of its effect. She suffered a succession of fainting fits that reduced her to the brink of the grave, in spite of all the remedies that were administered by a physician, who

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was called in the beginning of her disorder. After having examined the symptoms, he declared that the patient had been poisoned with arsenic, and prescribed oily draughts and lubricating injections, to defend the coats of the stomach and intestines from the vellicating particles of that pernicious mineral; at the same time hinting, with a look of infinite sagacity, that it was not difficult to divine the whole mystery. He affected to deplore the poor lady, as if she was exposed to more attempts of the same nature; thereby glancing obliquely at the innocent commodore, whom the officious son of Æsculapius suspected as the author of this expedient, to rid his hands of a yoke-fellow for whom he was well known to have no great devotion. This impertinent and malicious insinuation made some impression upon the bystanders, and furnished ample field for slander to asperse the morals of Trunnion, who was represented through the whole district as a monster of barbarity. Nay, the sufferer herself, though she behaved with great decency and prudence, could not help entertaining some small diffidence of her husband; not that she imagined he had any design upon her life, but that he had been at pains to adulterate the brandy, with a view of detaching her from that favourite liquor.

On this supposition she resolved to act with more caution for the future, without setting on foot any inquiry about the affair; while the commodore, imputing her indisposition to some natural cause, after the danger was past never bestowed a thought upon the subject; so that the perpetrators were quit of

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their fear, which, however, had punished them so effectually, that they never would hazard any more jokes of the same nature.

The shafts of their wit were now directed against the commander himself, whom they teased and terrified almost out of his senses. One day while he was at dinner, Pipes came and told him that there was a person below that wanted to speak with him immediately about an affair of the greatest importance, that would admit of no delay; upon which he ordered the stranger to be told that he was engaged, and that he must send up his name and business. To this demand he received for answer a message, importing that the person's name was unknown to him, and his business of such a nature, that it could not be disclosed to any one but the commodore himself, whom he earnestly desired to see without loss of time.

Trunnion, surprised at this importunity, got up with great reluctance in the middle of his meal, and, descending to a parlour where the stranger was, asked him in a surly tone what he wanted with him in such a d—ned hurry, that he could not wait till he had made an end of his mess? The other, not at all disconcerted at this rough address, advanced close up to him on his tiptoes, and, with a look of confidence and conceit, laying his mouth to one side of the commodore's head, whispered softly in his ear, "Sir, I am the attorney whom you wanted to converse with in private." — "The attorney!" cried Trunnion, staring and half choked with choler. "Yes, sir, at your service," replied this retainer to the law, "and, if you

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please, the sooner we despatch the affair, the better; for it is an old observation, that delay breeds danger." "Truly, brother," said the commodore, who could no longer contain himself, "I do confess that I am very much of your way of thinking, d' ye see; and therefore you shall be despatched in a trice;" so saying, he lifted up his walking staff, which was something between a crutch and a cudgel, and discharged it with such energy on the seat of the attorney's understanding, that, if there had been anything but solid bone, the contents of his skull must have been evacuated.

Fortified as he was by nature against all such assaults, he could not withstand the momentum of the blow, which in an instant laid him flat on the floor, deprived of all sense and motion; and Trunnion hopped upstairs to dinner, applauding himself in ejaculations all the way for the vengeance he had taken on such an impudent pettifogging miscreant.

The attorney no sooner awaked from his trance, into which he had been so unexpectedly lulled, than he cast his eyes around in quest of evidence, by which he might be enabled the more easily to prove the injury he had sustained; but not a soul appearing, he made shift to get upon his legs again, and, with the blood trickling over his nose, followed one of the servants into the dining-room, resolved to come to an explanation with the assailant, and either extort money from him by way of satisfaction, or provoke him to a second application before witnesses. With this view he entered the room in a peal of clamour, to the amazement of all present, and the terror of Mrs. Trunnion, who shrieked at the appear-

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ance of such a spectacle; and addressing himself to the commodore, "I 'll tell you what, sir," said he, "if there be law in England, I 'll make you smart for this here assault. You think you have screened yourself from a prosecution, by sending all your servants out of the way, but that circumstance will appear upon trial to be a plain proof of the malice prepense with which the fact was committed, especially when corroborated by the evidence of this here letter, under your own hand, whereby I am desired to come to your own house to transact an affair of consequence." So saying, he produced the writing, and read the contents in these words: —

"Mr. Roger Ravine.

"Sir, — Being in a manner prisoner in my own house, I desire you will give me a call precisely at three o'clock in the afternoon, and insist upon seeing me yourself, as I have an affair of great consequence, in which your particular advice is wanted by your humble servant,

"Hawser Trunnion."

The one-eyed commander, who had been satisfied with the chastisement he had already bestowed upon the plaintiff, hearing him read this audacious piece of forgery, which he considered as the effect of his own villany, started up from table, and seizing a huge turkey that lay in a dish before him, would have applied it, sauce and all, by way of poultice to his wound, had he not been restrained by Hatchway, who laid fast hold on both his arms, and fixed him to his chair again, advising the attorney to sheer

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off with what he had got. Far from following this salutary counsel, he redoubled his threats, and set Trunnion at defiance, telling him he was not a man of true courage, although he had commanded a ship of war, or else he would not have attacked any person in such a cowardly and clandestine manner. This provocation would have answered his purpose effectually, had not his adversary's indignation been repressed by the suggestions of the lieutenant, who desired his friend in a whisper to be easy, for he would take care to have the attorney tossed in a blanket for his presumption. This proposal, which he received with great approbation, pacified him in a moment; he wiped the sweat from his forehead, and his features relaxed into a grim smile.

Hatchway disappeared, and Ravine proceeded with great fluency of abuse, until he was interrupted by the arrival of Pipes, who, without any expostulation, led him out by the hand, and conducted him to the yard, where he was put into a carpet, and in a twinkling sent into the air by the strength and dexterity of five stout operators, whom the lieutenant had selected from the number of domestics for that singular spell of duty.

In vain did the astonished vaulter beg for the love of God and passion of Christ, that they would take pity upon him, and put an end to his involuntary gambols; they were deaf to his prayers and protestations, even when he swore, in the most solemn manner, that, if they would cease tormenting him, he would forget and forgive what was past, and depart in peace to his own habitation;

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and continued the game till they were fatigued with the exercise.

Ravine, being dismissed in a most melancholy plight, brought an action of assault and battery against the commodore, and subpœnaed all the servants as evidences in the cause; but as none of them had seen what happened, he did not find his account in the prosecution, though he himself examined all the witnesses, and, among other questions, asked whether they had not seen him come in like another man; and whether they had ever seen any other man in such a condition as that in which he had crawled off. But this last interrogation they were not obliged to answer, because it had reference to the second discipline he had undergone, in which they, and they only, were concerned; and no person is bound to give testimony against himself.

In short, the attorney was nonsuited, to the satisfaction of all who knew him, and found himself under the necessity of proving that he had received, in course of post, the letter, which was declared in court a scandalous forgery, in order to prevent an indictment with which he was threatened by the commodore, who little dreamed that the whole affair had been planned and executed by Peregrine and his associates.

The next enterprise in which this triumvirate engaged, was a scheme to frighten Trunnion with an apparition, which they prepared and executed in this manner: to the hide of a large ox, Pipes fitted a leathern vizor of a most terrible appearance, stretched

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on the jaws of a shark, which he had brought from sea, and accommodated with a couple of broad glasses instead of eyes. On the inside of these, he placed two rushlights, and, with a composition of sulphur and saltpetre, made a pretty large fuse, which he fixed between two rows of the teeth. This equipage being finished, he, one dark night chosen for the purpose, put it on, and following the commodore into a long passage, in which he was preceded by Perry with a light in his hand, kindled his firework with a match, and began to bellow like a bull. The boy, as it was concerted, looking behind him, screamed aloud, and dropped the light, which was extinguished in the fall; when Trunnion, alarmed at his nephew's consternation, exclaimed, "Zounds! what's the matter?" And, turning about to see the cause of his dismay, beheld a hideous phantom vomiting blue flame, which aggravated the horrors of its aspect. He was instantly seized with an agony of fear, which divested him of his reason; nevertheless, he, as it were mechanically, raised his trusty supporter in his own defence, and the apparition advancing towards him, aimed it at this dreadful annoyance with such a convulsive exertion of strength, that, had not the blow chanced to light upon one of the horns, Mr. Pipes would have had no cause to value himself upon his invention. Misapplied as it was, he did not fail to stagger at the shock, and, dreading another such salutation, closed with the commodore, and, having tripped up his heels, retreated with great expedition.

It was then that Peregrine, pretending to recollect

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himself a little, ran with all the marks of disturbance and affright, and called up the servants to the assistance of their master; whom they found in a cold sweat upon the floor, his features betokening horror and confusion. Hatchway raised him up, and, having comforted him with a cup of Nantz, began to inquire into the cause of his disorder; but he could not extract one word of answer from his friend, who, after a considerable pause, during which he seemed to be wrapped up in profound contemplation, pronounced aloud, "By the Lord! Jack, you may say what ye wool, but I'll be d—n'd if it was not Davy Jones himself. I know him by his saucer-eyes, his three rows of teeth, his horns and tail, and the blue smoke that came out of his nostrils. What does the blackguard hell's baby want with me? I am sure I never committed murder, except in the way of my profession, nor wronged any man whatsomever since I first went to sea." This same Davy Jones, according to the mythology of sailors, is the fiend that presides over all the evil spirits of the deep, and is often seen in various shapes, perching among the rigging on the eve of hurricanes, shipwrecks, and other disasters, to which a seafaring life is exposed; warning the devoted wretch of death and woe. No wonder then that Trunnion was disturbed by a supposed visit of this demon, which in his opinion forebodied some dreadful calamity.

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CHAPTER FOURTEEN

HE IS ALSO BY THEIR ADVICE ENGAGED IN AN ADVENTURE WITH THE EXCISEMAN, WHO DOES NOT FIND HIS ACCOUNT IN HIS OWN DROLLERY.

HOWSOEVER preposterous and unaccountable that passion may be, which prompts persons, otherwise generous and sympathising, to afflict and perplex their fellow-creatures, certain it is, our confederates entertained such a large proportion of it, that, not satisfied with the pranks they had already played, they still persecuted the commodore without ceasing. In the course of his own history, the particulars of which he delighted to recount, he had often rehearsed an adventure of deer-stealing, in which, during the unthinking impetuosity of his youth, he had been unfortunately concerned. Far from succeeding in that achievement, he and his associates had, it seems, been made prisoners, after an obstinate engagement with the keepers, and carried before a neighbouring justice of the peace, who used Trunnion with great indignity, and, with his companions, committed him to jail.

His own relations, and in particular an uncle, on whom he chiefly depended, treated him during his confinement with great rigour and inhumanity, and

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absolutely refused to interpose his influence in his behalf, unless he would sign a writing obliging himself to go to sea within thirty days after his release, under the penalty of being proceeded against as a felon. The alternative was, either to undergo this voluntary exile, or remain in prison disowned and deserted by everybody, and, after all, suffer an ignominious trial, that might end in a sentence of transportation for life. He, therefore, without much hesitation, embraced the proposal of his kinsman, and, as he observed, was, in less than a month after his discharge, turned adrift to the mercy of the wind and waves.

Since that period he had never maintained any correspondence with his relations, all of whom had concurred in sending him off; nor would he ever pay the least regard to the humiliations and supplications of some among them, who had prostrated themselves before him, on the advancement of his fortune; but he retained a most inveterate resentment against his uncle, who was still in being, though extremely old and infirm, and frequently mentioned his name with all the bitterness of revenge.

Perry, being perfectly well acquainted with the particulars of this story, which he had heard so often repeated, proposed to Hatchway, that a person should be hired to introduce himself to the commodore, with a supposititious letter of recommendation from this detested kinsman; an imposition that, in all likelihood, would afford abundance of diversion.

The lieutenant relished the scheme, and, young

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Pickle having composed an epistle for the occasion, the exciseman of the parish, a fellow of great impudence and some humour, in whom Hatchway could confide, undertook to transcribe and deliver it with his own hand, and also personate the man in whose favour it was feigned to be writ. He accordingly one morning arrived on horseback at the garrison, two hours at least before Trunnion used to get up, and gave Pipes, who admitted him, to understand, that he had a letter for his master, which he was ordered to deliver to none but the commodore himself. This message was no sooner communicated, than the indignant chief, who had been waked for the purpose, began to curse the messenger for breaking his rest, and swore he would not budge till his usual time of turning out. This resolution being conveyed to the stranger, he desired the carrier to go back and tell him, he had such joyful tidings to impart, that he was sure the commodore would think himself amply rewarded for his trouble, even if he had been raised from the grave to receive them.

This assurance, flattering as it was, would not have been powerful enough to persuade him, had it not been assisted with the exhortations of his spouse, which never failed to influence his conduct. He therefore crept out of bed, though not without great repugnance, and, wrapping himself in his morning gown, was supported downstairs, rubbing his eye, yawning fearfully, and grumbling all the way. As soon as he popped his head into the parlour, the supposed stranger made divers awkward bows, and,

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with a grinning aspect, accosted him in these words: "Your most humble servant, most noble commodore! I hope you are in good health; you look pure and hearty; and, if it was not for that misfortune of your eye, one would not desire to see a more pleasant countenance in a summer's day. Sure as I am a living soul, one would take you to be on this side of threescore. Laud help us! I should have known you to be a Trunnion, if I had met with you in the midst of Salisbury plain, as the saying is." The commodore, who was not at all in the humour of relishing such an impertinent preamble, interrupted him in this place, saying, with a peevish accent, "Pshaw! pshaw! brother, there's no occasion to bowse out so much unnecessary gum; if you can't bring your discourse to bear on the right subject, you had much better clap a stopper on your tongue, and bring yourself up, d'ye see. I was told you had something to deliver." "Deliver!" cried the waggish impostor, "odds heart! I have got something for you that will make your very entrails rejoice within your body. Here's a letter from a dear and worthy friend of yours. Take, read it, and be happy. Blessings on his old heart! one would think he had renewed his age, like the eagles."

Trunnion's expectation being thus raised, he called for his spectacles, adjusted them to his eye, took the letter, and, being curious to know the subscription, no sooner perceived his uncle's name, than he started back, his lip quivered, and he began to shake in every limb with resentment and surprise; nevertheless, eager to know the subject of an epistle from a person

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who had never before troubled him with any sort of address, he endeavoured to recollect himself, and perused the contents, which were these: —

"Loving Nephew, — I doubt not but you will be rejoiced to hear of my welfare; and well you may, considering what a kind uncle I have been to you in the days of your youth, and how little you deserved any such thing; for you was always a graceless young man, given to wicked courses and bad company, whereby you would have come to a shameful end, had it not been for my care in sending you out of mischief's way. But this is not the cause of my present writing. The bearer, Mr. Timothy Trickle, is a distant relation of yours, being the son of the cousin of your Aunt Margery, and is not over and above well as to worldly matters. He thinks of going to London, to see for some post in the excise or customs, if so be that you will recommend him to some great man of your acquaintance, and give him a small matter to keep him till he is provided. I doubt not, nephew, but you will be glad to serve him, if it was no more but for the respect you bear to me, who am,

"Loving nephew, your affectionate uncle, and servant to command, Tobiah Trunnion."

It would be a difficult task for the inimitable Hogarth himself to exhibit the ludicrous expression of the commodore's countenance, while he read this letter. It was not a stare of astonishment, a convulsion of rage, or a ghastly grin of revenge, but an association of all three, that took possession of his features. At length he hawked up, with incredible straining, the interjection Ah! that seemed to have

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stuck some time in his windpipe, and thus gave vent to his indignation. "Have I come alongside of you at last, you old stinking curmudgeon! you lie, you lousy hulk, you lie — you did all in your power to founder me when I was a stripling; and, as for being graceless, and wicked, and keeping bad company, you tell a d—ned lie again, you thief; there was not a more peaceable lad in the county, and I kept no bad company but your own, d'ye see. Therefore, you Trickle, or what 's your name, tell the old rascal that sent you hither, that I spit in his face, and call him horse; that I tear his letter into rags, so; and that I trample upon it as I would upon his own villanous carcass, d'ye see." So saying, he danced in a sort of frenzy upon the fragments of the paper, which he had scattered about the room, to the inexpressible satisfaction of the triumvirate, who beheld the scene.

The exciseman having got between him and the door, which was left open for his escape, in case of necessity, affected great confusion and surprise at his behaviour, saying, with an air of mortification, "Lord be merciful unto me! is this the way you treat your own relations, and the recommendation of your best friend! Surely all gratitude and virtue has left this sinful world! What will cousin Tim, and Dick, and Tom, and good mother Pipkin, and her daughters, cousins Sue and Prue, and Peg, with all the rest of our kinsfolk, say, when they hear of this unconscionable reception that I have met with? Consider, sir, that ingratitude is worse than the sin of witchcraft, as the apostle wisely observes; and do not send me

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away with such unchristian usage, which will lay a heavy load of guilt upon your poor miserable soul." "What, you are on a cruise for a post, brother Trickle, an't ye?" said Trunnion, interrupting him; "we shall find a post for you in a trice, my boy. Here, Pipes, take this saucy son of a bitch, belay him to the whipping-post in the yard. I 'll teach you to rowce me in the morning with such impertinent messages." Pipes, who wanted to carry the joke farther than the exciseman dreamed of, laid hold of him in a twinkling, and executed the orders of his commander, notwithstanding all his nods, winking, and significant gestures, which the boatswain's mate would by no means understand; so that he began to repent of the part he acted in this performance, which was like to end so tragically, and stood fastened to the stake, in a very disagreeable state of suspense, casting many a rueful look over his left shoulder, while Pipes was absent in quest of a cat-and-nine-tails, in expectation of being relieved by the interposition of the lieutenant, who did not, however, appear. Tom, returning with the instrument of correction, undressed the delinquent in a trice, and whispering in his ear, that he was very sorry for being employed in such an office, but durst not for his soul disobey the orders of his commander, flourished the scourge about his head, and, with admirable dexterity, made such a smarting application to the offender's back and shoulders, that the distracted gauger performed sundry new cuts with his feet, and bellowed hideously with pain, to the infinite satisfaction of the spectators. At length, when he was almost flea'd from his

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rump to the nape of his neck, Hatchway, who had purposely absented himself hitherto, appeared in the yard, and, interposing in his behalf, prevailed upon Trunnion to call off the executioner, and ordered the malefactor to be released.

The exciseman, mad with the catastrophe he had undergone, threatened to be revenged upon his employers, by making a candid confession of the whole plot; but the lieutenant giving him to understand, that, in so doing, he would bring upon himself a prosecution for fraud, forgery, and imposture, he was fain to put up with his loss, and sneaked out of the garrison, attended with a volley of curses discharged upon him by the commodore, who was exceedingly irritated by the disturbance and disappointment he had undergone.

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CHAPTER FIFTEEN

THE COMMODORE DETECTS THE MACHINATIONS OF THE CONSPIRATORS, AND HIRES A TUTOR FOR PEREGRINE, WHOM HE SETTLES AT WINCHESTER SCHOOL.

THIS was not the least affliction he suffered from the unwearied endeavours and inexhausted invention of his tormentors, who harassed him with such a variety of mischievous pranks, that he began to think all the devils in hell had conspired against his peace; and accordingly became very serious and contemplative on the subject.

In the course of his meditations, when he recollected and compared the circumstances of every mortification to which he had been lately exposed, he could not help suspecting that some of them must have been contrived to vex him; and, as he was not ignorant of his lieutenant's disposition, nor unacquainted with the talents of Peregrine, he resolved to observe them both for the future with the utmost care and circumspection. This resolution, aided by the incautious conduct of the conspirators, whom, by this time, success had rendered heedless and indiscreet, was attended by the desired effect. He in a little time detected Perry in a new plot, and, by dint of a little

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chastisement, and a great many threats, extorted from him a confession of all the contrivances in which he had been concerned. The commodore was thunderstruck at the discovery, and so much incensed against Hatchway for the part he had acted in the whole, that he deliberated with himself, whether he should demand satisfaction with sword and pistol, or dismiss him from the garrison, and renounce all friendship with him at once. But he had been so long accustomed to Jack's company, that he could not live without him; and, upon more cool reflection, perceiving that what he had done was rather the effect of wantonness than malice, which he himself would have laughed to see take place upon any other person, he determined to devour his chagrin, and extend his forgiveness even to Pipes, whom, in the first sally of his passion, he had looked upon in a more criminal light than that of a simple mutineer. This determination was seconded by another, which he thought absolutely necessary for his own repose, and in which his own interest and that of his nephew concurred.

Peregrine, who was now turned of twelve, had made such advances under the instruction of Jennings, that he often disputed upon grammar, and was sometimes thought to have the better in his contests with the parish priest, who, notwithstanding this acknowledged superiority of his antagonist, did great justice to his genius, which he assured Mr. Trunnion would be lost for want of cultivation, if the boy was not immediately sent to prosecute his studies at some proper seminary of learning.

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This maxim had been more than once inculcated upon the commodore by Mrs. Trunnion, who, over and above the deference she paid to the parson's opinion, had a reason of her own for wishing to see the house clear of Peregrine, at whose prying disposition she began to be very uneasy. Induced by these motives, which were joined by the solicitation of the youth himself, who ardently longed to see a little more of the world, his uncle determined to send him forthwith to Winchester, under the immediate care and inspection of a governor, to whom he allowed a very handsome appointment for that purpose. This gentleman, whose name was Mr. Jacob Jolter, had been schoolfellow with the parson of the parish, who recommended him to Mrs. Trunnion as a person of great worth and learning, in every respect qualified for the office of a tutor. He likewise added, by way of eulogium, that he was a man of exemplary piety, and particularly zealous for the honour of the church of which he was a member, having been many years in holy orders, though he did not then exercise any function of the priesthood. Indeed, Mr. Jolter's zeal was so exceedingly fervent, as on some occasions to get the better of his discretion; for, being a high churchman, and of consequence a malcontent, his resentment was habituated into an unsurmountable prejudice against the present disposition of affairs, which, by confounding the nation with the ministry, sometimes led him into erroneous, not to say absurd calculations; otherwise a man of good morals, well versed in mathematics and school divinity, studies which had not at all contributed to sweeten and

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unbend the natural sourness and severity of his complexion.

This gentleman being destined to the charge of superintending Perry's education, everything was prepared for their departure; and Tom Pipes, in consequence of his own petition, put into livery, and appointed footman to the young squire. But, before they set out, the commodore paid the compliment of communicating his design to Mr. Pickle, who approved of the plan, though he durst not venture to see the boy; so much was he intimidated by the remonstrances of his wife, whose aversion to her firstborn became every day more inveterate and unaccountable. This unnatural caprice seemed to be supported by a consideration which, one would imagine, might have rather vanquished her disgust. Her second son Gam, who was now in the fourth year of his age, had been rickety from the cradle, and as remarkably unpromising in appearance as Perry was agreeable in his person. As the deformity increased, the mother's fondness was augmented, and the virulence of her hate against the other son seemed to prevail in the same proportion.

Far from allowing Perry to enjoy the common privileges of a child, she would not suffer him to approach his father's house, expressed uneasiness whenever his name happened to be mentioned, sickened at his praise, and in all respects behaved like a most rancorous stepmother. Though she no longer retained that ridiculous notion of his being an impostor, she still continued to abhor him, as if she really believed him to be such; and when any person

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desired to know the cause of her surprising dislike, she always lost her temper, and peevishly replied, that she had reasons of her own, which she was not obliged to declare; nay, so much was she affected by this vicious partiality, that she broke off all commerce with her sister-in-law and the commodore, because they favoured the poor child with their countenance and protection.

Her malice, however, was frustrated by the love and generosity of Trunnion, who, having adopted him as his own son, equipped him accordingly, and carried him and his governor in his own coach to the place of destination, where they were settled on a very genteel footing, and everything regulated according to their desires.

Mrs. Trunnion behaved with great decency at the departure of her nephew, to whom, with a great many pious advices and injunctions to behave with submission and reverence towards his tutor, she presented a diamond ring of small value, and a gold medal, as tokens of her affection and esteem. As for the lieutenant, he accompanied them in the coach; and such was the friendship he had contracted for Perry, that, when the commodore proposed to return, after having accomplished the intent of his journey, Jack absolutely refused to attend him, and signified his resolution to stay where he was.

Trunnion was the more startled at this declaration, as Hatchway was become so necessary to him in almost all the purposes of his life, that he foresaw he should not be able to exist without his company. Not a little affected with this consideration, he turned

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his eye ruefully upon the lieutenant, saying, in a piteous tone, "What! leave me at last, Jack, after we have weathered so many hard gales together? D—n my limbs! I thought you had been more of an honest heart. I looked upon you as my foremast, and Tom Pipes as my mizen; now he is carried away; if so be as you go too, my standing rigging being decayed, d' ye see, the first squall will bring me by the board. D—n ye, if in case I have given offence, can't you speak above board, and I shall make you amends."

Jack being ashamed to own the true situation of his thoughts, after some hesitation, answered with perplexity and incoherence, "No, d—me! that an't the case neither; to be sure you always used me in an officer-like manner, that I must own, to give the devil his due, as the saying is; but for all that, this here is the case, I have some thoughts of going to school myself, to learn your Latin lingo; for, as the saying is, *Better mend late than never.* And I am informed as how one can get more for the money here than anywhere else."

In vain did Trunnion endeavour to convince him of the folly of going to school at his years, by representing that the boys would make game of him, and that he would become a laughing-stock to all the world; he persisted in his resolution to stay, and the commodore was fain to have recourse to the mediation of Pipes and Perry, who employed their influence with Jack, and at last prevailed upon him to return to the garrison, after Trunnion had promised he should be at liberty to visit them once a month. This stipulation being settled, he and his friend took leave of the

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pupil, governor, and attendant, and next morning set out for their habitation, which they reached in safety that same night.

Such was Hatchway's reluctance to leave Peregrine, that he is said, for the first time in his life, to have looked misty at parting: certain I am, that, on the road homewards, after a long pause of silence, which the commodore never dreamed of interrupting, he exclaimed all of a sudden, "I 'll be d—n'd if the dog ha'n't given me some stuff to make me love him." Indeed, there was something congenial in the disposition of these two friends, which never failed to manifest itself in the sequel, howsoever different their education, circumstances, and connexions happened to be.

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CHAPTER SIXTEEN

PEREGRINE DISTINGUISHES HIMSELF AMONG HIS SCHOOL-FELLOWS, EXPOSES HIS TUTOR, AND ATTRACTS THE PARTICULAR NOTICE OF THE MASTER.

THUS left to the prosecution of his studies, Peregrine was in a little time a distinguished character, not only for his acuteness of apprehension, but also for that mischievous fertility of fancy, of which we have already given such pregnant examples. But, as there was a great number of such luminaries in this new sphere to which he belonged, his talents were not so conspicuous, while they shone in his single capacity, as they afterwards appeared, when they concentred and reflected the rays of the whole constellation.

At first he confined himself to piddling game, exercising his genius upon his own tutor, who attracted his attention, by endeavouring to season his mind with certain political maxims, the fallacy of which he had discernment enough to perceive. Scarcely a day passed in which he did not find means to render Mr. Jolter the object of ridicule; his violent prejudices, ludicrous vanity, awkward solemnity, and ignorance of mankind, afforded con-

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tinual food for the raillery, petulance, and satire of his pupil, who never neglected an opportunity of laughing, and making others laugh at his expense.

Sometimes, in their parties, by mixing brandy in his wine, he decoyed this pedagogue into a debauch, during which his caution forsook him, and he exposed himself to the censure of the company. Sometimes, when the conversation turned upon intricate subjects, he practised upon him the Socratic method of confutation, and, under pretence of being informed, by an artful train of puzzling questions, insensibly betrayed him into self-contradiction.

All the remains of authority which he had hitherto preserved over Peregrine soon vanished; so that, for the future, no sort of ceremony subsisted betwixt them; and all Mr. Jolter's precepts were conveyed in hints of friendly advice, which the other might either follow or neglect at his own pleasure. No wonder, then, that Peregrine gave a loose to his inclinations, and, by dint of genius and an enterprising temper, made a figure among the younger class of heroes in the school.

Before he had been a full year at Winchester, he had signalised himself in so many achievements in defiance to the laws and regulations of the place, that he was looked upon with admiration, and actually chosen *Dux*, or leader, by a large body of his cotemporaries. It was not long before his fame reached the ears of his master, who sent for Mr. Jolter, communicated to him the informations he had received, and desired him to check the vivacity of his charge, and redouble his vigilance in time to

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come, else he should be obliged to make a public example of his pupil for the benefit of the school.

The governor, conscious of his own unimportance, was not a little disconcerted at this injunction, which it was not in his power to fulfil by any compulsive means. He therefore went home in a very pensive mood, and, after mature deliberation, resolved to expostulate with Peregrine in the most familiar terms, and endeavour to dissuade him from practices which might affect his character as well as interest. He accordingly frankly told him the subject of the master's discourse, represented the disgrace he might incur by neglecting this warning, and, putting him in mind of his own situation, hinted the consequences of the commodore's displeasure, in case he should be brought to disapprove of his conduct. These insinuations made the greater impression, as they were delivered with many expressions of friendship and concern. The young gentleman was not so raw but that he could perceive the solidity of Mr. Jolter's advice, to which he promised to conform, because his pride was interested in the affair; and he considered his own reformation as the only means of avoiding that infamy which, even in idea, he could not bear.

His governor, finding him so reasonable, profited by these moments of reflection; and, in order to prevent a relapse, proposed that he should engage in some delightful study that would agreeably amuse his imagination, and gradually detach him from those connexions which had involved him in so many troublesome adventures. For this purpose, he, with

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many rapturous encomiums, recommended the mathematics, as yielding more rational and sensible pleasures to a youthful fancy than any other subject of contemplation, and actually began to read Euclid with him that same afternoon.

Peregrine entered upon this branch of learning with all that warmth of application which boys commonly yield on the first change of study; but he had scarce advanced beyond the *Pons Asinorum*, when his ardour abated; the test of truth by demonstration did not elevate him to those transports of joy with which his preceptor had regaled his expectation; and before he arrived at the fortieth-and-seventh proposition, he began to yawn drearily, make abundance of wry faces, and thought himself but indifferently paid for his attention, when he shared the vast discovery of Pythagoras, and understood that the square of the hypothenuse was equal to the squares of the other two sides of a right-angled triangle. He was ashamed, however, to fail in his undertaking, and persevered with great industry, until he had finished the first four books, acquired plain trigonometry, with the method of algebraical calculation, and made himself well acquainted with the principles of surveying; but no consideration could prevail upon him to extend his inquiries farther in this science, and he returned with double relish to his former avocations, like a stream, which, being dammed, accumulates more force, and, bursting over its mounds, rushes down with double impetuosity.

Mr. Jolter saw with astonishment and chagrin, but

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could not resist the torrent. His behaviour was now no other than a series of license and effrontery; prank succeeded prank, and outrage followed outrage, with surprising velocity. Complaints were every day preferred against him; in vain were admonitions bestowed by the governor in private, and menaces discharged by the masters in public; he disregarded the first, despised the latter, divested himself of all manner of restraint, and proceeded in his career to such a pitch of audacity, that a consultation was held upon the subject, in which it was determined that this untoward spirit should be humbled by a severe and ignominious flogging for the very next offence he should commit. In the meantime, Mr. Jolter was desired to write, in the master's name, to the commodore, requesting him to remove Tom Pipes from the person of his nephew, the said Pipes being a principal actor and abettor in all his malversations; and to put a stop to the monthly visitations of the mutilated lieutenant, who had never once failed to use his permission, but came punctual to a day, always fraught with some new invention. Indeed, by this time, Mr. Hatchway was as well known, and much better beloved by every boy in the school, than the master who instructed him, and always received by a number of scholars, who used to attend Peregrine when he went forth to meet his friend, and conduct him to his lodging with public testimonies of joy and applause.

As for Tom Pipes, he was not so properly the attendant of Peregrine, as master of the revels to the whole school. He mingled in all their parties, and

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superintended their diversions, deciding between boy and boy, as if he acted by commission under the great seal. He regulated their motions by his whistle, instructed the young boys in the games of hustle-cap, leap-frog, and chuck-farthing; imparted to those of a more advanced age the sciences of cribbage and all-fours, together with the method of storming the castle, acting the comedy of Prince Arthur, and other pantomimes, as they are commonly exhibited at sea; and instructed the seniors, who were distinguished by the appellation of bloods, in cudgel-playing, dancing the St. Giles's hornpipe, drinking flip, and smoking tobacco. These qualifications had rendered him so necessary and acceptable to the scholars, that, exclusive of Perry's concern in the affair, his dismission, in all probability, would have produced some dangerous convulsion in the community. Jolter, therefore, knowing his importance, informed his pupil of the directions he had received, and very candidly asked how he should demean himself in the execution; for he durst not write to the commodore without this previous notice, fearing that the young gentleman, as soon as he should get an inkling of the affair, would follow the example, and make his uncle acquainted with certain anecdotes, which it was the governor's interest to keep concealed. Peregrine was of opinion that he should spare himself the trouble of conveying any complaints to the commodore, and, if questioned by the master, assure him he had complied with his desire; at the same time he promised faithfully to conduct himself with such circumspection for the future, that the masters should have no

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temptation to revive the inquiry. But the resolution attending this extorted promise was too frail to last, and, in less than a fortnight, our young hero found himself entangled in an adventure, from which he was not extricated with his usual good fortune.

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CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

HE IS CONCERNED IN A DANGEROUS ADVENTURE WITH A CERTAIN GARDENER — SUBLIMES HIS IDEAS, COMMENCES GALLANT, AND BECOMES ACQUAINTED WITH MISS EMILY GAUNTLET.

HE, and some of his companions, one day entered a garden in the suburbs, and having indulged their appetites, desired to know what satisfaction they must make for the fruit they had pulled. The gardener demanded what, in their opinion, was an exorbitant price; and they, with many opprobrious terms, refused to pay it. The peasant being surly and untractable, insisted upon his right; neither was he deficient nor sparing in the eloquence of vulgar abuse. His guests attempted to retreat; a scuffle ensued, in which Peregrine lost his cap; and the gardener, being in danger, from the number of his foes, called to his wife to let loose the dog, who instantly flew to his master's assistance, and, after having tore the leg of one, and the shoulder of another, put the whole body of the scholars to flight. Enraged at the indignity which had been offered them, they solicited a reinforcement of their friends, and, with Tom Pipes at their head, marched back to the field of battle. Their adversary, seeing them ap-

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proach, called his apprentice, who worked at the other end of the ground, to his assistance, armed him with a mattock, while he himself wielded an hoe, bolted his door on the inside, and, flanked with his man and mastiff, waited the attack without flinching. He had not remained three minutes in this posture of defence, when Pipes, who acted as the enemy's forlorn hope, advanced to the gate with great intrepidity, and clapping his foot to the door, which was none of the stoutest, with the execution and despatch of a petard, split it into a thousand pieces. This sudden execution had an immediate effect upon the 'prentice, who retreated with great precipitation, and escaped at a postern. But the master placed himself like another Hercules in the breach; and when Pipes, brandishing his cudgel, stepped forward to engage him, levelled his weapon with such force and dexterity at his head, that, had the skull been made of penetrable stuff, the iron edge must have cleft his pate in twain. Casemated as he was, the instrument cut sheer even to the bone, on which it struck with such amazing violence, that sparks of real fire were produced by the collision. And let not the incredulous reader pretend to doubt the truth of this phenomenon, until he shall have first perused the ingenious Peter Kolben's *Natural History of the Cape of Good Hope*, where the inhabitants commonly use to strike fire with the shin-bones of lions, which have been killed in that part of Africa.

Pipes, though a little disconcerted, far from being disabled by the blow, in a trice retorted the compliment with his truncheon; which, had not his antag-

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onist expeditiously slipped his head aside, would have laid him breathless across his own threshold; but, happily for him, he received the salutation upon his right shoulder, which crashed beneath the stroke, and the hoe dropped instantly from his tingling hand. Tom perceiving, and being unwilling to forego the advantage he had gained, darted his head into the bosom of this son of earth, and overturned him on the plain, being himself that instant assaulted by the mastiff, who fastened upon the outside of his thigh. Feeling himself incommoded by this assailant in his rear, he quitted the prostrate gardener to the resentment of his associates, who poured upon him in shoals, and, turning about, laid hold with both his hands of this ferocious animal's throat, which he squeezed with such incredible force and perseverance, that the creature quitted his hold, his tongue lolled out of his jaws, the blood started from his eyes, and he swung a lifeless trunk between the hands of his vanquisher.

It was well for his master that he did not longer exist; for by this time he was overwhelmed by such a multitude of foes, that his whole body scarce afforded points of contact to all the fists that drummed upon it, consequently, to use a vulgar phrase, his wind was almost knocked out, before Pipes had leisure to interpose in his behalf, and persuade his offenders to desist, by representing that the wife had gone to alarm the neighbourhood, and that in all probability they would be intercepted in their return. They accordingly listened to his remonstrances, and marched homewards in triumph, leaving the gardener in the embraces of his mother earth, from which he

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had not power to move when he was found by his disconsolate helpmate and some friends, whom she had assembled for his assistance. Among these was a blacksmith and farrier, who took cognisance of his carcass, every limb of which having examined, he declared there was no bone broke, and, taking out his fleam, blooded him plentifully as he lay. He was then conveyed to his bed, from which he was not able to stir during a whole month. His family coming upon the parish, a formal complaint was made to the master of the school, and Peregrine represented as the ringleader of those who committed this barbarous assault. An inquiry was immediately set on foot, and the articles of impeachment being fully proved, our hero was sentenced to be severely chastised in the face of the whole school. This was a disgrace, the thoughts of which his proud heart could not brook. He resolved to make his elopement rather than undergo the punishment to which he was doomed; and having signified his sentiments to his confederates, they promised, one and all, to stand by him, and either screen him from the chastisement, or share his fate.

Confiding in this friendly protestation, he appeared unconcerned on the day that was appointed for his punishment; and, when he was called to his destiny, advanced towards the scene, attended by the greatest part of the scholars, who intimated their determination to the master, and proposed that Peregrine should be forgiven. The superior behaved with that dignity of demeanour which became his place, represented the folly and presumption of their

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demand, reprehended them for their audacious proceeding, and ordered every boy to his respective station. They obeyed his command, and our unfortunate hero was publicly horsed, *in terrorem* of all whom it might concern.

This disgrace had a very sensible effect upon the mind of Peregrine, who, having by this time passed the fourteenth year of his age, began to adopt the pride and sentiments of a man. Thus dishonourably stigmatised, he was ashamed to appear in public as usual; he was incensed against his companions for their infidelity and irresolution, and plunged into a profound reverie that lasted several weeks, during which he shook off his boyish connexions, and fixed his view upon objects which he thought more worthy of his attention.

In the course of his gymnastic exercises, at which he was very expert, he contracted intimacies with several youths who were greatly his superiors in point of age, and who, pleased with his aspiring genius and address, introduced him into parties of gallantry which strongly captivated his inclination. He was by nature particularly adapted for succeeding in adventures of this kind; over and above a most engaging person, that improved with his years, he possessed a dignified assurance, an agreeable ferocity which enhanced the conquest of the fair who had the good fortune to enslave him, unlimited generosity, and a fund of humour which never failed to please. Nor was he deficient in the more solid accomplishments of youth; he had profited in his studies beyond expectation, and besides that sensibility of

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discernment which is the foundation of taste, and in consequence of which he distinguished and enjoyed the beauties of the classics, he had already given several specimens of a very promising poetic talent.

With this complexion and these qualifications, no wonder that our hero attracted the notice and affections of the young Delias in town, whose hearts had just begun to flutter for they knew not what. Inquiries were made concerning his condition; and no sooner were his expectations known, than he was invited and caressed by all the parents, while their daughters vied with each other in treating him with particular complacency. He inspired love and emulation wherever he appeared; envy and jealous rage followed of course; so that he became a very desirable, though a very dangerous acquaintance. His moderation was not equal to his success; his vanity took the lead of his passions, dissipating his attention, which might otherwise have fixed him to one object; and he was possessed with the rage of increasing the number of his conquests. With this view he frequented public walks, concerts, and assemblies, became remarkably rich and fashionable in his clothes, gave entertainments to the ladies, and was in the utmost hazard of turning out a most egregious coxcomb.

While his character thus wavered between the ridicule of some and the regard of others, an accident happened, which, by contracting his view to one object, detached him from those vain pursuits that would in time have plunged him into an abyss of folly and contempt. Being one evening at the

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ball which is always given to the ladies at the time of the races, the person who acted as master of the ceremonies, knowing how fond Mr. Pickle was of every opportunity to display himself, came up and told him that there was a fine young creature at the other end of the room, who seemed to have a great inclination to dance a minuet, but wanted a partner, the gentleman who attended her being in boots.

Peregrine's vanity being aroused at this intimation, he went up to reconnoitre the young lady, and was struck with admiration at her beauty. She seemed to be of his own age, was tall, and, though slender, exquisitely shaped; her hair was auburn, and in such plenty, that the barbarity of dress had not been able to prevent it from shading both sides of her forehead, which was high and polished; the contour of her face was oval, her nose very little raised in the aquiline form, that contributed to the spirit and dignity of her aspect; her mouth was small, her lips plump, juicy, and delicious, her teeth regular and white as driven snow, her complexion incredibly delicate and glowing with health, and her full blue eyes beamed forth vivacity and love. Her mien was at the same time commanding and engaging, her address perfectly genteel, and her whole appearance so captivating, that our young Adonis looked, and was overcome.

He no sooner recollected himself from his astonishment, than he advanced to her with a graceful air of respect, and begged she would do him the honour to walk a minuet with him. She seemed particularly

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pleased with his application, and very frankly complied with his request. The pair was too remarkable to escape the particular notice of the company; Mr. Pickle was well known by almost everybody in the room; but his partner was altogether a new face, and of consequence underwent the criticism of all the ladies in the assembly. One whispered, "She has a good complexion, but don't you think she is a little awry?" a second pitied her for her masculine nose; a third observed, that she was awkward for want of seeing company; a fourth distinguished something very bold in her countenance; and, in short, there was not a beauty in her whole composition which the glass of envy did not pervert into a blemish.

The men, however, looked upon her with different eyes: among them her appearance produced an universal murmur of applause; they encircled the space on which she danced, and were enchanted by her graceful motion. While they launched out in the praise of her, they expressed their displeasure at the good fortune of her partner, whom they d—ed for a little finical coxcomb, that was too much engrossed by the contemplation of his own person, to discern or deserve the favour of his fate. He did not hear, therefore could not repine at these invectives; but while they imagined he indulged his vanity, a much more generous passion had taken possession of his heart.

Instead of that petulance of gaiety for which he had been distinguished in his public appearance, he now gave manifest signs of confusion and concern;

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he danced with an anxiety which impeded his performance, and blushed to the eyes at every false step he made. Though this extraordinary agitation was overlooked by the men, it could not escape the observation of the ladies, who perceived it with equal surprise and resentment; and when Peregrine led this fair unknown to her seat, expressed their pique in an affected titter, which broke from every mouth at the same instant, as if all of them had been informed by the same spirit.

Peregrine was nettled at this unmannerly mark of disapprobation, and, in order to increase their chagrin, endeavoured to enter into particular conversation with their fair rival. The young lady herself, who neither wanted penetration, nor the consciousness of her own accomplishments, resented their behaviour, though she triumphed at the cause of it, and gave her partner all the encouragement he could desire. Her mother, who was present, thanked him for his civility, in taking such notice of a stranger, and he received a compliment of the same nature from the young gentleman in boots, who was her own brother.

If he was charmed with her appearance, he was quite ravished with her discourse, which was sensible, spirited, and gay. Her frank and sprightly demeanour excited his own confidence and good-humour; and he described to her the characters of those females who had honoured them with such a spiteful mark of distinction, in terms so replete with humourous satire, that she seemed to listen with particular complacency of attention, and distinguished every

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nymph thus ridiculed with such a significant glance, as overwhelmed her with chagrin and mortification. In short, they seemed to relish each other's conversation, during which our young Damon acquitted himself with great skill in all the duties of gallantry; he laid hold of proper opportunities to express his admiration of her charms, had recourse to the silent rhetoric of tender looks, breathed divers insidious sighs, and attached himself wholly to her during the remaining part of the entertainment.

When the company broke up, he attended her to her lodgings, and took leave of her with a squeeze of the hand, after having obtained permission to visit her next morning, and been informed by the mother that her name was Miss Emilia Gauntlet.

All night long he closed not an eye, but amused himself with plans of pleasure, which his imagination suggested, in consequence of this new acquaintance. He rose with the lark, adjusted his hair into an agreeable negligence of curl, and, dressing himself in a genteel grey frock, trimmed with silver binding, waited with the utmost impatience for the hour of ten, which no sooner struck than he hied him to the place of appointment, and, inquiring for Miss Gauntlet, was shown into a parlour. Here he had not waited above ten minutes, when Emilia entered in a most enchanting undress, with all the graces of nature playing about her person, and in a moment riveted the chains of his slavery beyond the power of accident to unbind.

Her mother being still a-bed, and her brother gone to give orders about the chaise, in which they

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proposed to return that same day to their own habitation, he enjoyed her company *tête-à-tête* a whole hour, during which he declared his love in the most passionate terms, and begged that he might be admitted into the number of those admirers whom she permitted to visit and adore her.

She affected to look upon his vows and protestations as the ordinary effects of gallantry, and very obligingly assured him, that, were she to live in that place, she should be glad to see him often; but, as the spot on which she resided was at a considerable distance, she could not expect he would go so far upon such a trifling occasion, as to take the trouble of providing himself with her mamma's permission.

To this favourable hint he answered with all the eagerness of the most fervid passion, that he had uttered nothing but the genuine dictates of his heart; that he desired nothing so much as an opportunity of evincing the sincerity of his professions; and that, though she lived at the extremity of the kingdom, he would find means to lay himself at her feet, provided he could visit her with her mother's consent, which he assured her he would not fail to solicit.

She then gave him to understand, that her habitation was about sixteen miles from Winchester, in a village which she named, and where, as he could easily collect from her discourse, he would be no unwelcome guest.

In the midst of this communication they were joined by Mrs. Gauntlet, who received him with

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great courtesy, thanking him again for his politeness to Emy at the ball, and anticipated his intentions, by saying that she should be very glad to see him at her house, if ever his occasions should call him that way.

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CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

HE INQUIRES INTO THE SITUATION OF THIS YOUNG LADY, WITH WHOM HE IS ENAMOURED — ELOPES FROM SCHOOL — IS FOUND BY THE LIEUTENANT, CONVEYED TO WINCHESTER, AND SENDS A LETTER WITH A COPY OF VERSES TO HIS MISTRESS.

HE was transported with pleasure at this invitation, which he assured her he should not neglect; and, after a little more conversation on general topics, took his leave of the charming Emilia and her prudent mamma, who had perceived the first emotions of Mr. Pickle's passion for her daughter, and been at some pains to inquire about his family and fortune.

Neither was Peregrine less inquisitive about the situation and pedigree of his new mistress, who, he learned, was the only daughter of a field officer, who died before he had it in his power to make suitable provision for his children; that the widow lived in a frugal, though decent manner, on her pension, assisted by the bounty of her relations; that the son carried arms as a volunteer in the company which his father had commanded; and that Emilia had been educated in London, at the expense of a rich uncle, who was seized with the whim of marrying at the

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age of fifty-five; in consequence of which, his niece had returned to her mother, without any visible dependence, except on her own conduct and qualifications.

This account, though it could not diminish his affection, nevertheless alarmed his pride; for his warm imagination had exaggerated all his own prospects; and he began to fear that his passion for Emilia might be thought to derogate from the dignity of his situation. The struggle between his interest and love produced a perplexity which had an evident effect upon his behaviour; he became pensive, solitary, and peevish, avoided all public diversions, and grew so remarkably negligent in his dress, that he was scarce distinguishable by his own acquaintance. This contention of thoughts continued several weeks, at the end of which the charms of Emilia triumphed over every other consideration. Having received a supply of money from the commodore, who acted towards him with great generosity, he ordered Pipes to put up some linen, and other necessaries, in a sort of knapsack which he could conveniently carry, and, thus attended, set out early one morning on foot for the village where his charmer lived, at which he arrived before two o'clock in the afternoon; having chosen this method of travelling, that his route might not be so easily discovered, as it must have been, had he hired horses, or taken a place in the stage-coach.

The first thing he did was to secure a convenient lodging at the inn where he dined; then he shifted himself, and, according to the direction he had re-

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ceived, went to the house of Mrs. Gauntlet in a transport of joyous expectation. As he approached the gate, his agitation increased, he knocked with impatience and concern, the door opened, and he had actually asked if Mrs. Gauntlet was at home, before he perceived that the portress was no other than his dear Emilia. She was not without emotion at the unexpected sight of her lover, who instantly recognising his charmer, obeyed the irresistible impulse of his love, and caught the fair creature in his arms. Nor did she seem offended at this forwardness of behaviour, which might have displeased another of a less open disposition, or less used to the freedom of a sensible education; but her natural frankness had been encouraged and improved by the easy and familiar intercourse in which she had been bred; and therefore, instead of reprimanding him with a severity of look, she with great good-humour rallied him upon his assurance, which, she observed, was undoubtedly the effect of his own conscious merit, and conducted him into a parlour, where he found her mother, who in very polite terms expressed her satisfaction at seeing him within her house.

After tea, Miss Emy proposed an evening walk, which they enjoyed through a variety of little copses and lawns, watered by a most romantic stream, that quite enchanted the imagination of Peregrine.

It was late before they returned from this agreeable excursion; and when our lover wished the ladies good-night, Mrs. Gauntlet insisted upon his staying to supper, and treated him with particular demonstrations of regard and affection. As her economy was

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not encumbered with an unnecessary number of domestics, her own presence was often required in different parts of the house; so that the young gentleman was supplied with frequent opportunities of promoting his suit, by all the tender oaths and insinuations that his passion could suggest. He protested her idea had taken such entire possession of his heart, that, finding himself unable to support her absence one day longer, he had quitted his studies, and left his governor by stealth, that he might visit the object of his adoration, and be blessed in her company for a few days without interruption.

She listened to his addresses with such affability as denoted approbation and delight, and gently chid him as a thoughtless truant, but carefully avoided the confession of a mutual flame; because she discerned, in the midst of all his tenderness, a levity of pride which she durst not venture to trust with such a declaration. Perhaps she was confirmed in this caution by her mother, who very wisely, in her civilities to him, maintained a sort of ceremonious distance, which she thought not only requisite for the honour and interest of her family, but likewise for her own exculpation, should she ever be taxed with having encouraged or abetted him in the imprudent sallies of his youth. Yet, notwithstanding this affected reserve, he was treated with such distinction by both, that he was ravished with his situation, and became more and more enamoured every day.

While he remained under the influence of this sweet intoxication, his absence produced great disturbance at Winchester. Mr. Jolter was grievously afflicted

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at his abrupt departure, which alarmed him the more, as it happened after a long fit of melancholy which he had perceived in his pupil. He communicated his apprehensions to the master of the school, who advised him to apprise the commodore of his nephew's disappearance, and in the meantime inquire at all the inns in town, whether he had hired horses, or any sort of carriage, for his conveyance, or was met with on the road by any person who could give an account of the direction in which he travelled.

This scrutiny, though performed with great diligence and minuteness, was altogether ineffectual; they could obtain no intelligence of the runaway. Mr. Trunnion was well-nigh distracted at the news of his flight; he raved with great fury at the imprudence of Peregrine, whom, in his first transports, he d—ed as an ungrateful deserter; then he cursed Hatchway and Pipes, who he swore had foundered the lad by their pernicious counsels; and, lastly, transferred his execrations upon Jolter, because he had not kept a better look-out: finally, he made an apostrophe to that son of a bitch the gout, which for the present disabled him from searching for his nephew in person. That he might not, however, neglect any means in his power, he immediately despatched expresses to all the seaport towns on that coast, that he might be prevented from leaving the kingdom; and the lieutenant, at his own desire, was sent across the country, in quest of this young fugitive.

Four days had he unsuccessfully carried on his inquiries with great accuracy, when, resolving to return

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by Winchester, where he hoped to meet with some hints of intelligence, by which he might profit in his future search, he struck off the common road, to take the benefit of a nearer cut, and, finding himself benighted near a village, took up his lodgings at the first inn to which his horse directed him. Having bespoke something for supper, and retired to his chamber, where he amused himself with a pipe, he heard a confused noise of rustic jollity, which being all of a sudden interrupted, after a short pause his ear was saluted with the voice of Pipes, who, at the solicitation of the company, began to entertain them with a song.

Hatchway instantly recognised the well-known sound, in which indeed he could not possibly be mistaken, as nothing in nature bore the least resemblance to it; he threw his pipe into the chimney, and, snatching up one of his pistols, ran immediately to the apartment from whence the voice issued; he no sooner entered, than, distinguishing his old shipmate in a crowd of country peasants, he in a moment sprung upon him, and, clapping his pistol to his breast, exclaimed, "D—n you, Pipes, you are a dead man, if you don't immediately produce young master."

This menacing application had a much greater effect upon the company than upon Tom, who, looking at the lieutenant with great tranquillity, replied, "Why, so I can, Mr. Hatchway." "What! safe and sound?" cried the other. "As a roach," answered Pipes, so much to the satisfaction of his friend Jack, that he shook him by the hand, and desired him to proceed with his song. This being performed, and

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the reckoning discharged, the two friends adjourned to the other room, where the lieutenant was informed of the manner in which the young gentleman had made his elopement from college, as well as of the other particulars of his present situation, as far as they had fallen within the sphere of the relater's comprehension.

While they sat thus conferring together, Peregrine, having taken leave of his mistress for the night, came home, and was not a little surprised when Hatchway, entering his chamber in a sea attitude, thrust out his hand by way of salutation. His old pupil received him, as usual, with great cordiality, and expressed his astonishment at meeting him in that place; but when he understood the cause and intention of his arrival, he started with concern, and, his visage glowing with indignation, told him he was old enough to be judge of his own conduct, and, when he should see it convenient, would return of himself; but those who thought he was to be compelled to his duty would find themselves egregiously mistaken.

The lieutenant assured him, that, for his own part, he had no intention to offer him the least violence; but at the same time he represented to him the danger of incensing the commodore, who was already almost distracted on account of his absence; and, in short, conveyed his arguments, which were equally obvious and valid, in such expressions of friendship and respect, that Peregrine yielded to his remonstrances, and promised to accompany him next day to Winchester.

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HATCHWAY THREATENS PIPES

"D—n you, Pipes, you are a dead man, if you don't immediately produce young master."

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"*Down you, Pipes, you are a dead man, if you don't immediately produce young master*"

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Hatchway, overjoyed at the success of his negotiation, went immediately to the hostler, and bespoke a post-chaise for Mr. Pickle and his man, with whom he afterwards indulged himself in a double can of rumbo, and, when the night was pretty far advanced, left the lover to his repose, or rather to the thorns of his own meditation; for he slept not one moment, being incessantly tortured with the prospect of parting from his divine Emilia, who had now acquired the most absolute empire over his soul. One minute he proposed to depart early in the morning, without seeing his enchantress, in whose bewitching presence he durst not trust his own resolution. Then the thoughts of leaving her in such an abrupt and disrespectful manner interposed in favour of his love and honour. This war of sentiments kept him all night upon the rack, and it was time to rise before he had determined to visit his charmer, and candidly impart the motives that induced him to leave her.

He accordingly repaired to her mother's house with a heavy heart, being attended to the gate by Hatchway, who did not choose to leave him alone; and, being admitted, found Emilia just risen, and, in his opinion, more beautiful than ever.

Alarmed at his early visit, and the gloom that overspread his countenance, she stood in silent expectation of hearing some melancholy tidings; and it was not till after a considerable pause that he collected resolution enough to tell her he was come to take his leave. Though she strove to conceal her sorrow, nature was not to be suppressed; every feature of her countenance saddened in a moment, and it

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was not without the utmost difficulty that she kept her lovely eyes from overflowing. He saw the situation of her thoughts, and, in order to alleviate her concern, assured her he should find means to see her again in a very few weeks; meanwhile he communicated his reasons for departing, in which she readily acquiesced; and, having mutually consoled each other, their transports of grief subsided, and, before Mrs. Gauntlet came downstairs, they were in a condition to behave with great decency and resignation.

This good lady expressed her concern when she learned his resolution, saying, she hoped his occasions and inclination would permit him to favour them with his agreeable company another time.

The lieutenant, who began to be uneasy at Peregrine's stay, knocked at the door, and, being introduced by his friend, had the honour of breakfasting with the ladies; on which occasion his heart received such a rude shock from the charms of Emilia, that he afterwards made a merit with his friend of having constrained himself so far as to forbear commencing his professed rival.

At length they bade adieu to their kind entertainers, and, in less than an hour setting out from the inn, arrived about two o'clock in Winchester, where Mr. Jolter was overwhelmed with joy at their appearance.

The nature of this adventure being unknown to all except those who could be depended upon, everybody who inquired about the cause of Peregrine's absence was told that he had been with a relation in the country, and the master condescended to overlook

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his indiscretion; so that Hatchway, seeing everything settled to the satisfaction of his friend, returned to the garrison, and gave the commodore an account of his expedition.

The old gentleman was very much startled when he heard there was a lady in the case, and very emphatically observed, that a man had better be sucked into the Gulf of Florida, than once get into the indraught of a woman; because, in one case, he may with good pilotage bring out his vessel safe between the Bahamas and the Indian shore; but in the other there is no outlet at all, and it is in vain to strive against the current; so that of course he must be embayed, and run chuck upon a lee shore. He resolved, therefore, to lay the state of the case before Mr. Gamaliel Pickle, and concert such measures with him as should be thought likeliest to detach his son from the pursuit of an idle amour, which could not fail of interfering in a dangerous manner with the plan of his education.

In the meantime, Perry's ideas were totally engrossed by his amiable mistress, who, whether he slept or waked, was still present in his imagination, which produced the following stanzas in her praise:—

Adieu, ye streams that smoothly flow,
Ye vernal airs that softly blow,
Ye plains by blooming spring array'd,
Ye birds that warble through the shade!

Unhurt from you my soul could fly,
Nor drop one tear, nor heave one sigh;
But forc'd from Celia's charms to part,
All joy deserts my drooping heart.

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O! fairer than the rosy morn,
When flowers the dewy fields adorn;
Unsullied as the genial ray
That warms the balmy breese of May,

Thy charms divinely bright appear,
And add new splendour to the year;
Improve the day with fresh delight,
And gild with joy the dreary night!

This juvenile production was enclosed in a very tender billet to Emilia, and committed to the charge of Pipes, who was ordered to set out for Mrs. Gauntlet's habitation with a present of venison, and a compliment to the ladies; and directed to take some opportunity of delivering the letter to Miss, without the knowledge of her mamma.

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CHAPTER NINETEEN

HIS MESSENGER MEETS WITH A MISFORTUNE, TO WHICH HE APPLIES A VERY EXTRAORDINARY EXPEDIENT, THAT IS ATTENDED WITH STRANGE CONSEQUENCES.

AS a stage-coach passed within two miles of the village where she lived, Tom bargained with the driver for a seat on the box, and accordingly departed on this message, though he was indifferently qualified for commissions of such a nature. Having received particular injunctions about the letter, he resolved to make that the chief object of his care, and very sagaciously conveyed it between his stocking and the sole of his foot, where he thought it would be perfectly secure from all injury and accident. Here it remained until he arrived at the inn where he had formerly lodged, when, after having refreshed himself with a draught of beer, he pulled off his stocking, and found the poor billet sullied with dust, and torn in a thousand tatters by the motion of his foot in walking the last two miles of his journey. Thunderstruck at this phenomenon, he uttered a long and loud *whew!* which was succeeded by an exclamation of "D—n my old shoes! a bite, by God!" then he rested his elbows on the table, and his forehead upon his two fists, and in that

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attitude deliberated with himself upon the means of remedying this misfortune.

As he was not distracted by a vast number of ideas, he soon concluded, that his best expedient would be to employ the clerk of the parish, who he knew was a great scholar, to write another epistle according to the directions he should give him; and never dreaming that the mangled original would in the least facilitate this scheme, he very wisely committed it to the flames, that it might never rise up in judgment against him.

Having taken this wise step, he went in quest of the scribe, to whom he communicated his business, and promised a full pot by way of gratification. The clerk, who was also schoolmaster, proud of an opportunity to distinguish his talents, readily undertook the task; and repairing with his employer to the inn, in less than a quarter of an hour produced a morsel of eloquence so much to the satisfaction of Pipes, that he squeezed his hand by way of acknowledgment, and doubled his allowance of beer. This being discussed, our courier betook himself to the house of Mrs. Gauntlet, with the haunch of venison and this succedaneous letter, and delivered his message to the mother, who received it with great respect, and many kind inquiries about the health and welfare of his master, attempting to tip the messenger a crown, which he absolutely refused to accept, in consequence of Mr. Pickle's repeated caution. While the old gentlewoman turned to a servant, in order to give directions about the disposal of the present, Pipes looked upon this as a favourable occasion to

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transact his business with Emilia, and therefore shutting one eye, with a jerk of his thumb towards his left shoulder, and a most significant twist of his countenance, he beckoned the young lady into another room, as if he had been fraught with something of consequence, which he wanted to impart. She understood the hint, howsoever strangely communicated, and, by stepping to one side of the room, gave him an opportunity of slipping the epistle into her hand, which he gently squeezed at the same time in token of regard; then, throwing a side glance at the mother, whose back was turned, clapped his finger on the side of his nose, thereby recommending secrecy and discretion.

Emilia, conveying the letter into her bosom, could not help smiling at Tom's politeness and dexterity; but lest her mamma should detect him in the execution of his pantomime, she broke off this intercourse of signs, by asking aloud when he proposed to set out on his return to Winchester. When he answered, "To-morrow morning," Mrs. Gauntlet recommended him to the hospitality of her own footman, desiring him to make much of Mr. Pipes below, where he was kept to supper, and very cordially entertained. Our young heroine, impatient to read her lover's billet, which made her heart throb with rapturous expectation, retired to her chamber as soon as possible, with a view of perusing the contents, which were these: —

"Divine Empress of my Soul! — If the refulgent flames of your beauty had not evaporated the particles of my transported brain, and scorched my intellects

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into a cinder of stolidity, perhaps the resplendency of my passion might shine illustrious through the sable curtain of my ink, and in sublimity transcend the galaxy itself, though wafted on the pinions of a grey goose quill! But ah! celestial enchantress! the necromancy of thy tyrannical charms hath fettered my faculties with adamantine chains, which unless thy compassion shall melt, I must eternally remain in the Tartarean gulf of dismal despair. Vouchsafe, therefore, O thou brightest luminary of this terrestrial sphere! to warm as well as shine; and let the genial rays of thy benevolence melt the icy emanations of thy disdain, which hath frozen up the spirits of — angelic pre-eminence! — thy most egregious admirer and superlative slave,

"PEREGRINE PICKLE."

Never was astonishment more perplexing than that of Emilia, when she read this curious composition, which she repeated verbatim three times, before she could credit the evidence of her own senses. She began to fear in good earnest that love had produced a disorder in her lover's understanding; but, after a thousand conjectures, by which she attempted to account for this extraordinary fustian of style, she concluded that it was the effect of mere levity, calculated to ridicule the passion he had formerly professed. Irritated by this supposition, she resolved to balk his triumph with affected indifference, and in the meantime endeavour to expel him from that place which he possessed within her heart. And, indeed, such a victory over her inclinations might have been obtained without great difficulty; for she enjoyed an easiness of temper that could accommo-

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date itself to the emergencies of her fate; and her vivacity, by amusing her imagination, preserved her from the keener sensations of sorrow. Thus determined and disposed, she did not send any sort of answer, or the least token of remembrance by Pipes, who was suffered to depart with a general compliment from the mother, and arrived at Winchester the next day.

Peregrine's eyes sparkled when he saw his messenger come in, and he stretched out his hand in full confidence of receiving some particular mark of his Emilia's affection; but how was he confounded, when he found his hope so cruelly disappointed! In an instant his countenance fell. He stood for some time silent and abashed, then thrice repeated the interrogation of "What! not one word from Emilia?" and dubious of his courier's discretion, inquired minutely into all the particulars of his reception. He asked, if he had seen the young lady; if she was in good health; if he had found an opportunity of delivering his letter, and how she looked, when he put it into her hand? Pipes answered, that he had never seen her in better health or higher spirits; that he had managed matters so as not only to present the billet unperceived, but also to ask her commands in private before he took his leave, when she told him that the letter required no reply. This last circumstance he considered as a manifest mark of disrespect, and gnawed his lips with resentment. Upon further reflection, however, he supposed that she could not conveniently write by the messenger, and would undoubtedly favour him by the post.

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This consideration consoled him for the present, and he waited impatiently for the fruits of his hope; but after he had seen eight days elapsed without reaping the satisfaction with which he had flattered himself, his temper forsook him, he raved against the whole sex, and was seized with a fit of sullen chagrin; but his pride in a little time came to his assistance, and rescued him from the horrors of the melancholy fiend. He resolved to retort her own neglect upon his ungrateful mistress; his countenance gradually resumed its former serenity; and though by this time he was pretty well cured of his foppery, he appeared again at public diversions with an air of gaiety and unconcern, that Emilia might have a chance of hearing how much, in all likelihood, he disregarded her disdain.

There are never wanting certain officious persons, who take pleasure in promoting intelligence of this sort. His behaviour soon reached the ears of Miss Gauntlet, and confirmed her in the opinion she had conceived from his letter; so that she fortified herself in her former sentiments, and bore his indifference with great philosophy. Thus a correspondence which had commenced with all the tenderness and sincerity of love, and every promise of duration, was interrupted in its infancy by a misunderstanding occasioned by the simplicity of Pipes, who never once reflected upon the consequences of his deceit.

Though their mutual passion was by these means suppressed for the present, it was not altogether extinguished, but glowed in secret, though even to themselves unknown, until an occasion, which after-

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wards offered, blew up the latent flame, and love resumed his empire in their breasts.

While they moved, as it were, without the sphere of each other's attraction, the commodore, fearing that Perry was in danger of involving himself in some pernicious engagement, resolved, by advice of Mr. Jolter and his friend the parish priest, to recal him from the place where he had contracted such imprudent connexions, and send him to the university, where his education might be completed, and his fancy weaned from all puerile amusements.

This plan had been proposed to his own father, who, as hath been already observed, stood always neuter in everything that concerned his eldest son; and as for Mrs. Pickle, she had never heard his name mentioned since his departure, with any degree of temper or tranquillity, except when her husband informed her that he was in a fair way of being ruined by this indiscreet amour. It was then she began to applaud her own foresight, which had discerned the mark of reprobation in that vicious boy, and launched out in comparison between him and Gammy, who, she observed, was a child of uncommon parts and solidity, and, with the blessing of God, would be a comfort to his parents, and an ornament to the family.

Should I affirm that this favourite, whom she commended so much, was in every respect the reverse of what she described; that he was a boy of mean capacity, and, though remarkably distorted in his body, much more crooked in his disposition; and that she had persuaded her husband to espouse her

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opinion, though it was contrary to common sense, as well as to his own perception; I am afraid the reader will think I represent a monster that never existed in nature, and be apt to condemn the economy of my invention; nevertheless, there is nothing more true than every circumstance of what I have advanced; and I wish the picture, singular as it is, may not be thought to resemble more than one original.

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CHAPTER TWENTY

PEREGRINE IS SUMMONED TO ATTEND HIS UNCLE — IS MORE AND MORE HATED BY HIS OWN MOTHER — APPEALS TO HIS FATHER, WHOSE CONDESCENSION IS DEFEATED BY THE DOMINION OF HIS WIFE.

BUT, waiving these reflections, let us return to Peregrine, who received a summons to attend his uncle, and in a few days arrived with Mr. Jolter and Pipes at the garrison, which he filled with joy and satisfaction. The alteration which, during his absence, had happened in his person, was very favourable in his appearance, which, from that of a comely boy, was converted into that of a most engaging youth. He was already taller than a middle-sized man, his shape ascertained, his sinews well knit, his mien greatly improved, and his whole figure as elegant and graceful as if it had been cast in the same mould with the Apollo of Belvidere.

Such an outside could not fail of prepossessing people in his favour. The commodore, notwithstanding the advantageous reports he had heard, found his expectation exceeded in the person of Peregrine, and signified his approbation in the most sanguine terms. Mrs. Trunnion was struck with his genteel address, and received him with uncommon

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marks of complacency and affection; he was caressed by all the people in the neighbourhood, who, while they admired his accomplishments, could not help pitying his infatuated mother, for being deprived of that unutterable delight which any other parent would have enjoyed in the contemplation of such an amiable son.

Divers efforts were made by some well-disposed people to conquer, if possible, this monstrous prejudice; but their endeavours, instead of curing, served only to inflame the distemper, and she never could be prevailed upon to indulge him with the least mark of maternal regard. On the contrary, her original disgust degenerated into such inveteracy of hatred, that she left no stone unturned to alienate the commodore's affection from this her innocent child, and even practised the most malicious defamation to accomplish her purpose. Every day did she abuse her husband's ear with some forged instance of Peregrine's ingratitude to his uncle, well knowing that it would reach the commodore's knowledge at night.

Accordingly, Mr. Pickle used to tell him at the club, that his hopeful favourite had ridiculed him in such a company, and aspersed his spouse upon another occasion; and thus retail the little scandalous issue of his own wife's invention. Luckily for Peregrine, the commodore paid no great regard to the authority of his informer, because he knew from what channel his intelligence flowed; besides, the youth had a staunch friend in Mr. Hatchway, who never failed to vindicate him when he was thus un-

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justly accused, and always found argument enough to confute the assertions of his enemies. But, though Trunnion had been dubious of the young gentleman's principles, and deaf to the remonstrances of the lieutenant, Perry was provided with a bulwark strong enough to defend him from all such assaults. This was no other than his aunt, whose regard for him was perceived to increase in the same proportion as his own mother's diminished; and indeed the augmentation of the one was, in all probability, owing to the decrease of the other; for the two ladies, with great civility, performed all the duties of good neighbourhood, and hated each other most piously in their hearts.

Mrs. Pickle having been disobliged at the splendour of her sister's new equipage, had, ever since that time, in the course of her visiting, endeavoured to make people merry with satirical jokes on the poor lady's infirmities; and Mrs. Trunnion seized the very first opportunity of making reprisals, by inveighing against her unnatural behaviour to her own child; so that Peregrine, as on the one hand he was abhorred, so on the other was he caressed, in consequence of this contention; and I firmly believe that the most effectual method of destroying his interest at the garrison, would have been the show of countenancing him at his father's house; but, whether this conjecture be reasonable or chimerical, certain it is the experiment was never tried, and therefore Mr. Peregrine ran no risk of being disgraced. The commodore, who assumed, and justly too, the whole merit of his education, was now as proud of the

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youth's improvements, as if he had actually been his own offspring; and sometimes his affection rose to such a pitch of enthusiasm, that he verily believed him to be the issue of his own loins. Notwithstanding this favourable predicament in which our hero stood with his aunt and her husband, he could not help feeling the injury he suffered from the caprice of his mother; and, though the gaiety of his disposition hindered him from afflicting himself with reflections of any gloomy cast, he did not fail to foresee that, if any sudden accident should deprive him of the commodore, he would in all likelihood find himself in a very disagreeable situation. Prompted by this consideration, he one evening accompanied his uncle to the club, and was introduced to his father, before that worthy gentleman had the least inkling of his arrival.

Mr. Gamaliel was never so disconcerted as at this rencounter. His own disposition would not suffer him to do anything that might create the least disturbance, or interrupt his evening's enjoyment; so strongly was he impressed with the terror of his wife, that he durst not yield to the tranquillity of his temper; and, as I have already observed, his inclination was perfectly neutral. Thus distracted between different motives, when Perry was presented to him, he sat silent and absorbed, as if he did not, or would not, perceive the application; and when he was urged to declare himself by the youth, who pathetically begged to know how he had incurred his displeasure, he answered in a peevish strain, "Why, good now, child, what would you have me to do? your mother can't abide you." —

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"If my mother is so unkind, I will not call it unnatural," said Peregrine, the tears of indignation starting from his eyes, "as to banish me from her presence and affection, without the least cause assigned, I hope you will not be so unjust as to espouse her barbarous prejudice."

Before Mr. Pickle had time to reply to this expostulation, for which he was not at all prepared, the commodore interposed, and enforced his favourite's remonstrance, by telling Mr. Gamaliel, that he was ashamed to see any man drive in such a miserable manner under his wife's petticoat. "As for my own part," said he, raising his voice, and assuming a look of importance and command, "before I would suffer myself to be steered all weathers by any woman in Christendom, d'ye see, I'd raise such a hurricane about her ears, that" — here he was interrupted by Mr. Hatchway, who, thrusting his head towards the door, in the attitude of one that listens, cried, "Ahey! there's your spouse come to pay us a visit." Trunnion's features that instant adopted a new disposition. Fear and confusion took possession of his countenance; his voice, from a tone of vociferation, sunk into a whisper of "Sure you must be mistaken, Jack;" and in great perplexity he wiped off the sweat which had started on his forehead at this false alarm. The lieutenant having thus punished him for the rodomontade he had uttered, told him with an arch sneer, that he was deceived with the sound of the outward door creaking upon its hinges, which he mistook for Mrs. Trunnion's voice, and desired him to proceed with his admonitions to Mr.

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Pickle. It is not to be denied that this arrogance was a little unseasonable in the commodore, who was in all respects as effectually subdued to the dominion of his wife, as the person whose submission he then ventured to condemn, with this difference of disposition — Trunnion's subjection was like that of a bear, chequered with fits of surliness and rage; whereas Pickle bore the yoke like an ox, without repining. No wonder then that this indolence, this sluggishness, this stagnation of temper, rendered Gamaliel incapable of withstanding the arguments and importunity of his friends, to which he at length surrendered. He acquiesced in the justice of their observations, and, taking his son by the hand, promised to favour him for the future with his love and fatherly protection.

But this laudable resolution did not last. Mrs. Pickle, still dubious of his constancy, and jealous of his communication with the commodore, never failed to interrogate him every night about the conversation that happened at the club, and regulate her exhortations according to the intelligence she received. He was no sooner, therefore, safely conveyed to bed (that academy in which all notable wives communicate their lectures) than her catechism began; and she in a moment perceived something reluctant and equivocal in her husband's answers. Aroused at this discovery, she employed her influence and skill with such success, that he disclosed every circumstance of what had happened; and, after having sustained a most severe rebuke for his simplicity and indiscretion, humbled himself so far as to promise that he would next day annul the condescensions he had made, and for ever

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renounce the ungracious object of her disgust. This undertaking was punctually performed in a letter to the commodore, which she herself dictated in these words: —

"Sir, — Whereas my good-nature being last night imposed upon, I was persuaded to countenance and promise, I know not what, to that vicious youth, whose parent I have the misfortune to be; I desire you will take notice that I revoke all such countenance and promises, and shall never look upon that man as my friend, who will henceforth in such a cause solicit,

"Sir, yours, etc. Gam. Pickle."

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CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

TRUNNION IS ENRAGED AT THE CONDUCT OF PICKLE — PEREGRINE RESENTS THE INJUSTICE OF HIS MOTHER, TO WHOM HE EXPLAINS HIS SENTIMENTS IN A LETTER — IS ENTERED AT THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD, WHERE HE SIGNALISES HIMSELF AS A YOUTH OF AN ENTERPRISING GENIUS.

UNSPEAKABLE were the transports of rage to which Trunnion was incensed by this absurd renunciation. He tore the letter with his gums — teeth he had none — spit with furious grimaces, in token of the contempt he entertained for the author, whom he not only d—ed as a lousy, scabby, nasty, scurvy, skulking, lubberly noodle, but resolved to challenge to single combat with fire and sword; but he was dissuaded from this violent measure, and appeased by the intervention and advice of the lieutenant and Mr. Jolter, who represented the message as the effect of the poor man's infirmity, for which he was rather an object of pity than of resentment; and turned the stream of his indignation against the wife, whom he reviled accordingly. Nor did Peregrine himself bear with patience this injurious declaration, the nature of which he no sooner understood from Hatchway, than equally shocked and exasperated, he retired to

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his apartment, and, in the first emotions of his ire, produced the following epistle, which was immediately conveyed to his mother: —

"MADAM, — Had nature formed me a bugbear to the sight, and inspired me with a soul as vicious as my body was detestable, perhaps I might have enjoyed particular marks of your affection and applause; seeing you have persecuted me with such unnatural aversion, for no other visible reason than that of my differing so widely in shape, as well as disposition, from that deformed urchin who is the object of your tenderness and care. If those be the terms on which alone I can obtain your favour, I pray God you may never cease to hate,

Madam, Your much injured son,

"PEREGRINE PICKLE."

This letter, which nothing but his passion and inexperience could excuse, had such an effect upon his mother, as may be easily conceived. She was enraged to a degree of frenzy against the writer; though at the same time she considered the whole as the production of Mrs. Trunnion's particular pique, and represented it to her husband as an insult that he was bound in honour to resent, by breaking off all correspondence with the commodore and his family. This was a bitter pill to Gamaliel, who, through a long course of years, was so habituated to Trunnion's company, that he could as easily have parted with a limb, as have relinquished the club all at once. He therefore ventured to represent his own incapacity to follow her advice, and begged that he might at least be allowed to drop the connexion gradually;

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protesting that he would do his endeavour to give her all manner of satisfaction.

Meanwhile preparations were made for Peregrine's departure to the university, and in a few weeks he set out, in the seventeenth year of his age, accompanied by the same attendants who lived with him at Winchester. His uncle laid strong injunctions upon him to avoid the company of immodest women, to mind his learning, to let him hear of his welfare as often as he could spare time to write, and settled his appointments at the rate of five hundred a-year, including his governor's salary, which was one-fifth part of the sum. The heart of our young gentleman dilated at the prospect of the figure he should make with such an handsome annuity, the management of which was left to his own discretion; and he amused his imagination with the most agreeable reveries during his journey to Oxford, which he performed in two days. Here being introduced to the head of the college, to whom he had been recommended, accommodated with genteel apartments, entered as gentleman commoner in the books, and provided with a judicious tutor, instead of returning to the study of Greek and Latin, in which he thought himself already sufficiently instructed, he renewed his acquaintance with some of his old school-fellows, whom he found in the same situation, and was by them initiated in all the fashionable diversions of the place.

It was not long before he made himself remarkable for his spirit and humour, which were so acceptable to the bucks of the university, that he was admitted

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as a member of their corporation, and, in a very little time, became the most conspicuous personage of the whole fraternity; not that he valued himself upon his ability in smoking the greatest number of pipes, and drinking the largest quantity of ale; these were qualifications of too gross a nature to captivate his refined ambition. He piqued himself on his talent for raillery, his genius and taste, his personal accomplishments, and his success at intrigue. Nor were his excursions confined to the small villages in the neighbourhood, which are commonly visited once a week by the students for the sake of carnal recreation. He kept his own horses, traversed the whole county in parties of pleasure, attended all the races within fifty miles of Oxford, and made frequent jaunts to London, where he used to lie incognito during the best part of many a term.

The rules of the university were too severe to be observed by a youth of his vivacity; and therefore he became acquainted with the proctor by times. But all the checks he received were insufficient to moderate his career; he frequented taverns and coffee-houses, committed midnight frolics in the streets, insulted all the sober and pacific class of his fellow-students; the tutors themselves were not sacred from his ridicule; he laughed at the magistrate, and neglected every particular of college discipline.

In vain did they attempt to restrain his irregularities by the imposition of fines; he was liberal to profusion, and therefore paid without reluctance. Thrice did he scale the windows of a tradesman, with whose daughter he had an affair of gallantry;

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as often was he obliged to seek his safety by a precipitate leap; and one night would, in all probability, have fallen a sacrifice to an ambuscade that was laid by the father, had not his trusty squire Pipes interposed in his behalf, and manfully rescued him from the clubs of his enemies.

In the midst of these excesses, Mr. Jolter, finding his admonitions neglected, and his influence utterly destroyed, attempted to wean his pupil from his extravagant courses, by engaging his attention in some more laudable pursuit. With this view he introduced him into a club of politicians, who received him with great demonstrations of regard, accommodated themselves more than he could have expected to his jovial disposition, and, while they revolved schemes for the reformation of the state, drank with such devotion to the accomplishment of their plans, that, before parting, the cares of their patriotism were quite overwhelmed.

Peregrine, though he could not approve of their doctrine, resolved to attach himself for some time to their company; because he perceived ample subject for his ridicule, in the characters of these wrong-headed enthusiasts. It was a constant practice with them, in their midnight consistories, to swallow such plentiful draughts of inspiration, that their mysteries commonly ended like those of the Bacchanalian Orgia; and they were seldom capable of maintaining that solemnity of decorum which, by the nature of their functions, most of them were obliged to profess. Now, as Peregrine's satirical disposition was never more gratified than when he had an oppor-

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tunity of exposing grave characters in ridiculous attitudes, he laid a mischievous snare for his new confederates, which took effect in this manner. In one of their nocturnal deliberations, he promoted such a spirit of good-fellowship, by the agreeable sallies of his wit, which were purposely levelled against their political adversaries, that by ten o'clock they were all ready to join in the most extravagant proposal that could be made. They broke their glasses in consequence of his suggestion, drank healths out of their shoes, caps, and the bottoms of the candlesticks that stood before them, sometimes standing with one foot on a chair, and the knee bent on the edge of the table; and, when they could no longer stand in that posture, setting their bare posteriors on the cold floor. They huzzaed, hallooed, danced, and sung, and, in short, were elevated to such a pitch of intoxication, that when Peregrine proposed that they should burn their periwigs, the hint was immediately approved, and they executed the frolic as one man. Their shoes and caps underwent the same fate by the same instigation; and in this trim he led them forth into the street, where they resolved to compel everybody they should find to subscribe to their political creed, and pronounce the Shibboleth of their party. In the achievement of this enterprise, they met with more opposition than they expected; they were encountered with arguments which they could not well withstand; the noses of some, and eyes of others, in a very little time, bore the marks of obstinate disputation. Their conductor having at length engaged the whole body in a

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fray with another squadron, which was pretty much in the same condition, he very fairly gave them the slip, and slily retreated to his apartment, foreseeing that his companions would soon be favoured with the notice of their superiors; nor was he deceived in his prognostic; the proctor, going his round, chanced to fall in with this tumultuous uproar, and, interposing his authority, found means to quiet the disturbance. He took cognisance of their names, and dismissed the rioters to their respective chambers, not a little scandalised at the behaviour of some among them, whose business and duty it was to set far other examples to the youth under their care and direction.

About midnight, Pipes, who had orders to attend at a distance, and keep an eye upon Jolter, brought home that unfortunate governor upon his back, Peregrine having beforehand secured his admittance in the college; and among other bruises he was found to have received a couple of contusions on his face, which next morning appeared in a black circle that surrounded each eye.

This was a mortifying circumstance to a man of his character and deportment, especially as he had received a message from the proctor, who desired to see him forthwith. With great humility and contrition he begged the advice of his pupil, who, being used to amuse himself with painting, assured Mr. Jolter, that he would cover those signs of disgrace, with a slight coat of flesh-colour so dexterously, that it would be almost impossible to distinguish the artificial from the natural skin. The rueful governor,

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rather than expose such opprobrious tokens to the observation and censure of the magistrates, submitted to the expedient. Although his counsellor had overrated his own skill, he was persuaded to confide in the disguise, and actually attended the proctor, with such a staring addition to the natural ghastliness of his features, that his visage bore a very apt resemblance to some of those ferocious countenances that hang over the doors of certain taverns and alehouses, under the denomination of the Saracen's Head.

Such a remarkable alteration of physiognomy could not escape the notice of the most undiscerning beholder, much less the penetrating eye of his severe judge, already whetted with what he had seen overnight. He was therefore upbraided with this ridiculous and shallow artifice, and, together with the companions of his debauch, underwent such a cutting reprimand for the scandalous irregularity of his conduct, that all of them remained crestfallen, and were ashamed, for many weeks, to appear in the public execution of their duty.

Peregrine was too vain of his finesse to conceal the part he acted in this comedy, with the particulars of which he regaled his companions, and thereby entailed upon himself the hate and resentment of the community, whose maxims and practices he had disclosed; for he was considered as a spy, who had intruded himself into their society with a view of betraying it; or, at best, as an apostate and renegado from the faith and principles which he had professed.

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CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

HE IS INSULTED BY HIS TUTOR, WHOM HE LAMPOONS — MAKES A CONSIDERABLE PROGRESS IN POLITE LITERATURE; AND, IN AN EXCURSION TO WINDSOR, MEETS WITH EMILIA BY ACCIDENT, AND IS VERY COLDLY RECEIVED.

AMONG those who suffered by his craft and infidelity was Mr. Jumble, his own tutor, who could not at all digest the mortifying affront he had received, and was resolved to be revenged on the insulting author. With this view he watched the conduct of Mr. Pickle with the utmost rancour of vigilance, and let slip no opportunity of treating him with disrespect, which he knew the disposition of his pupil could less brook than any other severity it was in his power to exercise.

Peregrine had been several mornings absent from chapel; and as Mr. Jumble never failed to question him in a very peremptory style about his non-attendance, he invented some very plausible excuses; but at length his ingenuity was exhausted; he received a very galling rebuke for his profligacy of morals, and, that he might feel it the more sensibly, was ordered, by way of exercise, to compose a paraphrase, in English verse, upon these two lines in Virgil: —

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Vane Ligur, frustraque animis elate superbis,
Nequicquam patrias tentâsti lubricus artes.

The imposition of this invidious theme had all the desired effect upon Peregrine, who not only considered it as a piece of unmannerly abuse levelled against his own conduct, but also as a retrospective insult on the memory of his grandfather, who, as he had been informed, was in his lifetime more noted for his cunning than candour in trade.

Exasperated at this instance of the pedant's audacity, he had well-nigh, in his first transports, taken corporal satisfaction on the spot; but foreseeing the troublesome consequence that would attend such a flagrant outrage against the laws of the university, he checked his indignation, and resolved to revenge the injury in a more cool and contemptuous manner. Thus determined, he set on foot an inquiry into the particulars of Jumble's parentage and education. He learned that the father of this insolent tutor was a bricklayer, that his mother sold pies, and that the son, at different periods of his youth, had amused himself in both occupations before he converted his views to the study of learning. Fraught with this intelligence, he composed the following ballad in doggerel rhymes, and next day presented it as a gloss upon the text which the tutor had chosen: —

Come listen, ye students of ev'ry degree,
I sing of a wit and a tutor *perdie*;
A statesman profound, a critic immense,
In short, a mere jumble of learning and sense;
And yet of his talents, though laudably vain,
His own family arts he could never attain.

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His father intending his fortune to build,
In his youth would have taught him the trowel to wield,
But the mortar of discipline never would stick,
For his skull was secur'd by a facing of brick;
And with all his endeavours of patience and pain,
The skill of his sire he could never attain.

His mother, an housewife, neat, artful, and wise,
Renown'd for her delicate biscuit and pies,
Soon alter'd his studies, by flatt'ring his taste,
From the raising of walls to the rearing of paste!
But all her instructions were fruitless and vain,
The pie-making myst'ry he ne'er could attain.

Yet true to his race, in his labours were seen
A jumble of both their professions, I ween;
For, when his own genius he ventur'd to trust,
His pies seem'd of brick, and his houses of crust.
Then, good Mr. Tutor, pray be not so vain,
Since your family arts you could never attain.

This impudent production was the most effectual vengeance he could have taken on his tutor, who had all the supercilious arrogance and ridiculous pride of a low-born pedant. Instead of overlooking this petulant piece of satire with that temper and decency of disdain that became a person of his gravity and station, he no sooner cast his eye over the performance, than the blood rushed into his countenance, which immediately after exhibited a ghastly pale colour. With a quivering lip he told his pupil, that he was an impertinent jackanapes, and he would take care that he should be expelled from the university, for having presumed to write and deliver such a licentious and scurrilous libel. Peregrine answered with great resolution, that, when the provocation he had received

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should be known, he was persuaded that he should be acquitted in the opinion of all impartial people; and that he was ready to submit the whole to the decision of the master.

This arbitration he proposed, because he knew the master and Jumble were at variance; and for that reason the tutor durst not venture to put the cause on such an issue. Nay, when this reference was mentioned, Jumble, who was naturally jealous, suspected that Peregrine had a promise of protection before he undertook to commit such an outrageous insult; and this notion had such an effect upon him, that he resolved to devour his vexation, and wait for a more proper opportunity of gratifying his hate. Meanwhile copies of the ballad were distributed among the students, who sung it under the very nose of Mr. Jumble, to the tune of *A cobbler there was, etc.*, and the triumph of our hero was complete. Neither was his whole time devoted to the riotous extravagances of youth. He enjoyed many lucid intervals; during which he contracted a more intimate acquaintance with the classics, applied himself to the reading of history, improved his taste for painting and music, in which he made some progress; and above all things, cultivated the study of natural philosophy. It was generally after a course of close attention to some of these arts and sciences, that his disposition broke out into those irregularities and wild sallies of a luxuriant imagination, for which he became so remarkable; and he was perhaps the only young man in Oxford, who, at the same time, maintained an intimate and friendly intercourse with the

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most unthinking, as well as with the most sedate students at the university.

It is not to be supposed that a young man of Peregrine's vanity, inexperience, and profusion, could suit his expense to his allowance, liberal as it was; for he was not one of those fortunate people who are born economists, and knew not the art of withholding his purse when he saw his companion in difficulty. Thus, naturally generous and expensive, he squandered away his money, and made a most splendid appearance upon the receipt of his quarterly appointment; but long before the third month was elapsed, his finances were consumed; and, as he could not stoop to ask an extraordinary supply, was too proud to borrow, and too haughty to run in debt with tradesmen, he devoted those periods of poverty to the prosecution of his studies, and shone forth again at the revolution of quarter-day.

In one of these irruptions, he and some of his companions went to Windsor, in order to see the royal apartments in the castle, whither they repaired in the afternoon; and, as Peregrine stood contemplating the picture of Hercules and Omphale, one of his fellow-students whispered in his ear, "Zounds! Pickle, there are two fine girls." He turned instantly about, and, in one of them, recognised his almost forgotten Emilia. Her appearance acted upon his imagination like a spark of fire that falls among gunpowder; that passion which had lain dormant for the space of two years flashed up in a moment, and he was seized with an universal trepidation. She perceived and partook of his emotion; for their

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souls, like unisons, vibrated with the same impulse. However, she called her pride and resentment to her aid, and found resolution enough to retire from such a dangerous scene. Alarmed at her retreat, he recollected all his assurance, and, impelled by love, which he could no longer resist, followed her into the next room, where, in the most disconcerted manner, he accosted her with "Your humble servant, Miss Gauntlet;" to which salutation she replied, with an affectation of indifference, that did not, however, conceal her agitation, "Your servant, sir;" and immediately extending her finger towards the picture of Duns Scotus, which is fixed over one of the doors, asked her companion in a giggling tone, if she did not think he looked like a conjuror. Peregrine, nettled into spirits by this reception, answered for the other lady, "that it was an easy matter to be a conjuror in those times, when the simplicity of the age assisted his divination; but were he, or Merlin himself, to rise from the dead now, when such deceit and dissimulation prevail, they would not be able to earn their bread by the profession." "O! sir," said she, turning full upon him, "without doubt they would adopt new maxims; 't is no disparagement in this enlightened age for one to alter one's opinion." "No, sure, madam," replied the youth, with some precipitation, "provided the change be for the better." "And, should it happen otherwise," retorted the nymph with a flirt of her fan, "inconstancy will never want countenance from the practice of mankind." "True, madam," resumed our hero, fixing his eyes upon her,

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"examples of levity are everywhere to be met with." "O Lord, sir," cried Emilia, tossing her head, "you'll scarce ever find a fop without it." By this time his companion, seeing him engaged with one of the ladies, entered into conversation with the other; and, in order to favour his friend's gallantry, conducted her into the next apartment, on pretence of entertaining her with the sight of a remarkable piece of painting.

Peregrine, laying hold on this opportunity of being alone with the object of his love, assumed a most seducing tenderness of look, and, heaving a profound sigh, asked if she had utterly discarded him from her remembrance. Reddening at this pathetic question, which recalled the memory of the imagined slight he had put upon her, she answered in great confusion, "Sir, I believe I once had the pleasure of seeing you in a ball in Winchester." "Miss Emilia," said he, very gravely, "will you be so candid as to tell me what misbehaviour of mine you are pleased to punish, by restricting your remembrance to that single occasion?" "Mr. Pickle," she replied in the same tone, "it is neither my province nor inclination to judge your conduct; and therefore you misapply your question, when you ask such an explanation of me." "At least," resumed our lover, "give me the melancholy satisfaction to know for what offence of mine you refused to take the least notice of that letter which I had the honour to write from Winchester, by your own express permission." "Your letter," said Miss, with great vivacity, "neither required, nor, in my opinion, deserved an answer; and, to be

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free with you, Mr. Pickle, it was but a shallow artifice to rid yourself of a correspondence you had deigned to solicit."

Peregrine, confounded at this repartee, replied, that howsoever he might have failed in point of elegance or discretion, he was sure he had not been deficient in expressions of respect and devotion for those charms which it was his pride to adore. "As for the verses," said he, "I own they were unworthy of the theme, but I flattered myself that they would have merited your acceptance, though not your approbation, and been considered not so much the proof of my genius, as the genuine effusion of my love." "Verses!" cried Emilia, with an air of astonishment, "what verses? I really don't understand you." The young gentleman was thunderstruck at this exclamation, to which, after a long pause, he answered, "I begin to suspect, and heartily wish it may appear, that we have misunderstood each other from the beginning. Pray, Miss Gauntlet, did you not find a copy of verses enclosed in that unfortunate letter?" "Truly, sir," said the lady, "I am not so much of a connoisseur as to distinguish whether that facetious production, which you merrily style an unfortunate letter, was composed in verse or prose; but, methinks, the jest is a little too stale to be brought upon the carpet again." So saying, she tripped away to her companion, and left her lover in a most tumultuous suspense. He now perceived that her neglect of his addresses, when he was at Winchester, must have been owing to some mystery which he could not comprehend. And she began to

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suspect, and to hope, that the letter which she received was spurious, though she could not conceive how that could possibly happen, as it had been delivered to her by the hands of his own servant.

However, she resolved to leave the task of unravelling the affair to him, who, she knew, would infallibly exert himself for his own as well as her satisfaction. She was not deceived in her opinion. He went up to her again at the staircase, and, as they were unprovided with a male attendant, insisted upon squiring the ladies to their lodgings. Emilia saw his drift, which was no other than to know where she lived; and, though she approved of his contrivance, thought it was incumbent upon her, for the support of her own dignity, to decline the civility. She therefore thanked him for his polite offer, but would by no means consent to his giving himself such unnecessary trouble, especially as they had a very little way to walk. He was not repulsed by this refusal, the nature of which he perfectly understood; nor was she sorry to see him persevere in his determination. He therefore accompanied them in their return, and made divers efforts to speak with Emilia in particular. But she had a spice of the coquette in her disposition, and, being determined to whet his impatience, artfully baffled all his endeavours, by keeping her companion continually engaged in the conversation, which turned upon the venerable appearance and imperial situation of the place. Thus tantalised, he lounged with them to the door of the house in which they lodged, when his mistress, perceiving, by the countenance of her comrade, that she

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was on the point of desiring him to walk in, checked her intention with a frown; then turning to Mr. Pickle, dropped him a very formal curtsey, seized the other young lady by the arm, and saying, "Come, cousin Sophy," vanished in a moment.

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CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

AFTER SUNDRY UNSUCCESSFUL EFFORTS, HE FINDS MEANS TO COME TO AN EXPLANATION WITH HIS MISTRESS; AND A RECONCILIATION ENSUES.

PEREGRINE, disconcerted at their sudden disappearance, stood for some minutes gaping in the street, before he could get the better of his surprise; and then deliberated with himself whether he should demand immediate admittance to his mistress, or choose some other method of application. Piqued at her abrupt behaviour, though pleased with her spirit, he set his invention to work, in order to contrive some means of seeing her; and, in a fit of musing, arrived at the inn, where he found his companions, whom he had left at the Castle gate. They had already made inquiry about the ladies, in consequence of which he learnt, that Miss Sophy was daughter of a gentleman in town, to whom his mistress was related; that an intimate friendship subsisted between the two young ladies; that Emilia had lived about a month with her cousin, and appeared at the last assembly, where she was universally admired; and that several young gentlemen of fortune had since that time teased her with addresses.

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Our hero's ambition was flattered, and his passion inflamed with this intelligence; and he swore within himself, that he would not quit the spot until he should have obtained an indisputed victory over all his rivals.

That same evening he composed a most eloquent epistle, in which he earnestly entreated that she would favour him with an opportunity of vindicating his conduct; but she would neither receive his billet, nor see his messenger. Balked in this effort, he enclosed it in a new cover, directed by another hand, and ordered Pipes to ride next morning to London, on purpose to deliver it at the post-office, that, coming by such conveyance, she might have no suspicion of the author, and open it before she should be aware of the deceit.

Three days he waited patiently for the effect of this stratagem, and, in the afternoon of the fourth, ventured to hazard a formal visit, in quality of an old acquaintance. But here, too, he failed in his attempt; she was indisposed, and could not see company. These obstacles served only to increase his eagerness. He still adhered to his former resolution; and his companions, understanding his determination, left him next day to his own inventions. Thus relinquished to his own ideas, he doubled his assiduity, and practised every method his imagination could suggest, in order to promote his plan.

Pipes was stationed all day long within sight of her door, that he might be able to give his master an account of her motions; but she never went abroad, except to visit in the neighbourhood, and was always

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housed before Peregrine could be apprised of her appearance. He went to church with a view of attracting her notice, and humbled his deportment before her; but she was so mischievously devout as to look at nothing but her book, so that he was not favoured with one glance of regard. He frequented the coffee-house, and attempted to contract an acquaintance with Miss Sophy's father, who, he hoped, would invite him to his house; but this expectation was also defeated. That prudent gentleman looked upon him as one of those forward fortune-hunters who go about the country seeking whom they may devour, and warily discouraged all his advances. Chagrined by so many unsuccessful endeavours, he began to despair of accomplishing his aim; and, as the last suggestion of his art, paid off his lodging, took horse at noon, and departed, in all appearance, for the place from whence he had come. He rode, however, but a few miles, and, in the dusk of the evening, returned unseen, alighted at another inn, ordered Pipes to stay within doors, and, keeping himself incognito, employed another person as a sentinel upon Emilia.

It was not long before he reaped the fruits of his ingenuity. Next day, in the afternoon, he was informed by his spy, that the two young ladies were gone to walk in the park, whither he followed them on the instant, fully determined to come to an explanation with his mistress, even in presence of her friend, who might possibly be prevailed upon to interest herself in his behalf.

When he saw them at such a distance that they could not return to town before he should have an

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opportunity of putting his resolution in practice, he mended his pace, and found means to appear before them so suddenly, that Emilia could not help expressing her surprise in a scream. Our lover putting on a mien of humility and mortification, begged to know if her resentment was implacable; and asked, why she had so cruelly refused to grant him the common privilege that every criminal enjoyed? "Dear Miss Sophy," said he, addressing himself to her companion, "give me leave to implore your intercession with your cousin; I am sure you have humanity enough to espouse my cause, did you but know the justice of it; and I flatter myself, that, by your kind interposition, I may be able to rectify that fatal misunderstanding which hath made me wretched." "Sir," said Sophy, "you appear like a gentleman, and I doubt not but your behaviour has been always suitable to your appearance; but you must excuse me from undertaking any such office in behalf of a person whom I have not the honour to know." "Madam," answered Peregrine, "I hope Miss Emy will justify my pretensions to that character, notwithstanding the mystery of her displeasure, which, upon my honour, I cannot for my soul explain." "Lord! Mr. Pickle," said Emilia, who had by this time recollected herself, "I never questioned your gallantry and taste, but I am resolved that you never shall have cause to exercise your talents at my expense; so that you tease yourself and me to no purpose. Come, Sophy, let us walk home again." "Good God! madam," cried the lover with great emotion, "why will you distract me with such indif-

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ference? Stay, dear Emilia! I conjure you on my knees to stay and hear me. By all that is sacred! I was not to blame; you must have been imposed upon by some villain who envied my good fortune, and took some treacherous method to ruin my love."

Miss Sophy, who possessed a large stock of good-nature, and to whom her cousin had communicated the cause of her reserve, seeing the young gentleman so much affected with that disdain, which she knew to be feigned, laid hold on Emilia's sleeve, saying with a smile, "Not quite so fast, Emily, I begin to perceive that this is a love-quarrel, and therefore there may be hopes of a reconciliation; for I suppose both parties are open to conviction." "For my own part," cried Peregrine, with great eagerness, "I appeal to Miss Sophy's decision. But why do I say appeal? Though I am conscious of having committed no offence, I am ready to submit to any penance, let it be ever so rigorous, that my fair enslaver herself shall impose, providing it will entitle me to her favour and forgiveness at last." Emily, well-nigh overcome by this declaration, told him, that, as she taxed him with no guilt, she expected no atonement; and pressed her companion to return into town. But Sophy, who was too indulgent to her friend's real inclination to comply with her request, observed, that the gentleman seemed so reasonable in his concessions, she began to think her cousin was in the wrong, and felt herself disposed to act as umpire in the dispute.

Overjoyed at this condescension, Mr. Pickle thanked her in the most rapturous terms, and, in the transport of his expectation, kissed the hand of his kind media-

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trix; a circumstance which had a remarkable effect on the countenance of Emilia, who did not seem to relish the warmth of his acknowledgment.

After many supplications on one hand, and pressing remonstrances on the other, she yielded at length, and, turning to her lover, while her face was overspread with blushes, "Well, sir," said she, "supposing I were to put the difference on that issue, how could you excuse the ridiculous letter which you sent to me from Winchester?" This expostulation introduced a discussion of the whole affair, in which all the circumstances were canvassed; and Emilia still affirmed, with great heat, that the letter must have been calculated to affront her; for she could not suppose the author was so weak as to design it for any other purpose.

Peregrine, who still retained in his memory the substance of his unlucky epistle, as well as the verses which were enclosed, could recollect no particular expression which could have justly given the least umbrage; and therefore, in the agonies of perplexity, begged that the whole might be submitted to the judgment of Miss Sophy, and faithfully promised to stand to her award.

In short, this proposal was, with seeming reluctance, embraced by Emilia, and an appointment made to meet next day, in the same place, whither both parties were desired to come, provided with their credentials, according to which definite sentence would be pronounced.

Our lover having succeeded thus far, overwhelmed Sophy with acknowledgments on account of her gen-

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erous mediation, and, in the course of their walk, which Emilia was now in no hurry to conclude, whispered a great many tender protestations in the ear of his mistress, who nevertheless continued to act upon the reserve until her doubts should be more fully resolved.

Mr. Pickle having found means to amuse them in the fields till the twilight, was obliged to wish them good-evening, after having obtained a solemn repetition of their promise to meet him at the appointed time and place; and then retreated to his apartment, where he spent the whole night in various conjectures on the subject of this letter, the Gordian knot of which he could by no means untie. One while he imagined that some wag had played a trick upon his messenger, in consequence of which Emilia had received a supposititious letter; but, upon further reflection, he could not conceive the practicability of any such deceit. Then he began to doubt the sincerity of his mistress, who perhaps had only made that an handle for discarding him, at the request of some favourite rival; but his own integrity forbade him to harbour this mean suspicion; and therefore he was again involved in the labyrinth of perplexity.

Next day he waited on the rack of impatience for the hour of five in the afternoon, which no sooner struck, than he ordered Pipes to attend him, in case there should be occasion for his evidence, and repaired to the place of rendezvous, where he had not tarried five minutes before the ladies appeared. Mutual compliments being passed, and the attendant stationed at a convenient distance, Peregrine per-

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suaded them to sit down upon the grass, under the shade of a spreading oak, that they might be more at their ease; while he stretched himself at their feet, and desired that the paper on which his doom depended might be examined. It was accordingly put into the hands of his fair arbitress, who read it immediately with an audible voice. The first two words of it were no sooner pronounced, than he started with great emotion, and raised himself on his hand and knee, in which posture he listened to the rest of the sentence; then sprung upon his feet in the utmost astonishment, and, glowing with resentment at the same time, exclaimed, "Hell and the devil! what 's all that? Sure you make a jest of me, madam." "Pray, sir," said Sophy, "give me the hearing for a few moments, and then urge what you shall think proper in your own defence." Having thus cautioned him, she proceeded: but, before she had finished one-half of the performance, her gravity forsook her, and she was seized with a violent fit of laughter, in which neither of the lovers could help joining, notwithstanding the resentment which at that instant prevailed in the breasts of both. The judge, however, in a little time resumed her solemnity, and having read the remaining part of this curious epistle, all three continued staring at each other alternately for the space of half a minute, and then broke forth at the same instant into another paroxysm of mirth.

From this unanimous convulsion, one would have thought that both parties were extremely well pleased with the joke; yet this was by no means the case.

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Emilia imagined, that, notwithstanding his affected surprise, her lover, in spite of himself, had renewed the laugh at her expense, and, in so doing, applauded his own unmannerly ridicule. This supposition could not fail of raising and reviving her indignation, while Peregrine highly resented the indignity with which he supposed himself treated, in her attempting to make him the dupe of such a gross and ludicrous artifice. This being the situation of their thoughts, their mirth was succeeded by a mutual gloominess of aspect; and the judge, addressing herself to Mr. Pickle, asked if he had anything to offer why sentence should not be pronounced? "Madam," answered the culprit, "I am sorry to find myself so low in the opinion of your cousin, as to be thought capable of being deceived by such a shallow contrivance." "Nay, sir," said Emilia, "the contrivance is your own; and I cannot help admiring your confidence in imputing it to me." "Upon my honour, Miss Emily," resumed our hero, "you wrong my understanding as well as my love, in accusing me of having written such a silly, impertinent performance; the very appearance and address of it is so unlike the letter which I did myself the honour to write, that I dare say my man, even at this distance of time, will remember the difference."

So saying, he extended his voice, and beckoned to Pipes, who immediately drew near. His mistress seemed to object to the evidence, by observing that, to be sure, Mr. Pipes had his cue; when Peregrine, begging she would spare him the mortification of considering him in such a dishonourable light, desired his valet to examine the outside of the letter, and

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recollect if it was the same which he had delivered to Miss Gauntlet about two years ago. Pipes having taken a superficial view of it, pulled up his breeches, saying, "Mayhap it is, but we have made so many trips, and been in so many creeks and corners since that time, that I can't pretend to be certain; for I neither keep journal nor log-book of our proceedings." Emilia commended him for his candour, at the same time darting a sarcastic look at his master, as if she thought he had tampered with his servant's integrity in vain; and Peregrine began to rave and to curse his fate for having subjected him to such mean suspicion, attesting heaven and earth in the most earnest manner, that, far from having composed and conveyed that stupid production, he had never seen it before, nor been privy to the least circumstance of the plan.

Pipes, now for the first time, perceived the mischief which he had occasioned, and, moved with the transports of his master, for whom he had a most inviolable attachment, frankly declared he was ready to make oath that Mr. Pickle had no hand in the letter which he delivered. All three were amazed at this confession, the meaning of which they could not comprehend. Peregrine, after some pause, leaped upon Pipes, and seizing him by the throat, exclaimed in an ecstasy of rage, "Rascal! tell me this instant what became of the letter I intrusted to your care." The patient valet, half-strangled as he was, squirted a collection of tobacco-juice out of one corner of his mouth, and with great deliberation replied, "Why, — burnt it; you would n't have me give the young

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woman a thing that shook all in the wind in tatters, would you?" The ladies interposed in behalf of the distressed squire, from whom, by dint of questions, which he had neither art nor inclination to evade, they extorted an explanation of the whole affair.

Such ridiculous simplicity and innocence of intention appeared in the composition of his expedient, that even the remembrance of all the chagrin which it had produced could not rouse their indignation, or enable them to resist a third eruption of laughter, which they forthwith underwent.

Pipes was dismissed with many menacing injunctions to beware of such conduct for the future; Emilia stood with a confusion of joy and tenderness in her countenance; Peregrine's eyes kindled into rapture, and when Miss Sophy pronounced the sentence of reconciliation, advanced to his mistress, saying, "Truth is mighty, and will prevail;" then clasping her in his arms, very impudently ravished a kiss, which she had not power to refuse. Nay, such was the impulse of his joy, that he took the same freedom with the lips of Sophy, calling her his kind mediatrix and guardian angel, and behaved with such extravagance of transport as plainly evinced the fervour and sincerity of his love.

I shall not pretend to repeat the tender protestations that were uttered on one side, or describe the bewitching glances of approbation with which they were received on the other; suffice it to say, that the endearing intimacy of their former connexion was instantly renewed, and Sophy, who congratulated them upon the happy termination of their quarrel, favoured

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with their mutual confidence. In consequence of this happy pacification, they deliberated upon the means of seeing each other often; and, as he could not, without some previous introduction, visit her openly at the house of her relation, they agreed to meet every afternoon in the park till the next assembly, at which he would solicit her as a partner, and she be unengaged, in expectation of his request. By this connexion he would be entitled to visit her next day, and thus an avowed correspondence would of course commence. This plan was actually put in execution, and attended with a circumstance which had well-nigh produced some mischievous consequence, had not Peregrine's good fortune been superior to his discretion.

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CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

HE ACHIEVES AN ADVENTURE AT THE ASSEMBLY, AND QUARRELS WITH HIS GOVERNOR.

AT the assembly were no fewer than three gentlemen of fortune, who rivalled our lover in his passion for Emilia, and who had severally begged the honour of dancing with her upon that occasion. She had excused herself to each, on pretence of a slight indisposition that she foresaw would detain her from the ball, and desired they would provide themselves with other partners. Obliged to admit her excuse, they accordingly followed her advice; and, after they had engaged themselves beyond the power of retracting, had the mortification to see her there unclaimed.

They in their turn made up to her, and expressed their surprise and concern at finding her in the assembly unprovided, after she had declined their invitation; but she told them that her cold had forsaken her since she had the pleasure of seeing them, and that she would rely upon accident for a partner. Just as she pronounced these words to the last of the three, Peregrine advanced as an utter stranger, bowed with great respect, told her he understood she was unengaged, and would think himself highly honoured

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in being accepted as her partner for the night; and he had the good fortune to succeed in his application.

As they were by far the handsomest and best accomplished couple in the room, they could not fail of attracting the notice and admiration of the spectators, which inflamed the jealousy of his three competitors, who immediately entered into a conspiracy against this gaudy stranger, whom, as their rival, they resolved to affront in public. Pursuant to the plan which they projected for this purpose, the first country dance was no sooner concluded, than one of them, with his partner, took place of Peregrine and his mistress, contrary to the regulation of the ball. Our lover, imputing his behaviour to inadvertency, informed the gentleman of his mistake, and civilly desired he would rectify his error. The other told him, in an imperious tone, that he wanted none of his advice, and bade him mind his own affairs. Peregrine answered with some warmth, and insisted upon his right; a dispute commenced, high words ensued, in the course of which our impetuous youth, hearing himself reviled with the appellation of scoundrel, pulled off his antagonist's periwig, and flung it in his face. The ladies immediately shrieked, the gentlemen interposed, Emilia was seized with a fit of trembling, and conducted to her seat by her youthful admirer, who begged pardon for having discomposed her, and vindicated what he had done, by representing the necessity he was under to resent the provocation he had received.

Though she could not help owning the justice of his plea, she was not the less concerned at the

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dangerous situation in which he had involved himself, and, in the utmost consternation and anxiety, insisted upon going directly home. He could not resist her importunities; and her cousin being determined to accompany her, he escorted them to their lodgings, where he wished them good-night, after having, in order to quiet their apprehensions, protested, that, if his opponent was satisfied, he should never take any step towards the prosecution of the quarrel. Meanwhile the assembly-room became a scene of tumult and uproar. The person who conceived himself injured, seeing Peregrine retire, struggled with his companions, in order to pursue and take satisfaction of our hero, whom he loaded with terms of abuse, and challenged to single combat.

The director of the ball held a consultation with all the subscribers who were present; and it was determined, by a majority of votes, that the two gentlemen who had occasioned the disturbance should be desired to withdraw. This resolution being signified to one of the parties then present, he made some difficulty of complying, but was persuaded to submit by his two confederates, who accompanied him to the street-door, where he was met by Peregrine on his return to the assembly.

This choleric gentleman, who was a country squire, no sooner saw his rival, than he began to brandish his cudgel in a menacing posture, when our adventurous youth, stepping back with one foot, laid his hand upon the hilt of his sword, which he drew half-way out of the scabbard. This attitude, and the sight of the blade, which glistened by moonlight in his face,

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checked, in some sort, the ardour of his assailant, who desired he would lay aside his toaster, and take a bout with him at equal arms. Peregrine, who was an expert cudgel-player, accepted the invitation; then exchanging weapons with Pipes, who stood behind him, put himself in a posture of defence, and received the attack of his adversary, who struck at random, without either skill or economy. Pickle could have beaten the cudgel out of his hand at the first blow; but as, in that case, he would have been obliged in honour to give immediate quarter, he resolved to discipline his antagonist without endeavouring to disable him, until he should be heartily satisfied with the vengeance he had taken. With this view he returned the salute, and raised such a clatter about the squire's pate, that one who had heard, without seeing the application, would have mistaken the sound for that of a salt-box, in the hand of a dexterous merry-andrew, belonging to one of the booths at Bartholomew Fair. Neither was this salutation confined to his head; his shoulders, arms, thighs, ankles, and ribs were visited with amazing rapidity, while Tom Pipes sounded the charge through his fist. Peregrine, tired with this exercise, which had almost bereft his enemy of sensation, at last struck the decisive blow, in consequence of which the squire's weapon flew out of his grasp, and he allowed our hero to be the better man. Satisfied with this acknowledgment, the victor walked upstairs, with such elevation of spirits, and insolence of mien, that nobody chose to intimate the resolution which had been taken in his absence. There having amused

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himself for some time in beholding the country dances, he retreated to his lodging, where he indulged himself all night in the contemplation of his own success.

Next day, in the forenoon, he went to visit his partner; and the gentleman at whose house she lived, having been informed of his family and condition, received him with great courtesy, as the acquaintance of his cousin Gauntlet, and invited him to dinner that same day.

Emilia was remarkably well pleased, when she understood the issue of his adventure, which began to make some noise in town, even though it deprived her of a wealthy admirer. The squire, having consulted an attorney about the nature of the dispute, in hopes of being able to prosecute Peregrine for an assault, found little encouragement to go to law. He therefore resolved to pocket the insult and injury he had undergone, and to discontinue his addresses to her who was the cause of both.

Our lover being told by his mistress, that she proposed to stay a fortnight longer at Windsor, he determined to enjoy her company all that time, and then to give her a convoy to the house of her mother, whom he longed to see. In consequence of this plan, he every day contrived some fresh party of pleasure for the ladies, to whom he had by this time free access; and entangled himself so much in the snares of love, that he seemed quite enchanted by Emilia's charms, which were now indeed almost irresistible. While he thus heedlessly roved in the flowery paths of pleasure, his governor at Oxford, alarmed at the

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unusual duration of his absence, went to the young gentlemen who had accompanied him in his excursion, and very earnestly intreated them to tell him what they knew concerning his pupil. They accordingly gave him an account of the rencounter that happened between Peregrine and Miss Emily Gauntlet in the castle, and mentioned circumstances sufficient to convince him that his charge was very dangerously engaged.

Far from having an authority over Peregrine, Mr. Jolter durst not even disoblige him; therefore, instead of writing to the commodore, he took horse immediately, and that same night reached Windsor, where he found his stray sheep very much surprised at his unexpected arrival.

The governor desiring to have some serious conversation with him, they shut themselves up in an apartment, when Jolter, with great solemnity, communicated the cause of his journey, which was no other than his concern for his pupil's welfare; and very gravely undertook to prove, by mathematical demonstration, that this intrigue, if farther pursued, would tend to the young gentleman's ruin and disgrace. This singular proposition raised the curiosity of Peregrine, who promised to yield all manner of attention, and desired him to begin without further preamble.

The governor, encouraged by this appearance of candour, expressed his satisfaction in finding him so open to conviction, and told him he would proceed upon geometrical principles. Then, hemming thrice, he observed, that no mathematical inquiries could be

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carried on, except upon certain *data*, or concession to truths, that were self-evident; and therefore he must crave his assent to a few axioms, which he was sure Mr. Pickle would see no reason to dispute. "In the first place, then," said he, "you will grant, I hope, that youth and discretion are, with respect to each other, as two parallel lines, which, though infinitely produced, remain still equidistant, and will never coincide; and then you must allow, that passion acts upon the human mind in a ratio compounded of the acuteness of sense and constitutional heat; and, thirdly, you will not deny that the angle of remorse is equal to that of precipitation. The *postulata* being admitted," added he, taking pen, ink, and paper, and drawing a parallelogram, "let youth be represented by the right line A B, and discretion by another right line C D, parallel to the former. Complete the parallelogram A B C D, and let the point of intersection, B, represent perdition. Let passion, represented under the letter C, have a motion in the direction C A. At the same time, let another motion be communicated to it, in the direction C D, it will proceed in the diagonal C B, and describe it in the same time that it would have described the side C A by the first motion, or the side C D by the second. To understand the demonstration of this corollary, we must premise this obvious principle, that when a body is acted upon by a motion of power parallel to a right line given in position, this power, or motion, has no effect to cause the body to approach towards that line, or recede from it, but to move in a line parallel to a right line only, as appears from the

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second law of motion; therefore C A being parallel to D B" —

His pupil having listened to him thus far, could contain himself no longer, but interrupted the investigation with a loud laugh, and told him, that his *postulata* put him in mind of a certain learned and ingenious gentleman, who undertook to disprove the existence of natural evil, and asked no other *datum* on which to found his demonstration, but an acknowledgment that *everything that is, is right.* "You may, therefore," said he, in a peremptory tone, "spare yourself the trouble of torturing your invention; for after all, I am pretty certain that I shall want capacity to comprehend the discussion of your lemma, and, consequently be obliged to refuse my assent to your deduction."

Mr. Jolter was disconcerted at this declaration, and so much offended at Peregrine's disrespect, that he could not help expressing his displeasure, by telling him flatly, that he was too violent and headstrong to be reclaimed by reason and gentle means; that he (the tutor) must be obliged, in the discharge of his duty and conscience, to inform the commodore of his pupil's imprudence; that, if the laws of this realm were effectual, they would take cognisance of the gipsy who had led him astray; and observed, by way of contrast, that, if such a preposterous intrigue had happened in France, she would have been clapped up in a convent two years ago.

Our lover's eyes kindled with indignation, when he heard his mistress treated with such irreverence. He could scarce refrain from inflicting manual chastise-

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ment on the blasphemer, whom he reproached in his wrath as an arrogant pedant, without either delicacy or sense; and cautioned him against using any such impertinent freedoms with his affairs for the future, on pain of incurring more severe effects of his resentment.

Mr. Jolter, who entertained very high notions of that veneration to which he thought himself entitled by his character and qualifications, had not bor[n]e, without repining, his want of influence and authority over his pupil, against whom he cherished a particular grudge ever since the adventure of the painted eye; and therefore, on this occasion, his politic forbearance had been overcome by the accumulated motives of his disgust. Indeed, he would have resigned his charge with disdain, had he not been encouraged to persevere, by the hopes of a good living which Trunnion had in his gift, or known how to dispose of himself for the present to better advantage.

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CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

HE RECEIVES A LETTER FROM HIS AUNT, BREAKS WITH THE COMMODORE, AND DISOBLIGES THE LIEUTENANT, WHO, NEVERTHELESS, UNDERTAKES HIS CAUSE.

MEANWHILE he quitted the youth in high dudgeon, and that same evening despatched a letter for Mrs. Trunnion, which was dictated by the first transports of his passion, and of course replete with severe animadversions on the misconduct of his pupil.

In consequence of this complaint, it was not long before Peregrine received an epistle from his aunt, wherein she commemorated all the circumstances of the commodore's benevolence towards him, when he was helpless and forlorn, deserted and abandoned by his own parents, upbraided him for his misbehaviour, and neglect of his tutor's advice, and insisted upon his breaking off all intercourse with that girl who had seduced his youth, as he valued the continuance of her affection and her husband's regard.

As our lover's own ideas of generosity were extremely refined, he was shocked at the indelicate insinuations of Mrs. Trunnion, and felt all the pangs of an ingenuous mind that labours under obligations to a person whom it contemns. Far from obeying her injunction, or humbling himself by a submissive

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answer to her reprehension, his resentment buoyed him up above every selfish consideration; he resolved to attach himself to Emilia, if possible more than ever; and although he was tempted to punish the officiousness of Jolter, by recriminating upon his life and conversation, he generously withstood the impulse of his passion, because he knew that his governor had no other dependence than the good opinion of the commodore. He could not, however, digest in silence the severe expostulations of his aunt; to which he replied by the following letter, addressed to her husband: —

"Sir, — Though my temper could never stoop to offer, nor, I believe, your disposition deign to receive, that gross incense which the illiberal only expect, and none but the base-minded condescend to pay, my sentiments have always done justice to your generosity, and my intention scrupulously adhered to the dictates of my duty. Conscious of this integrity of heart, I cannot but severely feel your lady's unkind (I will not call it ungenerous) recapitulation of the favours I have received; and, as I take it for granted, that you knew and approved of her letter, I must beg leave to assure you, that, far from being swayed by menaces and reproach, I am determined to embrace the most abject extremity of fortune, rather than submit to such a dishonourable compulsion. When I am treated in a more delicate and respectful manner, I hope I shall behave as becomes,

"Sir, your obliged P. Pickle."

The commodore, who did not understand those nice distinctions of behaviour, and dreaded the con-

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sequence of Peregrine's amour, against which he was strangely prepossessed, seemed exasperated at the insolence and obstinacy of his adopted son; to whose epistle he wrote the following answer, which was transmitted by the hands of Hatchway, who had orders to bring the delinquent along with him to the garrison:—

"HEARK YE, CHILD,—You need not bring your fine speeches to bear upon me. You only expend your ammunition to no purpose. Your aunt told you nothing but truth; for it is always fair and honest to be above board, d'ye see. I am informed as how you are in chase of a painted galley, which will decoy you upon the flats of destruction, unless you keep a better look-out and a surer reckoning than you have hitherto done; and I have sent Jack Hatchway to see how the land lies, and warn you of your danger. If so be as you will put about ship, and let him steer you into this harbour, you shall meet with a safe berth and friendly reception; but if you refuse to alter your course, you cannot expect any further assistance from yours, as you behave,

"HAWSER TRUNNION."

Peregrine was equally piqued and disconcerted at the receipt of this letter, which was quite different from what he had expected, and declared in a resolute tone to the lieutenant, who brought it, that he might return as soon as he pleased, for he was determined to consult his own inclination, and remain for some time longer where he was.

Hatchway endeavoured to persuade him by all the arguments which his sagacity and friendship could

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supply, to show a little more deference for the old man, who was by this time rendered fretful and peevish by the gout, which now hindered him from enjoying himself as usual, and who might, in his passion, take some step very much to the detriment of the young gentleman, whom he had hitherto considered as his own son. Among other remonstrances, Jack observed that mayhap Peregrine had got under Emilia's hatches, and did not choose to set her adrift; and, if that was the case, he himself would take charge of the vessel, and see her cargo safely delivered; for he had a respect for the young woman, and his needle pointed towards matrimony; and as, in all probability, she could not be much the worse for the wear, he would make shift to scud through life with her under an easy sail.

Our lover was deaf to all his admonitions, and, having thanked him for this last instance of his complaisance, repeated his resolution of adhering to his first purpose. Hatchway, having profited so little by mild exhortations, assumed a more peremptory aspect, and plainly told him he neither could nor would go home without him; so he had best make immediate preparation for the voyage.

Peregrine made no other reply to this declaration than by a contemptuous smile, and rose from his seat in order to retire; upon which the lieutenant started up, and posting himself by the door, protested, with some menacing gestures, that he would not suffer him to run ahead neither. The other, incensed at his presumption in attempting to detain him by force, tripped up his wooden leg, and laid him on his back

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in a moment; then walked deliberately towards the park, in order to indulge his reflection, which at that time teemed with disagreeable thoughts. He had not proceeded two hundred steps, when he heard something blowing and stamping behind him; and, looking back, perceived the lieutenant at his heels, with rage and indignation in his countenance. This exasperated seaman, impatient of the affront he had received, and forgetting all the circumstances of their former intimacy, advanced with great eagerness to his old friend, saying, "Look ye, brother, you're a saucy boy, and if you was at sea, I would have your backside brought to the davit for your disobedience; but as we are on shore, you and I must crack a pistol at one another; here is a brace, you shall take which you please."

Peregrine, upon recollection, was sorry for having been laid under the necessity of disobliging honest Jack, and very frankly asked his pardon for what he had done. But this condescension was misinterpreted by the other, who refused any other satisfaction but that which an officer ought to claim; and, with some irreverent expressions, asked if Perry was afraid of his bacon. The youth, inflamed at this unjust insinuation, darted a ferocious look at the challenger, told him he had paid but too much regard to his infirmities, and bade him walk forward to the park, where he would soon convince him of his error, if he thought his concession proceeded from fear.

About this time, they were overtaken by Pipes, who, having heard the lieutenant's fall, and seen him

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pocket his pistols, suspected that there was a quarrel in the case, and followed him with a view of protecting his master. Peregrine, seeing him arrive, and guessing his intention, assumed an air of serenity, and pretending that he had left his handkerchief at the inn, ordered his man to go thither and fetch it to him in the park, where he would find them at his return. This command was twice repeated before Tom would take any other notice of the message, except by shaking his head; but being urged with many threats and curses to obedience, he gave them to understand that he knew their drift too well to trust them by themselves. "As for you, Lieutenant Hatchway," said he, "I have been your shipmate, and know you to be a sailor, that's enough; and as for master, I know him to be as good a man as ever stepped betwixt stem and stern, whereby, if you have anything to say to him, I am your man, as the saying is. Here's my sapling, and I don't value your crackers of a rope's end." This oration, the longest that ever Pipes was known to make, he concluded with a flourish of his cudgel, and enforced with such determined refusals to leave them, that they found it impossible to bring the cause to mortal arbitrement at that time, and strolled about the park in profound silence; during which, Hatchway's indignation subsiding, he all of a sudden thrust out his hand as an advance to reconciliation, which being cordially shaken by Peregrine, a general pacification ensued; and was followed by a consultation about the means of extricating the youth from his present perplexity. Had his disposition been like that of

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most other young men, it would have been no difficult task to overcome his difficulties; but such was the obstinacy of his pride, that he deemed himself bound in honour to resent the letters he had received; and, instead of submitting to the pleasure of the commodore, expected an acknowledgment from him, without which he would listen to no terms of accommodation. "Had I been his own son," said he, "I should have bor[n]e his reproof, and sued for forgiveness; but, knowing myself to be on the footing of an orphan, who depends entirely upon his benevolence, I am jealous of everything that can be construed into disrespect, and insist upon being treated with the most punctual regard. I shall now make application to my father, who is obliged to provide for me by the ties of nature, as well as the laws of the land; and if he shall refuse to do me justice, I can never want employment while men are required for his Majesty's service."

The lieutenant, alarmed at this intimation, begged he would take no new step until he should hear from him; and that very evening set out for the garrison, where he gave Trunnion an account of the miscarriage of his negotiation, told him how highly Peregrine was offended at the letter, communicated the young gentleman's sentiments and resolution, and, finally, assured him, that unless he should think proper to ask pardon for the offence he had committed, he would, in all appearance, never more behold the face of his godson.

The old commodore was utterly confounded at this piece of intelligence; he had expected all the

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humility of obedience and contrition from the young man; and, instead of that, received nothing but the most indignant opposition, and even found himself in the circumstances of an offender, obliged to make atonement, or forfeit all correspondence with his favourite. These insolent conditions at first threw him into an agony of wrath, and he vented execrations with such rapidity, that he left himself no time to breathe, and had almost been suffocated with his choler. He inveighed bitterly against the ingratitude of Peregrine, whom he mentioned with many opprobrious epithets, and swore that he ought to be keel-hauled for his presumption; but when he began to reflect more coolly upon the spirit of the young gentleman, which had already manifested itself on many occasions, and listened to the suggestions of Hatchway, whom he had always considered as an oracle in his way, his resentment abated, and he determined to take Perry into favour again; this placability being not a little facilitated by Jack's narrative of our hero's intrepid behaviour at the assembly, as well as in the contest with him in the park. But still this plaguey amour occurred like a bugbear to his imagination; for he held it as an infallible maxim, that woman was an eternal source of misery to man. Indeed, this apothegm he seldom repeated since his marriage, except in the company of a very few intimates, to whose secrecy and discretion he could trust. Finding Jack himself at a nonplus in the affair of Emilia, he consulted Mrs. Trunnion, who was equally surprised and offended, when she understood that her letter did not produce

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the desired effect; and, after having imputed the youth's obstinacy to his uncle's unseasonable indulgence, had recourse to the advice of the parson, who, still with an eye to his friend's advantage, counselled them to send the young gentleman on his travels, in the course of which he would, in all probability, forget the amusements of his greener years. The proposal was judicious, and immediately approved, when Trunnion going into his closet, after divers efforts, produced the following billet, with which Jack departed for Windsor that same afternoon:

"My good Lad, — If I gave offence in my last letter, I 'm sorry for 't, d' ye see; I thought it was the likeliest way to bring you up; but, in time to come, you shall have a larger swing of cable. When you can spare time, I shall be glad if you will make a short trip and see your aunt, and him who is

"Your loving godfather and humble servant,

"Hawser Trunnion.

"*P.S.* — If you want money, you may draw upon me, payable at sight."

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CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

HE BECOMES MELANCHOLY AND DESPONDENT — IS FAVOURED WITH A CONDESCENDING LETTER FROM HIS UNCLE — RECONCILES HIMSELF TO HIS GOVERNOR, AND SETS OUT WITH EMILIA AND HER FRIEND FOR MRS. GAUNTLET'S HOUSE.

PEREGRINE, fortified as he was with pride and indignation, did not fail to feel the smarting suggestions of his present situation; after having lived so long in an affluent and imperious manner, he could ill brook the thoughts of submitting to the mortifying exigencies of life. All the gaudy schemes of pomp and pleasure, which his luxuriant imagination had formed, began to dissolve, a train of melancholy ideas took possession of his thoughts, and the prospect of losing Emilia was not the least part of his affliction. Though he endeavoured to suppress the chagrin that preyed upon his heart, he could not conceal the disturbance of his mind from the penetration of that amiable young lady, who sympathised with him in her heart, though she could not give her tongue the liberty of asking the cause of his disorder; for, notwithstanding all the ardour of his addresses, he never could obtain from her the declaration of a mutual flame; because, though he had hitherto treated her with the utmost

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reverence and respect, he had never once mentioned the final aim of his passion. However honourable she supposed it to be, she had discernment enough to foresee, that vanity or interest, co-operating with the levity of youth, might one day deprive her of her lover, and she was too proud to give him any handle of exulting at her expense. Although he was received by her with the most distinguished civility, and even an intimacy of friendship, all his solicitations could never extort from her an acknowledgment of love; on the contrary, being of a gay disposition, she sometimes coquetted with other admirers, that his attention thus whetted might never abate, and that he might see she had other resources, in case he should flag in his affection.

This being the prudential plan on which she acted, it cannot be supposed that she would condescend to inquire into the state of his thoughts, when she saw him thus affected; but she, nevertheless, imposed that task on her cousin and confidant, who, as they walked together in the park, observed that he seemed to be out of humour. When this is the case, such a question generally increases the disease; at least, it had that effect upon Peregrine, who replied, somewhat peevishly, "I assure you, madam, you never was more mistaken in your observations." "I think so too," said Emilia, "for I never saw Mr. Pickle in higher spirits."—This ironical encomium completed his confusion; he affected to smile, but it was a smile of anguish, and in his heart he cursed the vivacity of both. He could not for his soul recollect himself so as to utter one connected sentence; and the suspicion

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that they observed every circumstance of his behaviour, threw such a damp on his spirits, that he was quite overwhelmed with shame and resentment, when Sophy, casting her eyes towards the gate, said, "Yonder is your servant, Mr. Pickle, with another man who seems to have a wooden leg." Peregrine started at this intelligence, and immediately underwent sundry changes of complexion, knowing that his fate in a great measure depended upon the information he would receive from his friend.

Hatchway advancing to the company, after a brace of sea bows to the ladies, took the youth aside, and put the commodore's letter into his hand, which threw him into such an agitation, that he could scarce pronounce, "Ladies, will you give me leave?" When, in consequence of their permission, he attempted to open the billet, he fumbled with such manifest disorder, that his mistress, who watched his motions, began to think there was something very interesting in the message; and so much was she affected with his concern, that she was fain to turn her head another way, and wipe the tears from her lovely eyes.

Meanwhile, Peregrine no sooner read the first sentence, than his countenance, which before was overcast with a deep gloom, began to be lighted up, and every feature unbending by degrees, he recovered his serenity. Having perused the letter, his eyes sparkling with joy and gratitude, he hugged the lieutenant in his arms, and presented him to the ladies as one of his best friends. Jack met with a most gracious reception, and shook Emilia by the

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hand, telling her, with the familiar appellation of *old acquaintance*, that he did not care how soon he was master of such another clean-going frigate as herself.

The whole company partook of this favourable change that evidently appeared in our lover's recollection, and enlivened his conversation with such an uncommon flow of sprightliness and good-humour, as even made an impression on the iron countenance of Pipes himself, who actually smiled with satisfaction as he walked behind them.

The evening being pretty far advanced, they directed their course homeward; and, while the valet attended Hatchway to the inn, Peregrine escorted the ladies to their lodgings, where he owned the justness of Sophy's remark, in saying he was out of humour, and told them he had been extremely chagrined at a difference which had happened between him and his uncle, to whom, by the letter which they had seen him receive, he now found himself happily reconciled.

Having received their congratulations, and declined staying to sup with them, on account of the longing desire he had to converse with his friend Jack, he took his leave, and repaired to the inn, where Hatchway informed him of everything that had happened in the garrison upon his representations. Far from being disgusted, he was perfectly well pleased with the prospect of going abroad, which flattered his vanity and ambition, gratified his thirst after knowledge, and indulged that turn for observation, for which he had been remarkable from his most tender

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years. Neither did he believe a short absence would tend to the prejudice of his love, but, on the contrary, enhance the value of his heart, because he should return better accomplished, and consequently a more welcome offering to his mistress. Elevated with these sentiments, his heart dilated with joy, and the sluices of his natural benevolence being opened by this happy turn of his affairs, he sent his compliments to Mr. Jolter, to whom he had not spoken during a whole week, and desired he would favour Mr. Hatchway and him with his company at supper.

The governor was not weak enough to decline this invitation; in consequence of which he forthwith appeared, and was cordially welcomed by the relenting pupil, who expressed his sorrow for the misunderstanding which had prevailed between them, and assured him, that, for the future, he would avoid giving him any just cause of complaint. Jolter, who did not want affection, was melted by this acknowledgment, which he could not have expected, and earnestly protested, that his chief study had always been, and ever should be, to promote Mr. Pickle's interest and happiness.

The best part of the night being spent in the circulation of a cheerful glass, the company broke up; and next morning Peregrine went out with a view of making his mistress acquainted with his uncle's intention of sending him out of the kingdom for his improvement, and of saying everything which he thought necessary for the interest of his love. He found her at breakfast with her cousin; and, as

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he was very full of the subject of his visit, had scarce fixed himself in his seat, when he brought it upon the carpet, by asking with a smile, if the ladies had any commands for Paris? Emilia, at this question, began to stare, and her confidant desired to know who was going thither? He no sooner gave them to understand that he himself intended in a short time to visit that capital, than his mistress, with great precipitation, wished him a good journey, and affected to talk with indifference about the pleasures he would enjoy in France. But when he seriously assured Sophy, who asked if he was in earnest, that his uncle actually insisted upon his making a short tour, the tears gushed in poor Emilia's eyes, and she was at great pains to conceal her concern, by observing that the tea was so scalding hot, as to make her eyes water. This pretext was too thin to impose upon her lover, or even deceive the observation of her friend Sophy, who, after breakfast, took an opportunity of quitting the room.

Thus left by themselves, Peregrine imparted to her what he had learned of the commodore's intention, without, however, mentioning a syllable of his being offended at their correspondence, and accompanied his information with such fervent vows of eternal constancy and solemn promises of a speedy return, that Emilia's heart, which had been invaded by a suspicion that this scheme of travelling was the effect of her lover's inconstancy, began to be more at ease; and she could not help signifying her approbation of his design.

This affair being amicably compromised, he asked

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how soon she proposed to set out for her mother's house; and, understanding that her departure was fixed for next day but one, and that her cousin Sophy intended to accompany her in her father's chariot, he repeated his intention of attending her. In the meantime he dismissed his governor and the lieutenant to the garrison, with his compliments to his aunt and the commodore, and a faithful promise of his being with them in six days at farthest.

These previous measures being taken, he, attended by Pipes, set out with the ladies; and they had also a convoy for twelve miles from Sophy's father, who at parting recommended them piously to the care of Peregrine, with whom, by this time, he was perfectly well acquainted.

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CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

THEY MEET WITH A DREADFUL ALARM ON THE ROAD — ARRIVE AT THEIR JOURNEY'S END — PEREGRINE IS INTRODUCED TO EMILY'S BROTHER — THESE TWO YOUNG GENTLEMEN MISUNDERSTAND EACH OTHER — PICKLE DEPARTS FOR THE GARRISON.

AS they travelled at an easy rate, they had performed something more than one-half of their journey, when they were benighted near an inn, at which they resolved to lodge. The accommodation was very good; they supped together with great mirth and enjoyment, and it was not till after he had been warned by the yawns of the ladies, that he conducted them to their apartment; where wishing them good-night, he retired to his own, and went to rest.

The house was crowded with country people who had been at a neighbouring fair, and now regaled themselves with ale and tobacco in the yard; so that their consideration, which at any time was but slender, being now overwhelmed by this debauch, they staggered into their respective kennels, and left a lighted candle sticking to one of the wooden pillars that supported the gallery. — The flame in a little time laid hold on the wood, which was as dry as tinder, and the whole gallery was on fire, when Pere-

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grine suddenly awaked, and found himself almost suffocated. He sprung up in an instant, slipped on his breeches, and throwing open the door of his chamber, saw the whole entry in a blaze.

Heavens! what were the emotions of his soul, when he beheld the volumes of flame and smoke rolling towards the room where his dear Emilia lay! Regardless of his own danger, he darted himself through the thickest of the gloom, when knocking hard, and calling at the same time to the ladies, with the most anxious intreaty to be admitted, the door was opened by Emilia in her shift, who asked, with the utmost trepidation, what was the matter? He made no reply, but snatching her up in his arms, like another Æneas, bore her through the flames to a place of safety; where, leaving her before she could recollect herself, or pronounce one word, but "Alas! my cousin Sophy!" he flew back to the rescue of that young lady, and found her already delivered by Pipes, who, having been alarmed by the smell of fire, had got up, rushed immediately to the chamber where he knew these companions lodged, and (Emily being saved by her lover) brought off Miss Sophy with the loss of his own shock head of hair, which was singed off in his retreat.

By this time the whole inn was alarmed; every lodger, as well as servant, exerted himself in order to stop the progress of this calamity; and there being a well-replenished horse-pond in the yard, in less than an hour the fire was totally extinguished, without having done any other damage than that of consuming about two yards of the wooden gallery.

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All this time our young gentleman closely attended his fair charge, each of whom had swooned with apprehension; but as their constitutions were good, and their spirits not easily dissipated, when upon reflection they found themselves and their company safe, and that the flames were happily quenched, the tumult of their fears subsided, they put on their clothes, recovered their good-humour, and began to rally each other on the trim in which they had been secured. Sophy observed, that now Mr. Pickle had an indisputable claim to her cousin's affection; and therefore she ought to lay aside all affected reserve for the future, and frankly avow the sentiments of her heart. Emily retorted the argument, putting her in mind, that, by the same claim, Mr. Pipes was entitled to the like return from her. Her friend admitted the force of the conclusion, provided she could not find means of satisfying her deliverer in another shape; and turning to the valet, who happened to be present, asked, if his heart was not otherwise engaged? Tom, who did not conceive the meaning of the question, stood silent according to custom; and the interrogation being repeated, answered, with a grin, "Heart-whole as a biscuit, I'll assure you, mistress." "What?" said Emilia, "have you never been in love, Thomas?" "Yes, forsooth," replied the valet without hesitation, "sometimes of a morning." Peregrine could not help laughing, and his mistress looked a little disconcerted at this blunt repartee; while Sophy slipping a purse into his hand, told him there was something to purchase a periwig. Tom, having consulted his master's eyes, refused the present, say-

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ing, "No, thank ye as much as if I did." And though she insisted upon his putting it in his pocket, as a small testimony of her gratitude, he could not be prevailed upon to avail himself of her generosity; but, following her to the other end of the room, thrust it into her sleeve without ceremony, exclaiming, "I 'll be d—d to hell if I do." Peregrine having checked him for his boorish behaviour, sent him out of the room, and begged that Miss Sophy would not endeavour to debauch the morals of his servant, who, rough and uncultivated as he was, had sense enough to perceive that he had no pretension to any such acknowledgment. But she argued with great vehemence, that she should never be able to make an acknowledgment adequate to the service he had done her, and that she should never be perfectly easy in her own mind, until she found some opportunity of manifesting the sense she had of the obligation. "I do not pretend," said she, "to reward Mr. Pipes; but I shall be absolutely unhappy, unless I am allowed to give him some token of my regard."

Peregrine, thus earnestly solicited, desired that, since she was bent upon displaying her generosity, she would not bestow upon him any pecuniary gratification, but honour him with some trinket, as a mark of consideration; because he himself had such a particular value for the fellow, on account of his attachment and fidelity, that he should be sorry to see him treated on the footing of a common mercenary domestic.

There was not one jewel in the possession of this grateful young lady, that she would not have gladly

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given as a recompense, or badge of distinction to her rescuer; but his master pitched upon a seal ring of no great value, that hung at her watch, and Pipes being called in, had permission to accept that testimony of Miss Sophy's favour. Tom received it accordingly with sundry scrapes, and, having kissed it with great devotion, put it on his little finger, and strutted off, extremely proud of his acquisition.

Emilia, with a most enchanting sweetness of aspect, told her lover, that he had instructed her how to behave towards him; and, taking a diamond ring from her finger, desired he would wear it for her sake. He received the pledge as became him, and presented another in exchange, which she at first refused, alleging, that it would destroy the intent of her acknowledgment; but Peregrine assured her, he had accepted her jewel, not as a proof of her gratitude, but as the mark of her love; and that, if she refused a mutual token, he should look upon himself as the object of her disdain. Her eyes kindled, and her cheeks glowed with resentment, at this impudent intimation, which she considered as an unseasonable insult; and the young gentleman perceiving her emotion, stood corrected for his temerity, and asked pardon for the liberty of his remonstrance, which he hoped she would ascribe to the prevalence of that principle alone which he had always taken pride in avowing.

Sophy, seeing him disconcerted, interposed in his behalf, and chid her cousin for having practised such unnecessary affectation; upon which Emilia, softened into compliance, held out her finger as a signal of her condescension. Peregrine put on the ring with great

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eagerness, mumbled her soft white hand in an ecstasy which would not allow him to confine his embraces to that limb, but urged him to seize her by the waist, and snatch a delicious kiss from her love-pouting lips; nor would he leave her a butt to the ridicule of Sophy, on whose mouth he instantly committed a rape of the same nature; so that the two friends, countenanced by each other, reprehended him with such gentleness of rebuke, that he was almost tempted to repeat the offence.

The morning being now lighted up, and the servants of the inn on foot, he ordered some chocolate for breakfast, and, at the desire of the ladies, sent Pipes to see the horses fed, and the chariot prepared, while he went to the bar, and discharged the bill.

These measures being taken, they set out about five o'clock, and, having refreshed themselves and their cattle at another inn on the road, proceeded in the afternoon. Without meeting with any other accident, they safely arrived at the place of their destination, where Mrs. Gauntlet expressed her joy at seeing her old friend Mr. Pickle, whom, however, she kindly reproached for the long discontinuance of his regard. Without explaining the cause of that interruption, he protested, that his love and esteem had never been discontinued, and that, for the future, he should omit no occasion of testifying how much he had her friendship at heart. She then made him acquainted with her son, who at that time was in the house, being excused from his duty by furlough.

This young man, whose name was Godfrey, was about the age of twenty, of a middling size, vigorous

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make, remarkably well shaped, and the scars of the smallpox, of which he bore a good number, added a peculiar manliness to the air of his countenance. His capacity was good, and his disposition naturally frank and easy; but he had been a soldier from his infancy, and his education was altogether in the military style. He looked upon taste and letters as mere pedantry, beneath the consideration of a gentleman; and every civil station of life as mean, when compared with the profession of arms. He had made great progress in the gymnastic sciences of dancing, fencing, and riding, played perfectly well on the German flute, and, above all things, valued himself upon a scrupulous observance of all the points of honour.

Had Peregrine and he considered themselves upon equal footing, in all probability they would have immediately entered into a league of intimacy and friendship. But this sufficient soldier looked upon his sister's admirer as a young student, raw from the university, and utterly ignorant of mankind; while Squire Pickle beheld Godfrey in the light of a needy volunteer, greatly inferior to himself in fortune, as well as every other accomplishment. This mutual misunderstanding could not fail of producing animosities. The very next day after Peregrine's arrival, some sharp repartees passed between them in presence of the ladies, before whom each endeavoured to assert his own superiority. In these contests our hero never failed of obtaining the victory, because his genius was more acute, and his talents better cultivated than those of his antagonist, who there-

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fore took umbrage at his success, became jealous of his reputation, and began to treat him with marks of scorn and disrespect. His sister saw, and dreading the consequences of his ferocity, not only took him to task in private for his impolite behaviour, but also intreated her lover to make allowances for the roughness of her brother's education. He kindly assured her, that, whatever pains it might cost him to vanquish his own impetuous temper, he would for her sake endure all the mortifications to which her brother's arrogance might expose him; and, after having stayed with her two days, and enjoyed several private interviews, during which he acted the part of a most passionate lover, he took his leave of Mrs. Gauntlet overnight, and told the young ladies he would call early next morning to bid them farewell.

He did not neglect this piece of duty, and found the two friends and breakfast already prepared in the parlour. All three being extremely affected with the thoughts of parting, a most pathetic silence for some time prevailed, till Peregrine put an end to it, by lamenting his fate, in being obliged to exile himself so long from the dear object of his most interesting wish. He begged, with the most earnest supplications, that she would now, in consideration of the cruel absence he must suffer, give him the consolation which she had hitherto refused, namely, that of knowing he possessed a place within her heart. The confidant seconded his request, representing that it was now no time to disguise her sentiments, when her lover was about to leave the kingdom, and might be in danger of contracting

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other connexions, unless he was confirmed in his constancy, by knowing how far he could depend upon her love; and, in short, she was plied with such irresistible importunities, that she answered, in the utmost confusion, "Though I have avoided literal acknowledgments, methinks the circumstances of my behaviour might have convinced Mr. Pickle, that I do not regard him as a common acquaintance." "My charming Emily!" cried the impatient lover, throwing himself at her feet, "why will you deal out my happiness in such scanty portions? Why will you thus mince the declaration which would overwhelm me with pleasure, and cheer my lonely reflection, while I sigh amid the solitude of separation?" His fair mistress, melted by this image, replied, with the tears gushing from her eyes, "I 'm afraid I shall feel that separation more severely than you imagine." Transported at this flattering confession, he pressed her to his breast, and, while her head reclined upon his neck, mingled his tears with hers in great abundance, breathing the most tender vows of eternal fidelity. The gentle heart of Sophy could not bear this scene unmoved; she wept with sympathy, and encouraged the lovers to resign themselves to the will of fate, and support their spirits with the hope of meeting again on happier terms. Finally, after mutual promises, exhortations, and endearments, Peregrine took his leave, his heart being so full, that he could scarce pronounce the word *Adieu!* and, mounting his horse at the door, set out with Pipes for the garrison,

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CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

PEREGRINE IS OVERTAKEN BY MR. GAUNTLET, WITH WHOM HE FIGHTS A DUEL, AND CONTRACTS AN INTIMATE FRIENDSHIP — HE ARRIVES AT THE GARRISON, AND FINDS HIS MOTHER AS IMPLACABLE AS EVER — HE IS INSULTED BY HIS BROTHER GAM, WHOSE PRECEPTOR HE DISCIPLINES WITH A HORSE-WHIP.

IN order to expel the melancholy images that took possession of his fancy, at parting from his mistress, he called in the flattering ideas of those pleasures he expected to enjoy in France; and, before he had rode ten miles, his imagination was effectually amused.

While he thus prosecuted his travels by anticipation, and indulged himself in all the insolence of hope, at the turning of a lane he was all of a sudden overtaken by Emilia's brother on horseback, who told him he was riding the same way, and should be glad of his company. This young gentleman, whether prompted by personal pique, or actuated with zeal for the honour of his family, had followed our hero, with a view of obliging him to explain the nature of his attachment to his sister. Peregrine returned his compliment with such disdainful civility, as gave him room to believe that he sus-

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pected his errand; and therefore, without further preamble, he declared his business in these words: "Mr. Pickle, you have carried on a correspondence with my sister for some time, and I should be glad to know the nature of it." To this question our lover replied, "Sir, I should be glad to know what title you have to demand that satisfaction." "Sir," answered the other, "I demand it in the capacity of a brother, jealous of his own honour, as well as of his sister's reputation; and, if your intentions are honourable, you will not refuse it." "Sir," said Peregrine, "I am not at present disposed to appeal to your opinion for the rectitude of my intentions; and I think you assume a little too much importance, in pretending to judge my conduct." "Sir," replied the soldier, "I pretend to judge the conduct of every man who interferes with my concerns, and even to chastise him, if I think he acts amiss." "Chastise!" cried the youth, with indignation in his looks, "sure you dare not apply that term to me!" "You are mistaken," said Godfrey; "I dare do anything that becomes the character of a gentleman." "Gentleman, God wot!" replied the other, looking contemptuously at his equipage, which was none of the most superb; "a very pretty gentleman, truly!" The soldier's wrath was inflamed by this ironical repetition, the contempt of which his conscious poverty made him feel; and he called his antagonist Presumptuous Boy! Insolent Upstart! with other epithets, which Perry retorted with great bitterness. A formal challenge having passed between them, they alighted at the first inn, and

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walked into the next field, in order to decide their quarrel by the sword.

Having pitched upon the spot, helped to pull off each other's boots, and laid aside their coats and waistcoats, Mr. Gauntlet told his opponent, that he himself was looked upon in the army as an expert swordsman; and that, if Mr. Pickle had not made that science his particular study, they should be upon a more equal footing in using pistols. Peregrine was too much incensed to thank him for his plain dealing, and too confident of his own skill, to relish the other's proposal, which he accordingly rejected. Then, drawing his sword, he observed, that, were he to treat Mr. Gauntlet according to his deserts, he would order his man to punish his audacity with a horse-whip. Exasperated at this expression, which he considered as an indelible affront, he made no reply, but attacked his adversary with equal ferocity and address. The youth parried his first and second thrust, but received the third in the outside of his sword arm. Though the wound was superficial, he was transported with rage at the sight of his own blood, and returned the assault with such fury and precipitation, that Gauntlet, loth to take advantage of his unguarded heat, stood upon the defensive. In the second longe, Peregrine's weapon entering a kind of net-work in the shell of Godfrey's sword, the blade snapped in two, and left him at the mercy of the soldier, who, far from making an insolent use of the victory he had gained, put up his Toledo with great deliberation, like a man who had been used to that kind of rencounters, and observed, that such

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a blade as Peregrine's was not to be trusted with a man's life. Then, advising the owner to treat a gentleman in distress with more respect for the future, he slipped on his boots, and, with sullen dignity of demeanour, stalked back to the inn.

Though Pickle was extremely mortified at his miscarriage in this adventure, he was also struck with the behaviour of his antagonist, which affected him the more, as he understood that Godfrey's *fierté* had proceeded from the jealous sensibility of a gentleman declined into the vale of misfortune. Gauntlet's valour and moderation induced him to put a favourable construction on all those circumstances of that young soldier's conduct, which had before given him disgust. Though, in any other case, he would have industriously avoided the least appearance of submission, he followed his conqueror to the inn, with a view of thanking him for his generous forbearance, and of soliciting his friendship and correspondence. Godfrey had his foot in the stirrup, to mount, when Peregrine, coming up to him, desired he would defer his departure for a quarter of an hour, and favour him with a little private conversation. The soldier, who mistook the meaning of the request, immediately quitted his horse, and followed Pickle into a chamber, where he expected to find a brace of pistols loaded on the table; but he was very agreeably deceived, when our hero, in the most respectful terms, acknowledged his noble deportment in the field, owned, that till then he had misunderstood his character, and begged that he would honour him with his intimacy and correspondence.

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nicate to the lieutenant hints of what he would do, if so be as how he was not deprived of the use of his precious limbs. Hatchway was the only person whom the temper of Mrs. Trunnion respected, either because she dreaded his ridicule, or looked upon his person with eyes of affection. This being the situation of things in the garrison, it is not to be doubted that the old gentleman highly enjoyed the presence of Peregrine, who found means to ingratiate himself so effectually with his aunt, that, while he remained at home, she seemed to have exchanged the disposition of a tigress, for that of a gentle kid. But he found his own mother as implacable, and his father as much henpecked as ever.

Gamaliel, who now very seldom enjoyed the conversation of his old friend the commodore, had some time ago entered into an amicable society, consisting of the barber, apothecary, attorney, and exciseman of the parish, among whom he used to spend the evening at Tunley's, and listen to their disputes upon philosophy and politics with great comfort and edification, while his sovereign lady domineered at home as usual, visited with great pomp in the neighbourhood, and employed her chief care in the education of her darling son Gam, who was now in the fifteenth year of his age, and so remarkable for his perverse disposition, that, in spite of his mother's influence and authority, he was not only hated, but also despised, both at home and abroad. She had put him under the tuition of the curate, who lived in the family, and was obliged to attend him in all his exercises and excursions. This governor was a low-

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The commodore seldom went abroad, and had but little company within doors.

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bred fellow, who had neither experience nor ingenuity, but possessed a large fund of adulation and servile complaisance, by which he had gained the good graces of Mrs. Pickle, and presided over all her deliberations, in the same manner as his superior managed those of Mrs. Trunnion.

He had one day rode out to take the air with his pupil, who, as I have already observed, was odious to the poor people, for having killed their dogs, and broken their enclosures, and, on account of his hump, was distinguished by the title of My Lord, when in a narrow lane they chanced to meet Peregrine on horseback. The young squire no sooner perceived his elder brother, against whom he had been instructed to bear the most inveterate grudge, than he resolved to insult him *en passant*, and actually rode against him full gallop. Our hero, guessing his aim, fixed himself in his stirrups, and, by a dexterous management of the reins, avoided the shock in such a manner, as that their legs only should encounter, by which means My Lord was tilted out of his saddle, and, in a twinkling, laid sprawling in the dirt. The governor, enraged at the disgrace of his charge, advanced with great insolence and fury, and struck at Peregrine with his whip. Nothing could be more agreeable to our young gentleman than this assault, which furnished him with an opportunity of chastising an officious wretch, whose petulance and malice he had longed to punish. He therefore, spurring up his horse towards his antagonist, overthrew him in the middle of a hedge. Before he had time to recollect himself from the confusion of the fall, Pickle alighted

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in a trice, and exercised his horse-whip with such agility about the curate's face and ears, that he was fain to prostrate himself before his enraged conqueror, and implore his forbearance in the most abject terms. While Peregrine was thus employed, his brother Gam had made shift to rise and attack him in the rear; for which reason, when the tutor was quelled, the victor faced about, snatched the weapon out of his hand, and having broken it to pieces, remounted his horse and rode off, without deigning to honour him with any other notice.

The condition in which they returned produced infinite clamour against the conqueror, who was represented as a ruffian who had lain in ambush to make away with his brother, in whose defence the curate was said to have received those cruel stripes, that hindered him from appearing for three whole weeks in the performance of his duty at church. Complaints were made to the commodore, who, having inquired into the circumstances of the affair, approved of what his nephew had done; adding, with many oaths, that, provided Peregrine had been out of the scrape, he wished Crookback had broke his neck in the fall.

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CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

HE PROJECTS A PLAN OF REVENGE, WHICH IS EXECUTED AGAINST THE CURATE.

OUR hero, exasperated at the villany of the curate in the treacherous misrepresentation he had made of this rencounter, determined to practise upon him a method of revenge, which should be not only effectual, but also unattended with any bad consequence to himself. For this purpose he and Hatchway, to whom he imparted his plan, went to the alehouse one evening, and called for an empty room, knowing there was no other but that which they had chosen for the scene of action. This apartment was a sort of parlour that fronted the kitchen, with a window towards the yard; where, after they had sat some time, the lieutenant found means to amuse the landlord in discourse, while Peregrine, stepping out into the yard, by the talent of mimicry, which he possessed in a surprising degree, counterfeited a dialogue between the curate and Tunley's wife. This reaching the ears of the publican, for whose hearing it was calculated, inflamed his naturally jealous disposition to such a degree, that he could not conceal his emotion, but made an hundred efforts to quit the room; while the lieutenant, smoking his

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too shallow, or his inclination too languid, to gratify their desire of his own accord, they determined to bring the affair to such a crisis, that he should not be able to withstand the opportunity of executing his vengeance. With this view they one evening hired a boy to run to Mr. Pickle's house, and tell the curate, that Mrs. Tunley being taken suddenly ill, her husband desired he would come immediately, and pray with her. Meanwhile, they had taken possession of a room in the house; and Hatchway engaging the landlord in conversation, Peregrine, in his return from the yard, observed, as if by accident, that the parson was gone into the kitchen, in order, as he supposed, to catechise Tunley's wife.

The publican started at this intelligence, and, under pretence of serving another company in the next room, went out to the barn, where arming himself with a flail, he repaired to a lane through which the curate was under a necessity of passing in his way home. There he lay in ambush, with fell intent; and, when the supposed author of his shame arrived, greeted him in the dark with such a salutation, as forced him to stagger backward three paces at least. If the second application had taken effect, in all probability, that spot would have been the boundary of the parson's mortal peregrination; but, luckily for him, his antagonist was not expert in the management of his weapon, which by a twist of the thong that connected the legs, instead of pitching upon the head of the astonished curate, descended in an oblique direction on his own pate, with such a swing, that the skull actually rung like

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an apothecary's mortar, and ten thousand lights seemed to dance before his eyes. The curate recollecting himself during the respite he obtained from this accident, and believing his aggressor to be some thief who lurked in that place for prey, resolved to make a running fight, until he should arrive within cry of his habitation. With this design he raised up his cudgel for the defence of his head, and, betaking himself to his heels, began to roar for help with the lungs of a Stentor. Tunley, throwing away the flail, which he durst no longer trust with the execution of his revenge, pursued the fugitive with all the speed he could exert; and the other, either unnerved by fear, or stumbling over a stone, was overtaken before he had run a hundred paces. He no sooner felt the wind of the publican's fist that whistled round his ears, than he fell flat upon the earth at full length, and the cudgel flew from his unclasping hand; when Tunley, springing like a tiger upon his back, rained such a shower of blows upon his carcase, that he imagined himself under the discipline of ten pair of fists at least; yet the imaginary cuckold, not satisfied with annoying the priest in this manner, laid hold on one of his ears with his teeth, and bit so unmercifully, that the curate was found almost entranced with pain by two labourers, at whose approach the assailant retreated unperceived.

The lieutenant had posted himself at the window, in order to see the landlord at his first return; and no sooner perceived him enter the yard, than he called him into the apartment, impatient to learn the effects of their stratagem. Tunley obeyed the summons,

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and appeared before his guests in all the violence of rage, disorder, and fatigue; his nostrils were dilated more than one-half beyond their natural capacity, his eyes rolled, his teeth chattered, he snored in breathing as if he had been oppressed by the night-mare, and streams of sweat flowed down each side of his forehead.

Peregrine, affecting to start at the approach of such an uncouth figure, asked if he had been wrestling with a spirit; upon which he answered, with great vehemence, "Spirit! No, no, master, I have had a roll and tumble with the flesh. A dog! I'll teach him to come a-caterwauling about my doors." Guessing from this reply, that his aim was accomplished, and curious to know the particulars of the rencounter, "Well, then," said the youth, "I hope you have prevailed against the flesh, Tunley." "Yes, yes," answered the publican, "I have cooled his capissens, as the saying is: I have played such a tune about his ears, that I'll be bound he shan't long for music this month. A goatish ram-faced rascal! Why, he's a perfect parish bull, as I hope to live."

Hatchway, observing that he seemed to have made a stout battle, desired he would sit down and recover wind; and after he had swallowed a brace of bumpers, his vanity prompted him to expatiate upon his own exploit in such a manner, that the confederates, without seeming to know the curate was his antagonist, became acquainted with every circumstance of the ambuscade.

Tunley had scarce got the better of his agitation, when his wife, entering the room, told them by way

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of news, that some waggish body had sent Mr. Sackbut the curate to pray with her. This name inflamed the husband's choler anew; and, forgetting all his complaisance for his spouse, he replied, with a rancorous grin, "Add rabbit him! I doubt not but you found his admonitions deadly comfortable!" The landlady, looking at her vassal with a sovereign aspect, "What crotchets," said she, "have you got in your fool's head, I trow? I know no business you have to sit here like a gentleman with your arms a-kimbo, when there 's another company in the house to be served." The submissive husband took the hint, and, without further expostulation, sneaked out of the room.

Next day it was reported, that Mr. Sackbut had been waylaid, and almost murdered by robbers, and an advertisement was pasted upon the church door, offering a reward to any person that should discover the assassin; but he reaped no satisfaction from this expedient, and was confined to his chamber a whole fortnight by the bruises he had received.

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CHAPTER THIRTY

MR. SACKBUT AND HIS PUPIL CONSPIRE AGAINST PEREGRINE, WHO, BEING APPRISED OF THEIR DESIGN BY HIS SISTER, TAKES MEASURES FOR COUNTERWORKING THEIR SCHEME, WHICH IS EXECUTED BY MISTAKE UPON MR. GAUNTLET — THIS YOUNG SOLDIER MEETS WITH A CORDIAL RECEPTION FROM THE COMMODORE, WHO GENEROUSLY DECOYS HIM INTO HIS OWN INTEREST.

WHEN he considered the circumstances of the ambuscade, he could not persuade himself that he had been assaulted by a common thief, because it was not to be supposed that a robber would have amused himself in pommelling rather than in rifling his prey. He therefore ascribed his misfortune to the secret enmity of some person who had a design upon his life; and, upon mature deliberation, fixed his suspicion upon Peregrine, who was the only man on earth from whom he thought he deserved such treatment. He communicated his conjecture to his pupil, who readily adopted his opinion, and advised him strenuously to revenge the wrong by a like contrivance, without seeking to make a narrower inquiry, lest his enemy should be thereby put upon his guard.

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This proposal being relished, they in concert revolved the means of retorting the ambush with interest, and actually laid such a villanous plan for attacking our hero in the dark, that, had it been executed according to their intention, the young gentleman's scheme of travelling would have been effectually marred. But their machinations were overheard by Miss Pickle, who was now in the seventeenth year of her age, and, in spite of the prejudice of education, entertained in secret a most sisterly affection for her brother Perry, though she had never spoke to him, and was deterred by the precepts, vigilance, and menaces of her mother, from attempting any means of meeting him in private. She was not, however, insensible to his praise, which was loudly sounded forth in the neighbourhood, and never failed of going to church, and every other place, where she thought she might have an opportunity of seeing this amiable brother. With these sentiments it cannot be supposed that she would hear the conspiracy without emotion. She was shocked at the treacherous barbarity of Gam, and shuddered at the prospect of the danger to which Peregrine would be exposed from their malice. She durst not communicate this plot to her mother, because she was afraid that lady's unaccountable aversion for her first-born would hinder her from interposing in his behalf, and consequently render her a sort of accomplice in the guilt of his assassins. She therefore resolved to warn Peregrine of the conspiracy, an account of which she transmitted to him in an affectionate letter, by means of a young gentle-

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man in that neighbourhood, who made his addresses to her at that time, and who, at her request, offered his service to our hero, in defeating the projects of his adversaries.

Peregrine was startled when he read the particulars of their scheme, which was no other than an intention to sally upon him when he should be altogether unprovided against such an attack, cut off his ears, and otherwise mutilate him in such a manner, that he should have no cause to be vain of his person for the future.

Incensed as he was against the brutal disposition of his own father's son, he could not help being moved at the integrity and tenderness of his sister, of whose inclinations towards him he had been hitherto kept in ignorance. He thanked the gentleman for his honourable dealing, and expressed a desire of being better acquainted with his virtues; told him that, now he was cautioned, he hoped there would be no necessity for giving him any further trouble; and wrote by him a letter of acknowledgment to his sister, for whom he expressed the utmost love and regard, beseeching her to favour him with an interview before his departure, that he might indulge his fraternal fondness, and be blessed with the company and countenance of one at least belonging to his own family.

Having imparted this discovery to his friend Hatchway, they came to a resolution of countermining the plan of their enemies. As they did not choose to expose themselves to the insinuations of slander, which would have exerted itself at their expense, had they, even in defending themselves, em-

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ployed any harsh means of retaliation, they invented a method of disappointing and disgracing their foes, and immediately set Pipes at work to forward the preparations.

Miss Pickle having described the spot which the assassins had pitched upon for the scene of their vengeance, our triumvirate intended to have placed a sentinel among the corn, who should come and give them intelligence when the ambuscade was laid; and, in consequence of that information, they would steal softly towards the place, attended by three or four of the domestics, and draw a large net over the conspirators, who, being entangled in the toil, should be disarmed, fettered, heartily scourged, and suspended between two trees in the snare, as a spectacle to all passengers that should chance to travel that way.

The plan being thus digested, and the commodore made acquainted with the whole affair, the spy was sent upon duty, and everybody within doors prepared to go forth upon the first notice. One whole evening did they spend in the most impatient expectation; but, on the second, the scout crept into the garrison, and assured them that he had perceived three men skulking behind the hedge, on the road that led to the public-house, from which Peregrine and the lieutenant used every night to return about that hour. Upon this intelligence, the confederates set out immediately with all their implements. Approaching the scene with as little noise as possible, they heard the sound of blows; and, though the night was dark, perceived a sort of tumultuous conflict on the very spot which the conspirators had pos-

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sessed. Surprised at this occurrence, the meaning of which he could not comprehend, Peregrine ordered his myrmidons to halt and reconnoitre; and immediately his ears were saluted with an exclamation of "You shan't 'scape me, rascal." The voice being quite familiar to him, he all at once divined the cause of that confusion which they had observed; and running up to the assistance of the exclaimer, found a fellow on his knees begging his life of Mr. Gauntlet, who stood over him with a naked hanger in his hand.

Pickle instantly made himself known to his friend, who told him that, having left his horse at Tunley's, he was, in his way to the garrison, set upon by three ruffians, one of whom, being the very individual person now in his power, had come behind him, and struck with a bludgeon at his head, which, however, he missed, and the instrument descended on his left shoulder; that, upon drawing his hanger, and laying about him in the dark, the other two fled, leaving their companion, whom he had disabled, in the lurch.

Peregrine congratulated him upon his safety, and having ordered Pipes to secure the prisoner, conducted Mr. Gauntlet to the garrison, where he met with a very hearty reception from the commodore, to whom he was introduced as his nephew's intimate friend; not but that, in all likelihood, he would have abated somewhat of his hospitality, had he known that he was the brother of Perry's mistress; but her name the old gentleman had never thought of asking, when he inquired into the particulars of his godson's amour.

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The captive being examined, in presence of Trunnion and all his adherents, touching the ambuscade, owned, that, being in the service of Gam Pickle, he had been prevailed upon, by the solicitations of his master and the curate, to accompany them in their expedition, and undertake the part which he had acted against the stranger, whom he and his employers mistook for Peregrine. In consideration of this frank acknowledgment, and a severe wound he had received in his right arm, they resolved to inflict no other punishment on this malefactor, than to detain him all night in the garrison, and next morning carry him before a justice of the peace, to whom he repeated all that he had said overnight, and, with his own hand, subscribed his confession, copies of which were handed about the neighbourhood, to the unspeakable confusion and disgrace of the curate and his promising pupil.

Meanwhile Trunnion treated the young soldier with uncommon marks of respect, being prepossessed in his favour by this adventure, which he had so gallantly achieved, as well as by the encomiums that Peregrine bestowed upon his valour and generosity. He liked his countenance, which was bold and hardy, admired his Herculean limbs, and delighted in asking questions concerning the service he had seen.

The day after his arrival, while the conversation turned on this last subject, the commodore, taking the pipe out of his mouth, "I 'll tell you what, brother," said he, "five-and-forty years ago, when I was third lieutenant of the *Warwick* man-of-war, there was a very stout young fellow on board, a sub-

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altern officer of marines; his name was not unlike your own, d' ye see, being Guntlet, with a G. I remember he and I could not abide one another at first, because, d' ye see, I was a sailor and he a landsman, till we fell in with a Frenchman, whom we engaged for eight glasses, and at length boarded and took. I was the first man that stood on the enemy's deck, and should have come scurvily off, d' ye see, if Guntlet had not jumped to my assistance; but we soon cleared ship, and drove them to close quarters, so that they were obliged to strike; and from that day Guntlet and I were sworn brothers as long as he remained on board. He was exchanged into a marching regiment, and what became of him afterwards, Lord in heaven knows; but this I 'll say of him, whether he be dead or alive, he feared no man that ever wore a head, and was, moreover, a very hearty messmate."

The stranger's breast glowed at this eulogium, which was no sooner pronounced, than he eagerly asked if the French ship was not the *Diligence?* The commodore replied with a stare, "The very same, my lad." "Then," said Gauntlet, "the person of whom you are pleased to make such honourable mention was my own father." "The devil he was!" cried Trunnion, shaking him by the hand; "I am rejoiced to see a son of Ned Guntlet in my house."

This discovery introduced a thousand questions, in the course of which the old gentleman learned the situation of his friend's family, and discharged innumerable execrations upon the ingratitude and injustice of the ministry, which had failed to provide for

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the son of such a brave soldier. Nor was his friendship confined to such ineffectual expressions; he that same evening signified to Peregrine a desire of doing something for his friend. This inclination was so much praised, encouraged, and promoted by his godson, and even supported by his counsellor Hatchway, that our hero was empowered to present him with a sum of money sufficient to purchase a commission.

Though nothing could be more agreeable to Pickle than this permission, he was afraid that Godfrey's scrupulous disposition would hinder him from subjecting himself to any such obligation; and therefore proposed that he should be decoyed into his own interest by a feigned story, in consequence of which he would be prevailed upon to accept of the money, as a debt which the commodore had contracted of his father at sea. Trunnion made wry faces at this expedient, the necessity of which he could not conceive, without calling in question the common sense of Gauntlet, as he took it for granted, that such offers as those were not to be rejected on any consideration whatever. Besides, he could not digest an artifice, by which he himself must own that he had lived so many years, without manifesting the least intention of doing justice to his creditor. All these objections, however, were removed by the zeal and rhetoric of Peregrine, who represented that it would be impossible to befriend him on any other terms; that his silence hitherto would be imputed to his want of information, touching the circumstances and condition of his friend; and that his remembering and insisting upon discharging the obligation, after

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such an interval of time, when the whole affair was in oblivion, would be the greatest compliment he could pay to his own honour and integrity.

Thus persuaded, he took an opportunity of Gauntlet's being alone with him to broach the affair, telling the young man, that his father had avanced a sum of money for him, when they sailed together, on account of the mess, as well as to stop the mouth of a clamorous creditor at Portsmouth; and that the said sum, with interest, amounted to about four hundred pounds, which he would now, with great thankfulness, repay.

Godfrey was amazed at this declaration, and, after a considerable pause, replied, that he had never heard his parents mention any such debt; that no memorandum or voucher of it was found among his father's papers; and that, in all probability, it must have been discharged long ago, although the commodore, in such a long course of time, and hurry of occupation, might have forgot the repayment. He therefore desired to be excused from accepting what, in his own conscience, he believed was not his due; and complimented the old gentleman upon his being so scrupulously just and honourable.

The soldier's refusal, which was matter of astonishment to Trunnion, increased his inclination to assist him; and, on pretence of acquitting his own character, he urged his beneficence with such obstinacy, that Gauntlet, afraid of disobliging him, was in a manner compelled to receive a draught for the money, for which he subscribed an ample discharge, and immediately transmitted the order to his mother,

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whom, at the same time, he informed of the circumstances by which they had so unexpectedly gained this accession of fortune.

Such a piece of news could not fail of being agreeable to Mrs. Gauntlet, who, by the first post, wrote a polite letter of acknowledgment to the commodore, another to her own son importing, that she had already sent the draught to a friend in London, with directions to deposit it in the hands of a certain banker, for the purchase of the first ensigncy to be sold; and she took the liberty of sending a third to Peregrine, couched in very affectionate terms, with a kind postscript, signed by Miss Sophy and his charming Emilia.

This affair being transacted to the satisfaction of all concerned, preparations were set on foot for the departure of our hero, on whom his uncle settled an annuity of eight hundred pounds, being little less than one-half of his whole income. By this time indeed, the old gentleman could easily afford to alienate such a part of his fortune, because he entertained little or no company, kept few servants, and was remarkably plain and frugal in his housekeeping; Mrs. Trunnion being now some years on the wrong side of fifty, her infirmities began to increase; and though her pride had suffered no diminution, her vanity was altogether subdued by her avarice.

A Swiss valet-de-chambre, who had already made the tour of Europe, was hired for the care of Peregrine's own person; Pipes being ignorant of the French language, as well as otherwise unfit for the office of a fashionable attendant, it was resolved that

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he should remain in garrison; and his place was immediately supplied by a Parisian lacquey engaged at London for that purpose. Pipes did not seem to relish this disposition of things; and though he made no verbal objections to it, looked remarkably sour at his successor upon his first arrival; but this sullen fit seemed gradually to wear off; and, long before his master's departure, he had recovered his natural tranquillity and unconcern.

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CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

THE TWO YOUNG GENTLEMEN DISPLAY THEIR TALENTS FOR GALLANTRY, IN THE COURSE OF WHICH THEY ARE INVOLVED IN A LUDICROUS CIRCUMSTANCE OF DISTRESS, AND AFTERWARDS TAKE VENGEANCE ON THE AUTHOR OF THEIR MISHAP.

MEANWHILE our hero and his new friend, together with honest Jack Hatchway, made daily excursions into the country, visited the gentlemen in the neighbourhood, and frequently accompanied them to the chase; all three being exceedingly caressed on account of their talents, which could accommodate themselves with great facility to the tempers and turns of their entertainers. The lieutenant was a droll in his way, Peregrine possessed a great fund of sprightliness and good humour, and Godfrey, among his other qualifications, already recited, sung a most excellent song; so that the company of this triumvirate was courted in all parties, whether male or female; and if the hearts of our young gentlemen had not been pre-engaged, they would have met with opportunities in abundance of displaying their address in the art of love; not but that they gave loose to their gallantry without much interesting their affections, and amused themselves with little intrigues, which, in the

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opinion of a man of pleasure, do not affect his fidelity to the acknowledged sovereign of his soul.

In the midst of these amusements, our hero received an intimation from his sister, that she should be overjoyed to meet him next day, at five o'clock in the afternoon, at the house of her nurse, who lived in a cottage hard by her father's habitation, she being debarred from all opportunity of seeing him in any other place by the severity of her mother, who suspected her inclination.

He accordingly obeyed the summons, and went at the time appointed to the place of rendezvous, where he met this affectionate young lady, who, when he entered the room, ran towards him with all the eagerness of transport, flung her arms about his neck, and shed a flood of tears in his bosom before she could utter one word, except a repetition of "My dear, dear brother!" He embraced her with all the piety of fraternal tenderness, wept over her in his turn, assured her that this was one of the happiest moments of his life, and kindly thanked her for having resisted the example and disobeyed the injunctions of his mother's unnatural aversion.

He was ravished to find by her conversation, that she possessed a great share of sensibility and prudent reflection; for she lamented the infatuation of her parents with the most filial regret, and expressed such abhorrence and concern at the villanous disposition of her younger brother, as a humane sister may be supposed to have entertained. He made her acquainted with all the circumstances of his own fortune; and, as he supposed she spent her time very

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disagreeably at home, among characters which must be shockingly distressing, professed a desire of removing her into some other sphere, where she could live with more tranquillity and satisfaction.

She objected to this proposal, as an expedient that would infallibly subject her to the implacable resentment of her mother, whose favour and affection she at present enjoyed but in a very inconsiderable degree; and they had canvassed divers schemes of corresponding for the future, when the voice of Mrs. Pickle was heard at the door.

Miss Julia (that was the young lady's name) finding herself betrayed, was seized with a violent agitation of fear, and Peregrine scarce had time to encourage her with a promise of protection, before the door of the apartment being flung open, this irreconcilable parent rushed in, and, with a furious aspect, flew directly at her trembling daughter, when the son interposing, received the first discharge of her fury.

Her eyes gleamed with all the rage of indignation, which choked up her utterance, and seemed to convulse her whole frame; she twisted her left hand in his hair, and with the other buffeted him about the face till the blood gushed from his nostrils and mouth; ~~while he defended his sister from the~~ cruelty of Gam, who ~~assaulted her from~~ another quarter, seeing his brother engaged. This attack lasted several minutes with great violence, till at length Peregrine, finding himself in danger of being overpowered, if he should remain any longer on the defensive, laid his brother on his back; then he disentangled his

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mother's hand from his own hair, and, having pushed her gently out of the room, bolted the door on the inside; finally, turning to Gam, he threw him out of the window, among a parcel of hogs that fed under it. By this time Julia was almost quite distracted with terror; she knew she had offended beyond all hope of forgiveness, and from that moment considered herself as an exile from her father's house. In vain did her brother strive to console her with fresh protestations of love and protection; she counted herself extremely miserable in being obliged to endure the eternal resentment of a parent with whom she had hitherto lived, and dreaded the censure of the world, which, from her mother's misrepresentation, she was sensible would condemn her unheard. That she might not, however, neglect any means in her power of averting the storm, she resolved to appease, if possible, her mother's wrath with humiliation, and even appeal to the influence of her father, weak as it was, before she would despair of being forgiven. But the good lady spared her this unnecessary application, by telling her, through the key-hole, that she must never expect to come within her father's door again; for from that hour she renounced her as unworthy of her affection and regard. Julia, weeping bitterly, endeavoured to soften the rigour of this sentence, by the most submissive and reasonable remonstrances; but, as in her vindication she of necessity espoused her elder brother's cause, her endeavours, instead of soothing, served only to exasperate her mother to a higher pitch of indignation, which discharged itself in invectives against Peregrine, whom she

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reviled with the epithets or a worthless abandoned reprobate.

The youth, hearing these unjust aspersions, trembled with resentment through every limb, assuring the upbraider that he considered her as an object of compassion; "for, without all doubt," said he, "your diabolical rancour must be severely punished by the thorns of your own conscience, which this very instant taxes you with the malice and falsehood of your reproaches. As for my sister, I bless God that you have not been able to infect her with your unnatural prejudice, which because she is too just, too virtuous, too humane to imbibe, you reject her as an alien to your blood, and turn her out unprovided into a barbarous world. But even there your vicious purpose shall be defeated; that same Providence that screened me from the cruelty of your hate shall extend its protection to her, until I shall find it convenient to assert by law that right of maintenance which nature, it seems, hath bestowed upon us in vain. In the meantime, you will enjoy the satisfaction of paying an undivided attention to that darling son, whose amiable qualities have so long engaged and engrossed your love and esteem."

This freedom of expostulation exalted his mother's ire to mere frenzy; she cursed him with the bitterest imprecations, and raved like a bedlamite at the door, which she attempted to burst open. Her efforts were seconded by her favourite son, who denounced vengeance against Peregrine, made furious assaults against the lock, which resisted all their applications, until our hero, espying his friends Gauntlet and

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Pipes stepping over a stile that stood about a furlong from the window, called them to his assistance; giving them to understand how he was besieged, he desired they would keep off his mother, that he might the more easily secure his sister Julia's retreat. The young soldier entered accordingly, and, posting himself between Mrs. Pickle and the door, gave the signal to his friend, who, lifting up his sister in his arms, carried her safe without the clutches of this she-dragon, while Pipes with his cudgel kept young master at bay.

The mother being thus deprived of her prey, sprung upon Gauntlet like a lioness robbed of her whelps, and he must have suffered sorely in the flesh, had he not prevented her mischievous intent by seizing both her wrists, and so keeping her at due distance. In attempting to disengage herself from his grasp, she struggled with such exertion, and suffered such agony of passion at the same time, that she actually fell into a severe fit, during which she was put to bed, and the confederates retired without further molestation.

In the meantime, Peregrine was not a little perplexed about the disposal of his sister whom he had rescued. He could not endure the thoughts of saddling the commodore with a new expense; and he was afraid of undertaking the charge of Julia, without his benefactor's advice and direction; for the present, however, he carried her to the house of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, whose lady was her godmother, where she was received with great tenderness and condolence; and he purposed to inquire for

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some creditable house, where she might be genteelly boarded in his absence, resolving to maintain her from the savings of his own allowance, which he thought might very well bear such deduction. But this intention was frustrated by the publication of the whole affair, which was divulged next day, and soon reached the ears of Trunnion, who chid his godson for having concealed the adventure; and, with the approbation of his wife, ordered him to bring Julia forthwith to the garrison. The young gentleman, with tears of gratitude in his eyes, explained his design of maintaining her at his own expense, and earnestly begged that he might not be deprived of that satisfaction. But his uncle was deaf to all his entreaties, and insisted upon her living in the garrison, though for no other reason than that of being company to her aunt, who, he observed, was lost for want of conversation.

Julia was accordingly brought home, and settled under the tuition of Mrs. Trunnion, who, whatever face she might put on the matter, could have dispensed with the society of her niece; though she was not without hope of gratifying her pique to Mrs. Pickle, by the intelligence she would receive from the daughter of that lady's economy and domestic behaviour. The mother herself seemed conscious of this advantage which her sister-in-law had now gained over her, being as much chagrined at the news of Julia's reception in the garrison, as if she had heard of her own husband's death. She even tortured her invention to propagate calumnies against the reputation of her own daughter, whom

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she slandered in all companies; she exclaimed against the commodore as an old ruffian, who spirited up a rebellion among her children, and imputed the hospitality of his wife, in countenancing them, to nothing else but her inveterate enmity to their mother, whom they had disobliged. She now insisted, in the most peremptory terms, upon her husband's renouncing all commerce with the old lad of the castle and his adherents; and Mr. Gamaliel, having by this time contracted other friendships, readily submitted to her will, nay, even refused to communicate with the commodore one night, when they happened to meet by accident at the public-house.

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CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO

THE COMMODORE SENDS A CHALLENGE TO GAMALIEL, AND IS IMPOSED UPON BY A WAGGISH INVENTION OF THE LIEUTENANT, PEREGRINE, AND GAUNTLET.

THIS affront Trunnion could by no means digest. He advised with the lieutenant upon the subject; and the result of their consultation was a defiance which the old commander sent to Pickle, demanding that he would meet him at such a place on horseback with a brace of pistols, and give satisfaction for the slight he had put upon him.

Nothing could have afforded more pleasure to Jack than the acceptance of this challenge, which he delivered verbally to Mr. Gamaliel, who was called out from the club at Tunley's for that purpose. The nature of this message had an instantaneous effect upon the constitution of the pacific Pickle, whose bowels yearned with apprehension, and underwent such violent agitation on the spot, that one would have thought the operation proceeded from some severe joke of the apothecary which he had swallowed in his beer.

The messenger, despairing of a satisfactory answer, left him in this woeful condition; and being loth to

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lose any opportunity of raising the laugh against the commodore, went immediately and communicated the whole affair to the young gentlemen, entreating them, for the love of God, to concert some means of bringing old Hannibal into the field. The two friends relished the proposal, and, after some deliberation, it was resolved that Hatchway should tell Trunnion his invitation was accepted by Gamaliel, who would meet him at the place appointed with his second, to-morrow in the twilight, because, if either should fall, the other would have the better chance of escaping in the dark; that Godfrey should personate old Pickle's friend, and Peregrine represent his own father, while the lieutenant should take care, in loading the pistols, to keep out the shot, so that no damage might be done in the rencontre.

These circumstances being adjusted, the lieutenant returned to his principal with a most thundering reply from his antagonist, whose courageous behaviour, though it could not intimidate, did not fail to astonish the commodore, who ascribed it to the spirit of his wife, which had inspired him. Trunnion that instant desired his counsellor to prepare his cartridge-box, and order the quietest horse in the stable to be kept ready saddled for the occasion; his eye seemed to lighten with alacrity and pleasure at the prospect of smelling gunpowder once more before his death; and when Jack advised him to make his will, in case of accident, he rejected his counsel with disdain, saying, "What! dost think that Hawser Trunnion, who has stood the fire of so many floating batteries, runs any risk from the lousy

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pops of a landman? Thou shalt see, thou shalt see how I shall make him lower his topsails."

Next day Peregrine and the soldier provided themselves with horses at the public-house, from whence, at the destined hour, they rode to the field of battle, each of them being muffled in a greatcoat, which, with the dimness of the light, effectually shielded them from the knowledge of the one-eyed commander, who having taken horse on pretence of enjoying the fresh air, soon appeared with Hatchway in his rear. When they came within sight of each other, the seconds advanced, in order to divide the ground, and regulate the measures of the combat; when it was determined by mutual consent, that two pistols should be discharged on each side, and that, if neither should prove decisive, recourse must be had to the broadswords, in order to ascertain the victory. These articles being settled, the opponents rode forward to their respective stations, when Peregrine, cocking his pistol, and presenting, counterfeited his father's voice, bidding Trunnion take care of his remaining eye. The commodore took his advice, being unwilling to hazard his daylight, and very deliberately opposed the patched side of his face to the muzzle of his antagonist's piece, desiring him to do his duty without further jaw. The young man accordingly fired, and the distance being small, the wad of his pistol took place with a smart stroke on the forehead of Trunnion, who, mistaking it for a ball, which he thought was lodged in his brain, spurred up his steed in a state of desperation towards his antagonist, and holding his piece within two yards

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of his body, let it off without any regard to the laws of battle. Surprised and enraged to see it had made no impression, he hallooed in a terrible tone, "O d—n ye, you have got your netting stuffed, I see;" and advancing, discharged his second pistol so near his godson's head, that, had he not been defended by his greatcoat, the powder must have scorched his face.

Having thus thrown away his fire, he remained at the mercy of Peregrine, who, clapping the piece he had in reserve to his head, commanded him to beg his life, and ask pardon for his presumption. The commodore made no reply to this imperious injunction, but dropping his pistol, and unsheathing his broadsword in an instant, attacked our hero with such incredible agility, that, if he had not made shift to ward off the stroke with his piece, the adventure, in all likelihood, would have turned out a very tragical joke. Peregrine finding it would be in vain for him to think of drawing his weapon, or of standing on the defensive against this furious aggressor, very fairly clapped spurs to his nag, and sought his safety in flight. Trunnion pursued him with infinite eagerness, and his steed being the better of the two, would have overtaken the fugitive to his peril, had he not been unfortunately encountered by the boughs of a tree, that happened to stand on his blind side, and incommoded him so much, that he was fain to quit his sword, and lay hold on the mane, in order to maintain his seat. Perry perceiving his disaster, wheeled about, and now finding leisure to produce his weapon, turned upon his disarmed foe, brandishing his Ferrara, threatening to make him shorter by

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the head, if he would not immediately crave quarter and yield. There was nothing farther from the intention of the old gentleman than such submission, which he flatly refused to pay, alleging that he had already compelled his enemy to clap on all his sails, and that his own present misfortune was owing to accident, all one as if a ship should be attacked, after she had been obliged to heave her guns overboard in a storm.

Before Peregrine had time to answer this remonstrance, the lieutenant interposed, and, taking cognisance of the case, established a truce, until he and the other second should discuss and decide upon the merits of the cause. They accordingly retired to a small distance, and, after having conferred a few minutes, Hatchway returned, and pronounced the commodore vanquished by the chance of war.

Never was rage more transported than that which took possession of old Hannibal when he heard the sentence. It was some time before he could utter aught, except the reproachful expression, *You lie!*— which he repeated more than twenty times, in a sort of delirious insensibility. When he recovered the further use of speech, he abused the arbitrators with such bitter invectives, renouncing their sentence, and appealing to another trial, that the confederates began to repent of having carried the joke so far; and Peregrine, in order to appease his choler, owned himself overcome.

This acknowledgment calmed the tumult of his wrath, though he could not for some days forgive

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the lieutenant; and the two young gentlemen rode back to Tunley's, while Hatchway, taking the commodore's horse by the bridle, reconducted him to his mansion, growling all the way to Jack for his unjust and unfriendly decree; though he could not help observing, as how he had made his words good, in making his adversary strike his topsails. "And yet," said he, "before God! I think the fellow's head is made of a woolpack; for my shot rebounded from his face like a wad of spun yarn from the side of a ship. But if so be that son of a bitch of a tree had n't come athwart my weather-bow, d' ye see, I 'll be d—ed if I had n't snapt his main-yard in the slings, and mayhap let out his bulge-water into the bargain." He seemed particularly vain of this exploit, which dwelt upon his imagination, and was cherished as the child of his old age; for though he could not with decency rehearse it to the young men, and his wife, at supper, he gave shrewd hints of his own manhood, even at these years, and attested Hatchway as a voucher for his mettle; while the triumvirate, diverted by his vanity, enjoyed in secret the success of their imposition.

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CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE

PEREGRINE TAKES HIS LEAVE OF HIS AUNT AND SISTER — SETS OUT FROM THE GARRISON — PARTS WITH HIS UNCLE AND HATCHWAY ON THE ROAD, AND, WITH HIS GOVERNOR, ARRIVES IN SAFETY AT DOVER.

THIS, however, was the last effort of invention which they practised upon him; and everything being now prepared for the departure of his godson, that hopeful youth, in two days, took leave of all his friends in the neighbourhood. He was closeted two whole hours with his aunt, who enriched him with many pious advices, recapitulated all the benefits which, through her means, had been conferred upon him since his infancy, cautioned him against the temptations of lewd woman, who bring many a man to a morsel of bread; laid strict injunctions upon him to live in the fear of the Lord, and the true Protestant faith, to eschew quarrels and contentions, to treat Mr. Jolter with reverence and regard, and, above all things, to abstain from the beastly sin of drunkenness, which exposed a man to the scorn and contempt of his fellow-creatures, and, by divesting him of reason and reflection, rendered him fit for all manner of vice and debauchery. She recommended to him economy, and the care of his health

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—bade him remember the honour of his family; and, in all the circumstances of his behaviour, assured him, that he might always depend upon the friendship and generosity of the commodore. Finally, presenting him with her own picture, set in gold, and a hundred guineas from her privy purse, she embraced him affectionately, and wished him all manner of happiness and prosperity.

Being thus kindly dismissed by Mrs. Trunnion, he locked himself up with his sister Julia, whom he admonished to cultivate her aunt with the most complaisant and respectful attention, without stooping to any circumstance of submission that she should judge unworthy of her practice; he protested, that his chief study should be to make her amends for the privilege she had forfeited by her affection for him; entreated her to enter into no engagement without his knowledge and approbation; put into her hand the purse which he had received from his aunt, to defray her pocket expenses in his absence, and parted from her, not without tears, after she had for some minutes hung about his neck, kissing him, and weeping in the most pathetic silence.

Having performed these duties of affection and consanguinity overnight, he went to bed, and was, by his own direction, called at four o'clock in the morning, when he found the post-chaise, coach, and riding-horses ready at the gate, his friends Gauntlet and Hatchway on foot, the commodore himself almost dressed, and every servant in the garrison assembled in the yard to wish him a good journey.

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Our hero shook each of these humble friends by the hand, tipping them at the same time with marks of his bounty; and was very much surprised when he could not perceive his old attendant Pipes among the number. When he expressed his wonder at this disrespectful omission of Tom, some of those present ran to his chamber, in order to give him a call, but his hammock and room were both deserted; and they soon returned with an account of his having eloped. Peregrine was disturbed at this information, believing that the fellow had taken some desperate course in consequence of his being dismissed from his service, and began to wish that he had indulged his inclination by retaining him still about his person. However, as there was now no other remedy, he recommended him strenuously to the particular favour and distinction of his uncle and Hatchway, in case he should appear again; and, as he went out of the gate, was saluted with three cheers by all the domestics in the family.

The commodore, Gauntlet, lieutenant, Peregrine, and Jolter went into the coach together, that they might enjoy each other's conversation as much as possible, resolving to breakfast at an inn upon the road, where Trunnion and Hatchway intended to bid our adventurer farewell; the valet-de-chambre got into the post-chaise, the French lacquey rode one horse and led another; one of the valets of the garrison mounted at the back of the coach, and thus the cavalcade set out on the road to Dover. As the commodore could not bear the fatigue of jolting, they travelled at an easy pace during the first stage,

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so that the old gentleman had an opportunity of communicating his exhortations to his godson, with regard to his conduct abroad; he advised him, now that he was going into foreign parts, to be upon his guard against the fair weather of the French politesse, which was no more to be trusted than a whirlpool at sea. He observed, that many young men had gone to Paris with good cargoes of sense, and returned with a great deal of canvas, and no ballast at all; whereby they became crank all the days of their lives, and sometimes carried their keels above water. He desired Mr. Jolter to keep his pupil out of the clutches of those sharking priests, who lie in wait to make converts of all young strangers; and, in a particular manner, cautioned the youth against carnal conversation with the Parisian dames, who, he understood, were no better than gaudy fireships, ready primed with death and destruction.

Peregrine listened with great respect, thanking him for his kind admonitions, which he faithfully promised to observe. They halted and breakfasted at the end of the stage, where Jolter provided himself with a horse; and the commodore settled the method of corresponding with his nephew. The minute of parting being arrived, the old commander wrung his godson by the hand, saying, "I wish thee a prosperous voyage, and good cheer, my lad; my timbers are now a little crazy, d'ye see; and God knows if I shall keep afloat till such time as I see thee again; but howsomever, hap what will, thou wilt find thyself in a condition to keep in

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the line with the best of thy fellows." He then reminded Gauntlet of his promise to call at the garrison in his return from Dover, and imparted something in a whisper to the governor, while Jack Hatchway, unable to speak, pulled his hat over his eyes, and, squeezing Peregrine by the hand, gave him an iron pistol of curious workmanship, as a memorial of his friendship. Our youth, who was not unmoved on this occasion, received the pledge, which he acknowledged with the present of a silver tobacco-box, bought for that purpose; and the two lads of the castle getting into the coach, were driven homewards in a state of silent dejection.

Godfrey and Peregrine seated themselves in the post-chaise, and Jolter, the valet-de-chambre, and lacquey bestriding their beasts, they proceeded for the place of their destination, at which they arrived in safety that same night, and bespoke a passage in the packet-boat, which was to sail next day.

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CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

HE ADJUSTS THE METHOD OF HIS CORRESPONDENCE WITH GAUNTLET — MEETS BY ACCIDENT WITH AN ITALIAN CHARLATAN, AND A CERTAIN APOTHECARY, WHO PROVES TO BE A NOTED CHARACTER.

THERE the two friends adjusted the articles of their future correspondence; and Peregrine having written a letter to his mistress, wherein he renewed his former vows of eternal fidelity, it was intrusted to the care of her brother; while Mr. Jolter, at the desire of his pupil, provided an elegant supper, and some excellent burgundy, that they might spend this eve of his departure with the greater enjoyment.

Things being thus disposed, and a servant employed in laying the cloth, their ears were of a sudden invaded by a strange tumultuous noise in the next room, occasioned by the overthrow of tables, chairs, and glasses, with odd unintelligible exclamations in broken French, and a jargon of threats in the Welsh dialect. Our young gentlemen ran immediately into the apartment from whence this clamour seemed to proceed, and found a thin, meagre, swarthy figure, gasping in all the agony of fear, under the hands of a squat, thick, hard-featured man, who collared him with great demonstrations of wrath, saying, "If you

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was as mighty a magician as Owen Glendower, or the witch of Entor, look you, ay, or as Paul Beor himself, I will meke pold, by the assistance of Cot, and in his Majesty's naam, to seize and secure, and confine and confront you, until such time as you suffer and endure and undergo the pains and penalties of the law, for your diabolical practices. Shentlements," added he, turning to our adventurers, "I take you to witness that I protest and assert and avow, that this person is as pig a necromancer as you would desire to behold; and I supplicate and beseech and entreat of you, that he may be prought pefore his petters, and compelled to give an account of his compact and commerce with the imps of darkness, look you; for as I am a Christian soul, and hope for joyful resurrection, I have this plessed evening seen him perform such things as could not be done without the aid and instruction and connivance of the tevil."

Gauntlet seemed to enter into the sentiments of this Welsh reformer, and actually laid hold on the delinquent's shoulder, crying, "D—n the rascal! I 'll lay any wager that he 's a Jesuit, for none of his order travel without a familiar." But Peregrine, who looked upon the affair in another point of view, interposed in behalf of the stranger, whom he freed from his aggressors, observing that there was no occasion to use violence, and asked in French what he had done to incur the censure of the informer. The poor foreigner, more dead than alive, answered that he was an Italian charlatan, who had practised with some reputation in Padua, until he had the

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misfortune to attract the notice of the Inquisition, by exhibiting certain wonderful performances by his skill in natural knowledge, which that tribunal considered as the effects of sorcery, and persecuted him accordingly; so that he had been fain to make a precipitate retreat into France, where not finding his account in his talents, he was now arrived in England, with a view of practising his art in London; and that, in consequence of a specimen which he had given to a company below, the choleric gentleman had followed him upstairs to his own apartment, and assaulted him in that inhospitable manner. He therefore earnestly begged that our hero would take him under his protection; and if he entertained the least suspicion of his employing preternatural means in the operations of his art, he would freely communicate all the secrets in his possession.

The youth dispelled his apprehension, by assuring him that he was in no danger of suffering for his art in England, where, if ever he should be questioned by the zeal of superstitious individuals, he had nothing to do but appeal to the next justice of the peace, who would immediately quit him of the charge, and punish his accusers for their impertinence and discretion.

He then told Gauntlet and the Welshman that the stranger had a good action against them for an assault, by virtue of an act of parliament, which makes it criminal for any person to accuse another of sorcery and witchcraft, these idle notions being now justly exploded by all sensible men. Mr. Jolter, who had by this time joined the company, could not

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help signifying his dissent from this opinion of his pupil, which he endeavoured to invalidate by the authority of Scripture, quotations from the fathers, and the confession of many wretches who suffered death for having carried on correspondence with evil spirits, together with the evidence of Satan's Invisible World, and Moreton's History of Witchcraft.

The soldier corroborated these testimonies by facts that had happened within the sphere of his own knowledge; and, in particular, mentioned the case of an old woman in the parish in which he was born, who used to transform herself into the shapes of sundry animals, and was at last killed by small shot in the character of a hare. The Welshman thus supported, expressed his surprise at hearing that the legislature had shown such tenderness for criminals of so dark a hue; and offered to prove, by undeniable instances, that there was not a mountain in Wales which had not been in his memory the scene of necromancy and witchcraft. "Wherefore," said he, "I am assuredly more than apove astonished and confounded and concerned, that the parliament of Great Pritain should in their great wisdoms, and their prudence, and their penetration, give countenance and encouragement, look you, to the works of darkness and the empire of Pelzepup; ofer and apove the evidence of holy writ, and those writers who have been quoted by that aggurate and learned shentleman, we are informed by profane history of the pribbles and pranks of the old serpent, in the bortents and oracles of antiquity; as you will find in that most excellent historian Bolypius, and Titus

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Lisius; ay, and moreofer, in the Commentaries of Julius Cæsar himself, who, as the 'ole world knows, was a most famous, and a most faliant, and a most wise, and a most prudent, and a most fortunate chiftan, and a most renowned orator; ay, and a most elegant writer to boot."

Peregrine did not think proper to enter the lists of dispute with three such obstinate antagonists; but contented himself with saying, that he believed it would be no difficult matter to impugn the arguments they had advanced, though he did not find himself at all disposed to undertake the task, which must of course break in upon the evening's entertainment. He therefore invited the Italian to supper, and asked the same favour of his accuser, who seemed to have something curious and characteristic in his manner and disposition, resolving to make himself an eye-witness of those surprising feats, which had given offence to the choleric Briton. This scrupulous gentleman thanked our hero for his courtesy, but declined communicating with the stranger, until his character should be further explained; upon which his inviter, after some conversation with the charlatan, assured him that he would himself undertake for the innocence of his art; and then he was prevailed upon to favour them with his company.

In the course of the conversation, Peregrine learnt that the Welshman was a surgeon of Canterbury, who had been called into a consultation at Dover, and, understanding that his name was Morgan, took the liberty of asking if he was not the person so respectfully mentioned in the Adventures of Roderick

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Random. Mr. Morgan assumed a look of gravity and importance at this interrogation, and, screwing up his mouth, answered, "Mr. Random, my goot sir, I believe upon my conscience and salfation, is my very goot frient and well-wisher; and he and I have been companions, and messmates, and fellow-sufferers, look you; but nevertheless, for all that, peradventure he hath not pehaved with so much complaisance, and affability, and respect, as I might have expected from him; pecause he hath revealed, and tivulged, and published our private affairs, without my knowledge, and privity, and consent; but as Cot is my Saviour, I think he had no evil intention in his pelly: and though there be certain persons, look you, who, as I am told, take upon them to laugh at his descriptions of my person, deportment, and conversation, I do affirm and maintain, and insist with my heart, and my ploot, and my soul, that those persons are no petter than ignorant asses, and that they know not how to discern, and distinguish, and define true ridicule, or, as Aristotle calls it, the *to geloion*, no more, look you, than a herd of mountain goats; for I will make pold to observe, and I hope this goot company will be of the same opinion, that there is nothing said of me in that performance which is unworthy of a Christian and a shentleman."

Our young gentleman and his friends acquiesced in the justness of his observation. Peregrine particularly assured him, that, from reading the book, he had conceived the utmost regard and veneration for his character; and that he thought himself extremely fortunate in having this opportunity of enjoying his

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conversation. Morgan, not a little proud of such advances from a person of Peregrine's appearance, returned the compliment with a profusion of civility, and, in the warmth of acknowledgment, expressed a desire of seeing him and his company at his house in Canterbury: "I will not pretend or presume, kind sir," said he, "to entertain you according to your merits and deserts; but you shall be as welcome to my poor cottage, and my wife and family, as the Prince of Wales himself; and it shall go hard, if, one way or other, I do not find ways and means of making you confess that there is some goot fellowship in an ancient Priton. For, though I am no petter than a simple apothecary, I have as goot ploot circulating in my veins as any he in the country (and I can describe and delineate and demonstrate my pedigree to the satisfaction of the 'ole 'orld; and moreover, by Cot's goot providence and assistance, I can afford to treat my friend with a joint of goot mutton, and a pottle of excellent wine, and no tradesman can peard me with a bill." He was congratulated on his happy situation, and assured that our youth would visit him on his return from France, provided he should take Canterbury on his route.

As Peregrine manifested an inclination of being acquainted with the state of his affairs, he very complaisantly satisfied his curiosity, by giving him to know, that his spouse had left off breeding, after having blessed him with two boys and a girl, who were still alive and well; that he lived in good esteem with his neighbours, and by his practice, which was considerably extended immediately after the publica-

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tion of Roderick Random, had saved some thousand pounds. He had begun to think of retiring among his own relations in Glamorganshire, though his wife had made objections to this proposal, and opposed the execution of it with such obstinacy, that he had been at infinite pains in asserting his own prerogative, by convincing her, both from reason and example, that he was king and priest in his own family, and that she owed the most implicit submission to his will. He likewise informed the company, that he had lately seen his friend Roderick, who had come from London on purpose to visit him, after having gained his law-suit with Mr. Tophall, who was obliged to pay Narcissa's fortune; that Mr. Random, in all appearance, led a very happy life in the conversation of his father and bedfellow, by whom he enjoyed a son and daughter; and that Morgan had received, in a present from him, a piece of very fine linen, of his wife's own making, several kits of salmon, and two casks of pickled pork, the most delicate he had ever tasted, together with a barrel of excellent herrings for salmagundy, which he knew to be his favourite dish.

This topic of conversation being discussed, the Italian was desired to exhibit a specimen of his art, and in a few minutes conducted the company into the next room, where, to their great astonishment and affright, they beheld a thousand serpents winding along the ceiling. Morgan, struck with this phenomenon, which he had not seen before, began to utter exorcisms with great devotion, Mr. Jolter ran terrified out of the room, Gauntlet drew his hanger,

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and Peregrine himself was disconcerted. The operator perceiving their confusion, desired them to retire, and calling them back in an instant, there was not a viper to be seen. He raised their admiration by sundry other performances, and the Welshman's former opinion and abhorrence of his character began to recur, when, in consideration of the civility with which he had been treated, this Italian imparted to them all the methods by which he had acted such wonders, that were no other than the effects of natural causes curiously combined; so that Morgan became a convert to his skill, asked pardon for the suspicion he had entertained, and invited the stranger to pass a few days with him at Canterbury. The scruples of Godfrey and Jolter were removed at the same time, and Peregrine testified his approbation by a handsome gratuity which he bestowed upon their entertainer.

The evening being spent in this sociable manner, every man retired to his respective chamber, and next morning they breakfasted together, when Morgan declared he would stay till he should see our hero fairly embarked, that he might have the pleasure of Mr. Gauntlet's company to his own habitation. Meanwhile, by the skipper's advice, the servants were ordered to carry a store of wine and provision on board, in case of accident; and, as the packet-boat could not sail before one o'clock, the company walked up hill to visit the castle, where they saw the sword of Julius Cæsar, and Queen Elizabeth's pocket-pistol, repeated Shakespeare's description, while they surveyed the chalky cliffs on each side, and cast

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their eyes towards the city of Calais, that was obscured by a thick cloud, which did not much regale their eyesight, because it seemed to portend foul weather.

Having viewed everything remarkable in this place, they returned to the pier, where, after the compliments of parting, and an affectionate embrace between the two young gentlemen, Peregrine and his governor stepped aboard, the sails were hoisted, and they went to sea with a fair wind, while Godfrey, Morgan, and the conjuror walked back to the inn, from whence they set out for Canterbury before dinner.

END OF VOL. I.

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